

TO
GENERAL LORD VISCOUNT COMBERMERE,

UNDER WHOSE AUSPICES,

AND

IN WHOSE SOCIETY,

THE FOLLOWING TOUR WAS PERFORMED,

THIS JOURNAL

IS INSCRIBED AS A SMALL TRIBUTE OF RESPECT AND
GRATITUDE,

BY

THE AUTHOR .

P R E F A C E.

A BRITISH Sage has pronounced that ‘ every man, who will take the trouble of describing in simple language the scenes of which he has been a spectator, can afford an instructive and amusing narrative.’ No such public-spirited motive, however, influenced the pen or pencil of the writer of the following pages. On the contrary, the manuscript journal and portfolio, from which these slight and unpretending ‘Sketches of a Tour’ have been well-nigh *verbatim* and *lineatim* extracted, were most selfishly and unambitiously scribbled for his own amusement, and (undutiful confession!) as a sort of promised sop held out to allay epistolary expectations at home: and it was not until a year after his return to England, that, prompted by the encouragement of perhaps partial friends, and finally rendered desperate by what may almost be said to have amounted to a paternal mandate, he found himself—correcting the proofs.

He has simply described scenes and characters as they appeared, incidents as they occurred, and anecdotes as they were related to him. The number of engravings being necessarily restricted, he has for the most part selected those bearing on Indian sporting, as presenting more of novelty to the English eye than the more hackneyed subjects of landscape.

Should the reader then be disposed, in some idle hour, to accompany the Author in his flying tour through India, he is hereby promised, if not 'Good Entertainment,' at least 'Expeditious Travelling;'—and though he fail to be satisfied with his vehicle, he may see enough of an interesting country to induce a wish for a second journey—under the guidance of a more able conducteur.

G L O S S A R Y

Anna	A coin—the 16th part of a rupee.
Añkoos	Goad to drive the elephant.
Bungalow	Thatched house.
Bhause	Short-winged hawk.
Bheiree	Long-winged do.
Begum	Mahomedan princess.
Bunneer	Shop-keeper.
Bowlee	A well.
Bagheecha	Fruit garden.
Bund	Embankment.
Burkindass	Armed attendant.
Burra Sahib	Great man. Chief.
Buckshées	A gift.
Bhistey	Water-carrier.
Budjerow	Decked passage-boat.
Beauliah	Small decked boat.
Chobdar	Mace-bearer.
Cummerbund	Waist-cloth.
Cheraug	Small Indian lamp.
Choor! Choor!	Stop thief!
Chokee	Police station.
Chuprassee	Upper servant.
Charpoy	Low bed, or stretcher.
Chupâtties	Unleavened cakes.
Chowrie	Fly-flapper, formed of the tail of a Thibet cow, and only used by per- sons of high rank.
Chick	Thin curtain, made of thread and strips of bamboo.
Chout	One-fourth of the revenue claimed by conquerors of the soil.

Chunam	Cement made of shells.
Coolie	Man of low caste.
Dāk	Travelling post in palankeen.
Dāk Hurkarah	Post messenger.
Dewanee Khās	Hall of audience.
Durbar	Indian levée or council.
Dekkancee	Belonging to the Deccan, a province of India.
Dhāllee	Basket of garden-stuff.
Fakir	Holy mendicant.
Florikan	Bird of the bustard tribe.
Guddee	Hindoo throne.
Gongwalas	Villagers.
Gurrah	Earthenware vessel.
Gram	Species of vetch.
Ghoont	Mountain pony.
Goru	Teacher, or priest.
Guzzul or Gazele	An Erotic ode.
Hackery	Cart.
Houdah	Anglicè—elephant's castle.
Haremzadeh	Savage—literally Filho da Puta
Hakim	Physician.
Hurkarah	Messenger.
Hookam	Order or command.
Hafiz	The Horace of the Persians.
Jheel	Lake.
Jemadar	Sepoy serjeant—upper servant.
Jhool	Elephant's housings.
Jaghire	Territory.
Jampaun	Mountain sedan-chair.
Jāt	Race or tribe.
Jehanum	Pluto's realm.
Kookaree	Knife worn by the Nepaulese.
Khodabund! Maraj!	Titles of respect.
Khanaut	Wall of a tent.
Kuskus	A fragrant grass.

GLOSSARY.

Khansamah	Butler.
Khalâmuts	Bards.
Kutwâal	Police officer.
Kucker	Barking deer.
Keemcab	Brocade.
Kitmutgar	Table attendant.
Killar	A fortress.
Kurwar	Coarse cloth.
Khilaut	Dress of honour.
Kutcherrie	Court of justice.
Lal Purdah	Great red curtain.
Lal Sherâb	Claret.
Mahout	Elephant's driver.
Musnud	Mussulman throne.
Mut	Temple.
Michaun	Platform of bamboo
Mussalgee	Torch-bearer.
Minar	<i>Anglicè</i> , minaret.
Musjed	<i>Anglicè</i> , mosque—Mahomedan place of worship.
Maungee	Boatswain.
Mooluck	Kingdom.
Mussuck	Sheep-skin water-bag.
Nullah	Brook, or small river.
Nautch	Indian dance.
Nautch Lôg	Dancers.
Nuzzar	An offering, or gift of homage.
Nusseeb	Fate.
Paun	Betel-nut.
Paundan	Vessel holding paun.
Patarras	A pair of boxes slung on a bamboo.
Pâl	Servants' tent.
Pariah	<i>In this sense</i> , a wild dog.
Purdah	Curtain.
Punkah	Large fan hung from the ceiling.
Puharrees	Mountaineers.

- Pillau, Khawaub Eastern dishes, almost as well-known
as *curry*.
- Qui-hi or Koe-hui, Who's there? or, Who
waits?—a summons for servants in
Bengal, and applied as a sobri-
quet to the Anglo-Bengalese.
- Rām-Rām! Hindoo salutation.
- Routee Sleeping tent.
- Sirdar-bearer Head bearer.
- Shuter-suwar Camel Courier.
- Shikkaree Native hunter.
- Seikh Hindoo sect.
- Shemianah Canopied entrance.
- Serwans Camel drivers.
- Syces Indian grooms.
- Suwarree A cavalcade.—
- Suwar Horseman or trooper.
- Serai Public building for the reception of
caravans or travellers.
- Sahib A gentleman—Sir!
- Sunderbunds Forest tract, in the Delta of the
Ganges.
- Suppoose Chimney of the hookah.
- Sircar A native writer.
- Schroff Banker.
- Tom-tom Indian drum.
- Tattee Skreen of grass placed in a window,
and cooled by water.
- Toofaun Hurricane.
- Tope A grove.
- Tamasha Grand display.
- Vina Species of guitar.
- Vakeel Ambassador.
- Videri A dark-coloured compound metal.
- Zenāna Seraglio.

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The Daks, i. e., posting in palaukens, being duly laid by the Postmaster-general,

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it was arranged that we should travel in parties of three, one day intervening between each party, in order to allow time for the bearers at the several stages to return to their posts.

Captain Macan (the Persian interpreter), Colonel Dawkins (a brother aide-de-camp), and myself, formed one of the travelling trios; and, snugly ensconced in our palankeens, we turned our backs upon the city of palaces, on the evening of the 20th of November.

To those uninitiated into the mysteries of Indian travelling, the prospect of a journey of six hundred miles, night and day, in a hot climate, inclosed in a sort of coffin-like receptacle, carried on the shoulders of men, is somewhat alarming; but to one more accustomed to that method of locomotion, the palankeen would, perhaps, prove less fatiguing and harassing, for a long journey, than any other conveyance. The horizontal or reclining position is naturally the most easy to the body; and the exhaustion con-

sequent upon a journey in the heat of the day, generally secures to the traveller as much sleep during the cooler hours of the night, as the frequent interruptions of the bearers at the several stages will allow him to enjoy. I had laid in a good store of tea, sugar, and biscuits, a novel, some powder and shot, a gun, and a sword, and plenty of blankets, as a defence against the coldness of the night. Our baggage consisted of a dozen boxes (patarras) appended to bamboos, and carried by men; which, with two torch-bearers (mussalgees) to each palankeen, completed our cavalcade.

On the 22nd, at four P. M., we reached Rogonathpore, a small village, near which is situated one of those stage bungalows, erected by government, for the accommodation of travellers, along the great military road to Benares and Allahabad. Here we fell in with a family of our acquaintance travelling southward with all their household,

equipages, &c., and they treated us with a rather more plentiful and luxurious meal than our palankeen stores could have afforded us.

Just above the village of Rogonathpore there is a group of lofty rocks, of a conical form, and thickly clothed with brushwood, a very favourite resort of bears. The servant at the bungalow informed us that a young officer, who had preceded us about six weeks, ascended the rocks with his gun, and in about an hour shot two bears, carrying off their skins in triumph on the roof of his palankeen. Colonel D. and myself walked over the rocks in the evening, and we distinctly saw one of these uncouth-looking animals climbing up the face of the crags; but he was far out of shot-range.

Nov. 24th, 7 A.M., reached Hazarebaug, a small station, about two hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta. It is a healthy spot; the earth sandy and rocky, presenting a strong contrast to the loomy and alluvial soil

of Southern Bengal*. From Rôgonâthpore to Hazarebang, the road runs through an almost uninterrupted jungle, swarming with wild beasts. At this place we met with a hospitable friend, who stored our palankeens with provisions, after giving us a capital breakfast. At eleven o'clock at night we entered the famous pass of Dunghye. The road bears the appearance of a deep sandy ravine; the banks are rocky and woody, and in many places quite overhung by the forest-trees. We had accomplished about half the defile, when I was suddenly and rudely awakened from a dozing sleep by the shock of my palankeen coming to the ground, and by the most discordant shouts and screams. I jumped out to ascertain the cause of the uproar, and found, on inquiry, that a foraging party of tigers—probably speculating upon picking up a straggling bearer—had sprung off the rocks, and dashed across the road, bounding between my palankeen and that of

* Therm. 55, at 6 A.M.;—thirty degrees lower than when we left Calcutta.

Colonel D., who was scarcely ten yards a-head. The bearers of both palankeens were all huddled together, bellowing like bedlamites, and the mussalgees waving their torches most vehemently. On mustering our forces, we discovered that two of our patarra-bearers were missing, and fearing that the tigers might intercept them, we dispatched four men with spare torches to bring them on. Meanwhile my friend and myself, having brought our palankeens together, armed ourselves with patience and a pair of pistols to await the result. The whole incident, with the time and scene, was highly interesting and wild, with just enough of the awful to give an additional piquancy. The night was dark and stormy, and the wind roared among the trees above our heads: the torches cast a red and flickering light on the rocks in our immediate neighbourhood, and just showed us enough of the depths of the forest to make the background more gloomy and unfathomable. The distant halloos of the men who were gone in search of their

comrades, came faintly and wildly upon the breeze; and the occasional shots that we fired rang through the rocky jungle with an almost interminable echo. In about three-quarters of an hour our bearers joined us, together with the two patarra-bearers. These latter, hearing the vociferations of our men, and guessing the cause, had quietly placed their boxes on the ground, about a mile in the rear of us, and seating themselves on their heels, had determined not to proceed until the break of day.

All being reported present, we resumed our journey, the men keeping up their screaming chorus to scare our unwelcome visitors, whom I several times fancied I heard rustling among the brushwood on the road side, as though they were moving on our flanks in order to cut off any straggler who might drop astern. I never saw bearers go more expeditiously, or in more compact order, every man fearing to be the last in the cavalcade*. A sheet would

* It is said, that a tiger lying in wait for a string of passengers usually selects the last of the party.

have covered the whole party! The tigers, if they had calculated upon one of our number for their evening meal, must have gone supperless to their lair, for we mustered all our twenty-four men in the morning. A *dák hurkara* (post messenger) had been carried off in the same spot two days before, probably by the same family of tigers, which, according to the bearers' account, consisted of two old ones, and three cubs.

Nov. 27th. Arrived at Benares; at 5 A. M., and were hospitably received by Mr. Prinsep, master of the Mint, who freighted our palankeens with plentiful stock for the morrow. We were here shocked to learn the death of Colonel Macdonald, one of the party that had preceded us. He was seized with an apoplectic fit on getting out of his palankeen, and expired soon after. There is no country in the world where the demise of one of a small circle is regarded with so much apathy as in India. Sickness, death, and sepulture follow upon each other's heels, not unfre-

quently within the four-and-twenty hours; and memory of the departed—except among nearer and dearer friends, whose feelings are beyond the influence of climate and circumstances—scarcely outlives the week. By the death of Colonel Macdonald, we lost a courteous, kind-hearted, and agreeable companion; and the very outset of our journey was clouded with evil auspices.

28th. Reached Allahabad early in the morning, after having been much retarded by a paucity of bearers. Among those that we did succeed in procuring, many of the poor fellows had their shoulders galled like those of over-worked post-horses in England. At three P.M. we called a halt, and combined breakfast, dinner, and supper in one meal; and taking for our motto 'sufficient for the day,' &c., bravely devoured our last fowl and loaf, though we had two days' journey to perform; without a chance of falling in with any more of our hospitable countrymen.

; In the evening, there being much rain, the roads became very deep and slippery, and the bearers proportionately slow and sulky. To crown the whole, our torches were extinguished, and the men at length put us down under a tree, from whence even the vast consideration of two rupees (four times the usual *à boire*) could not induce them to move.

29th, 6 A.M. Awoke, and with the Commander-in-chief's recommendation to hasten our progress staring me in the face, found myself and palankeen planted under the same ill-omened tree, and the bearers all huddled round, shivering and jibbering, and looking as though they had taken as firm root to the spot where they had squatted the night before, as the venerable banyan which overshadowed us. With the assistance of a few rupees, and (shall I confess it?) a little gentle corporal persuasion, we resumed our journey, and at ten A.M. drew up at the picturesque, though ruined hermitage of an old Mussulman fakir. Here we overhauled our

haversacks; and found our whole store to amount to six small biscuits.

Divided rations; and with the assistance of our reverend host, who boiled some water for us, made tea, and seating ourselves on some ancient Mussulman tombs, devoured our frugal breakfast. After tipping the holy anchorite a few annas,* and receiving his blessing in return, we proceeded.

One P.M. we passed through Hautgong, a strange ruinous old town, surrounded with extensive fortifications, in a state of dilapidation, and the most magnificent groves of tamarind trees. Here a large pariah dog took a fancy to our party, and, with no other food than a couple of hard-boiled eggs, followed us the whole way to Cawnpore, a distance of nearly eighty miles.

30th. At four P.M. we at length reached our destination, having been two days longer than usual on the road, and most heartily tired of palankeens and bearers. We found

* A small coin, sixteen to the rupee.

our tents pitched in the 'compound,' or enclosure, of Sir S. Whittingham, the General of the division. The Commander-in-chief had arrived the day before. Our heavy baggage, servants, horses, and dogs were here awaiting us. I missed, however, the joyous welcome of my favourite terrier; and learnt with sorrow that he had met with his quietus on the march, by having unadvisedly disputed a sheep's shank with a foraging hyena, who not only secured the bone of contention, but left nothing but poor Hector's head to tell the story of his sad fate. *Flebilis occidit!*

Cawnpore being one of the largest military stations in India, his Excellency remained there six days, during which time our mornings were employed in regimental and brigade reviews, and our evenings agreeably consumed by the dinners, balls, and plays with which the hospitable inhabitants entertained the Head-quarters party.

December 6th. At daybreak we com-

menced our first march, towards Lucknow, the metropolis of the Nawaub, commonly called King, of Oude.* Having crossed the Ganges, which river forms the boundary between the English and Oude territories, we found the Head-quarters camp ready pitched for our reception near the village of Onah, twelve miles from Cawnpore.

As we galloped up the main street of the camp, his Excellency was saluted by a deputation from the King of Lucknow, who had sent a suite, of tents, with elephants, horses, and servants, for his accommodation.

And here let me furnish the reader with a glimpse of Head-quarters camp. As it is

* Oude was (until, for value received, acknowledged as an independent kingdom by the all-powerful Company) a province of the Mogul or Delhi empire; and the Nawaub Vizier of Lucknow was, as the title literally signifies, the deputy or vicegerent of the Emperor. Ostensibly his Nabobship has been promoted from the rank of servant to that of lord: virtually, he has only changed masters: for, like all other native potentates who have admitted British residents at their courts, he is so strictly supervised, that he can scarcely add an extra wife or two to his establishment, much less enact any important state measure, without the interference of his super-attentive allies.

invariably pitched in the same order, 'one description will suffice for it under all circumstances. The main street, about fifty feet wide, consisting of from twenty to thirty large double-poled tents, as symmetrically ranged as the houses of Portland-place, is set apart for the Commander-in-chief, the general and personal staff, and any visitors of distinction, who, bringing, like the snail, their houses with them, may sojourn for awhile at head-quarters. The two larger marquées, situated midway up the street, facing each other, and distinguished by spacious shemmianas, or canopied porticoes, are the private and public, or durbar, tents of his Excellency. The street is, by the care of the Quarter-master-general; levelled and cleared of brushwood, and sentries are posted to prevent the intrusion of the 'profanum vulgus.' Immediately in rear of the main line of tents, are pitched those of the office-clerks, servants, and kitchens, and behind them the horses of the officers are piqueted in line. A little further back is spread out, in a

wilderness of canvass alleys, the camp bazaar, where individuals of every trade, to meet the exigencies of the Burra-luscar,* are to be found. A long double line of picqueted horses marks the station of the cavalry escort; the infantry guard has its canvass cantonment at the opposite extremity of the camp; and its extreme outskirts are occupied by a crowd of elephants and camels, who, released from their burthens, are enjoying themselves after their respective natures: the former animal covering himself with dust, and fanning himself with a branch, whilst he devours his delicate 'tiffen,' consisting of a dozen meal cakes, each as big as the top of a band-box, with half a peepul-tree, timber included, by way of légumes; the latter beasts lazily chewing the cud as they lie round on the spot where they were unloaded, or brousing on the bushes within reach of their long necks. The number of souls now assembled in Head-quarters camp is computed at nearly five thousand.

* 'Great camp.'

The immense catalogue of what would in western nations be termed luxuries, but which in an Indian camp are mere necessities, would astonish our more hardy campaigners in Europe. To those of our party who had experienced the hardships of a Peninsula bivouac, the contrast must have appeared almost antipodean.

It would, perhaps, be worth while to record, as well as I can remember, the matériel and personnel of my camp equipment; an humble captain and single man, travelling on the most economical principles. One double-poled tent, one 'routee' or small tent, a 'pâl' or servants' tent, two elephants, six camels, four horses, a pony, a buggy, and twenty-four servants, besides mahouts, servants or camel-drivers, and tent-pitchers.

8th. Soon after reveillie beating, as is usual in Indian marches, we mounted our horses and continued our journey. The camp was pitched near the village of Khamutgunge. About a mile from it we dis-

cerned a large and glittering cavalcade drawn up on the road; which proved to be the young prince of Oude, attended by his minister, and a numerous train of courtiers, horse and infantry troops, and vagabonds of every description, who were come to give a ceremonious welcome to the Commander-in-chief. On first gaining sight of them, we resigned our Arabs to the attendant 'syces,' and mounted our elephants, forming them in a line of fifteen a-breast. The band and a squadron of his Majesty's 11th Dragoons, and a like number of a Native Cavalry regiment, preceded us as we advanced to meet the heir-apparent of Lucknow. The two cavalcades approached, met, and blended themselves into one; an impenetrable cloud of dust, the never-failing accompaniment of an Indian suwarree, veiling the rencontre of the British and Mussulman chiefs from the gaze of the spectators. The young Prince having quitted his own howdah for that of the Commander-in-chief, the whole procession rushed on together in one compact mass of

about forty elephants. The two escorts led the way, followed by a pedestrian crowd of *chôbdars*, or mace-bearers, standards, heralds calling the high-sounding titles of the boy-Prince, and led horses richly caparisoned. On front, flanks, and rear, we were surrounded by a cloud of picturesque-looking cavaliers, who were constantly employed in displaying their horsemanship and dexterity in the use of the spear and sword, by *curvetting* and *carcering* at each other in mimic jousts, with the most noble disregard of banks, ditches, and uneven ground.

The whole scene was highly interesting and striking. The dark and close-serried column of elephants caparisoned with flowing *jhools* of coloured cloth and brocade, deeply fringed; the splendid howdahs of the Mussulmans, many of them panelled with plates of silver and gilt; the complete contrast of the splendid shawls, and ample, flowing drapery of the natives, with the stiff, angular, scarlet coats of the English, as the wearers, riding side by side, conversed cour-

teously from their lofty seats : add to this, the wild, fierce, and disorderly array of the Lucknow cavalry, compared with the disciplined regularity of our own escort ; the discordant clashing of the British and native bands of music, which seemed vying with each other for the mastery in sound, and the continual glitter of hundreds of banneroles of gold and silver tissue ; and we were in possession of materials for amusement and interest, which were scarcely exhausted ere we arrived at the camp.

On reaching the tents of the Prince, we were invited to partake of a vile breakfast, prepared in the European style, but with the Indian concomitants of nauching and singing, the performers occupying one end of the tent. After breakfast we were conducted to another tent, where the usual presents from His Majesty of Oude to the Commander-in-chief were displayed. They consisted of shawls, tissues, &c. How absurd is this interchange of presents still kept up between the Honourable Company's and Native Courts ! Indi-

viduals, at least on the English side, are not suffered to retain what is presented to them; the British Residents taking a list of the articles, and all being sold on the account of the government. Thus it may frequently occur that the native potentates receive again as presents the same shawls which, a few months before, they had bestowed upon a servant of the Honourable Company. The abolition, however, of this ridiculous and troublesome system is, I believe, in agitation.

Before we quitted the Prince's tent, our necks were severally ornamented with a heavy silver-tinsel necklace,—value perhaps five rupees;—on the receipt of which we departed to our own encampment.

Dec. 9th. The camp moved to Noelgunge, a march of twelve miles. The Prince accompanied us, and, with his suite, breakfasted with the Commander-in-chief. He was preceded by a train of servants bending under a savoury load of curries, cawâbs, and pillaus. The young Mussulman ate but little,

looked frightened, and only drank a little sherbet, which was occasionally handed to him by a diminutive, copper-coloured Gany-mede, who stood behind him.

At Futtugunge, where we encamped the following day, we were met by the King of Oude's grand falconer, with about twenty hawks of both the long and short winged species. He showed us some capital sport, flying them at plovers, paddy-birds, and kites. It was wonderful to see with what ease the bhause, or short-winged hawk, brought down the kite, a much larger and apparently stronger bird than itself. The bleiree, or long-winged, were flown at herons, but failed to strike one.

Dec. 11th., therm. 73. This day having been declared auspicious by the soothsayers for the entry of the Commander-in-chief into Lucknow, we mounted our elephants at an early hour, and started on our march towards the city. About two miles from the town we encountered His Majesty of Oude, accompa-

nied by a numerous and splendid retinue. The King and the Commander-in-chief, after a fraternal embrace, continued their march in the same howdah. Our cavalcade was most formidably augmented by this last reinforcement, and it must have presented an imposing spectacle to the myriads of lookers-on as we entered the city. The king, Nusseer-ood-Deen Hyder, is a plain, vulgar-looking man, of about twenty-six years of age, his stature about five feet, nine inches, and his complexion rather unusually dark. His Majesty's mental endowments, pursuits, and amusements, are by no means of an elevated or dignified order; though his deficiencies are *in some measure supplied by the abilities and shrewdness of his minister*, who is, however, an unexampled rogue, displaying it in his countenance with such perspicuity of development, as would satisfy the most sceptical unbeliever in Lavater. He is detested by all ranks, with the exception of his royal master, who reposes the most perfect confidence in him.

I remarked that the attendant, who sat behind him in the howdah, kept his finger twisted in the knot of his lord's sword, as though he feared the possibility of some wronged wretch snatching it out of the scabbard, from the roof or window of the overhanging houses, and making free with the wearer's head,—which act, *par parenthèse*, would be doing the state some service.

The streets of Lucknow are extremely narrow, so much so as in some places scarcely to admit more than one elephant to pass at a time. The houses, from the windows of which were displayed silks and draperies, were, as well as the streets, thickly crowded with spectators; some of them employed in greeting their sovereign with profound salaams; the greater proportion, however, consisting of wretched-looking beggars, who followed the cavalcade vociferating for charity, and greedily scrambling for the handfuls of rupees which were from time to time thrown by the King, the Commander-in-chief, and the Resident, among the multitude.

It was curious to see with what care the elephants avoided treading upon or injuring some of these paupers, who, in eager pursuit of the scattered largesse, fearlessly threw themselves under the feet of these animals, the slightest touch of which would have shattered a limb. A few coins thrown on the roof of a house sometimes caused the most amusing scramble, and I saw more than one of the gleaners roll into the street upon the heads of the gaping crowd below.

In some of the narrow passes the crush was awful; the elephants trumpeting, jhools and ladders tearing and crashing; and now and then the projecting roof or veranda of a house carried away by the resistless progress of these powerful animals. The strongest elephants and most determined mahouts held the first places in the cavalcade, next to the King, the Commander-in-chief, and the Resident. The princes royal were not unfrequently most unceremoniously jostled; and as for the minister, he was generally among the 'unplaced.'

I was mounted, with Colonel D., upon an elephant, who, though perfectly quiet, was the terror of his brethren, by reason of the length and sharpness of his tusks, which (contrary to the usual custom of the country) had not been cut off short. He had been sent as a present to the Commander-in-chief by the King of Siam, and was a foot higher than any elephant in the procession.

On arriving at the palace, we sat down to breakfast with his Majesty and his courtiers. The King was splendidly attired in a tunic of green velvet, and girded with a costly shawl. He wore a diademed turban, and his person was profusely ornamented with necklaces, earrings, and armlets of the most brilliant diamonds, emeralds, and pearls. After breakfast we adjourned to the state-chamber, an ill-proportioned, indifferent room. The throne is, however, beautifully decorated with embroidery in seed-pearl. Here his Majesty presented the Commander-in-chief with his portrait, set in diamonds, and sus-

pended to a string of pearls and emeralds ; and the staff, after having the honour of being severally presented to the King, were each, as on a former occasion, gratified with a silver halter.

After taking leave, we mounted our elephants and proceeded to the palace of the British Resident, where a more substantial breakfast than that afforded by royalty was provided and partaken of.

In the afternoon, we drove round the King's park, called Dil Koosha (Heart's Delight), the Kew, or rather Kensington, of Lucknow. It is a high grass jungle, surrounded by a wall, and intermixed with a few trees. The house is a Cockney-looking building, with *nothing to recommend it*. The park, however, is full of game of all kinds, from the boar and stag to the hare and quail. Our party dined with the Resident, fifty persons sitting down to table.

Dec. 12th. The King came in state to breakfast with the Commander-in-chief, at

the residence. On his retiring I went to lionize about Lucknow. I visited one of the royal palaces, and the tomb of the present King's father, Gazee-ood-Deen Hyder, where prayers unceasing are said by ten holy men, day and night, for the repose of his deceased Majesty's soul. When I entered they were sitting round near the door, rocking their bodies to and fro, and muttering their prayers in a monotonous growl.

We were next conducted to the King's aviary and menagerie : in the inclosure of the latter we were entertained with a ram-fight, which is not a very interesting spectacle, though the combatants are regularly trained for the arena, and meet each other in the lists with true chivalrous fury.

In the afternoon, our party, occupying three carriages and four belonging to the Resident, drove to Constantia, a magnificent, but strangely constructed building, a few miles from Lucknow. It was erected after the will and testament of an eccentric old General Martin, a Frenchman, who died at Lucknow

immensely rich, and left money to raise this edifice over his tomb. The sepulchre itself is deep underground, in a small vault constantly lighted by tapers. A white marble slab, at the head of which is the bust of the General, bears his name, with the following inscription: 'Came to India a common soldier in the year 17—, and died a major-general in 18—.' Four grenadiers (unfortunately for effect, *in coloured plaster*) stand at the corners of the tomb, resting on their arms reversed.

Dec. 13th. The Commander-in-chief having received an invitation from his Majesty to witness some spectacles intended for his amusement, we proceeded at an early hour to the palace, where the King met us. He conducted us a short distance out of the town, where we found an arena prepared for what were announced as 'field sports,' but which were in fact equally uninteresting and cruel, and totally warring against John Bull's ideas of fair play. First, five or six antelopes were

brought out of cages, so stiff and weak from confinement that they could barely stand, and abandoned to the mercy of chetahs and lynxes, which pulled them down without their making any effort to escape. The hawking was little better, the birds turned out having been too long encaged to show any sport. An hyena was next turned loose, and pursued and brought to bay by an heterogeneous pack of, about twenty large dogs ; and when I arrived near enough to see the fight distinctly, I found that the unfortunate animal was muzzled, and was, therefore, unresistingly mangled for nearly ten minutes. The next victim was a bear, who, having had most of his teeth extracted, was bullied with impunity by a troop of yelping curs, none of them venturing near enough to get within bruin's embrace.

Having been fully sated with this barbarous sport, we returned to our tents, dressed, and proceeded to the royal palace, to breakfast with the King. On my way there, I saw his Majesty's equipage à l'Anglaise waiting at

one of the entrances. It was a kind of lord-mayor's coach, with eight long-tailed horses in hand. The coachman, a fierce-looking Mussulman, with a curling beard and mustachios, cut rather a 'strange figure in a livery of the latest London fashion.

The breakfast was, as before, a bad attempt at English style. I was much amused by the manifest uneasiness and fatigue of the native gentlemen present, who, unaccustomed to the use of chairs, and cramped by a sederunt of two hours, were trying every species of attitude to modify the discomfort of the posture. Some of them also were, no doubt, longing for the pleasing excitement of their hookahs, a luxury which is not allowed in the presence of majesty. The two young Mussulmans on either side of me made several courteous and polite attempts to draw me into conversation during the few and far-between intervals granted us by the nauch-women, and they listened with more than French urbanity to my bad Hindostanee. There is an innate gentlemanliness

in the manners and address of the Mussulman, which, taken as a national characteristic, exceeds even that of more civilised countries. He has a dignified composure of countenance, gracefulness of action, and tact in the use of that delicate instrument, flattery, peculiar to himself.

After breakfast, digestion was promoted by standing in the sun to see two rams knock their heads together.

In the afternoon we drove to see the Imaun-Barree, a magnificent palace, the most remarkable part of which is the immense hall containing the tomb of Asof-ood Doulah, the great grandfather of the present Nawaub. Over his remains prayers are still said, and will, I suppose, continue to be said, until the money voted for that good purpose be expended. The hall is built of stone, beautifully carved, and of the most noble proportions. The ceiling, composed of the most stupendous stones, is gently and gracefully arched, and totally unsupported by pillars. The length is one hundred and twenty feet

by sixty. It is supposed to be the largest room without supporting columns in the world. A short distance from the court of the Imaun-Barree is the Romee Durwassa, the 'Beautiful Gate' of Lucknow.

In the evening our party had the distinguished honour of dining with the King; and although the company could not have amounted to more than sixty persons, there was no room in the palace large enough to contain us all. We were consequently divided into two parties. The smaller division, of which I was one, dined in a large veranda, looking into a capacious quadrangle, surrounded with elegantly columned cloisters. In the centre was a spacious tank of water, with sparkling fountains, ornamented with marble statues, and illuminated by many-coloured lamps. The prospect bore a pleasing and fairy-like effect; the faint manner in which the distant colonnades and statues were lighted up reminding me in some degree of the effect produced in the background of Martin's famous picture of Belshazzar's Feast.

Eight or ten Mussulmans, of rank sufficient to entitle them to sit at the King's table, were of our party. Some of them ate beef and vegetables with great appetite. I did not see any of them drink wine; although one of them, whose jolly countenance bore the fruits of good living and confirmed his words, said that he drank it in his own house, though he could not so indulge at the king's table*.

After dinner we were conducted through the numerous small rooms and tortuous passages of an oriental palace, to another veranda, to witness a grand display of fireworks,—an amusement in which the eastern nations greatly excel, and for which an Indian climate is so favourable.

The scene that here met our eyes was beautiful in the extreme, and truly oriental. It appeared almost a realization of some of those splendid fictions in the Arabian Nights. The night, though dark, was calm: the bal-

* By the bye, I looked in vain among the cruetts on the table for the 'King of Oude's Sauce,' which delicacy I hear is boldly placarded for sale in the window of some noted pickler in London.

cony where we stood overhung the river, which flowed deep beneath, and was thickly studded with many-shaped boats. In one of these, in the middle of the stream, a group of nauch girls and musicians were dancing and singing. The whole was made visible to us by blue lights, so placed under the veranda, as to throw their cold mysterious light over the scene, without annoying the eyes of the spectators. The fireworks, which were extremely well managed, and of great variety, were arranged along the opposite bank of the river, and in the vessels on its surface. At intervals fire-balloons were sent up, which, as they majestically floated over the city, showed us alternately in the distance some elegant palace, temple, or mosque, whose white and gilt minarets were for an instant brightly illuminated, and then left in their original darkness.

Dec. 14th. The Commander-in-chief reviewed the 14th regiment of native infantry, a remarkably fine corps, nearly nine hundred strong, on parade.

In the cool of the day we drove to the country-house of the British Resident, where he generally resides in preference to the palace in the town. The farm and dairy reminded me much of 'sweet home,' the more so that many of the cows were English; but I looked in vain for the rosy-faced-and-elbowed dairy-maids of Derbyshire, whose functions were ill sustained by mustachioed and half-naked natives.

His Majesty dined at the residence this evening, and was entertained much in the same manner as he treated us, viz., with nauches and fireworks. Our pyrotechnic display, I think, even surpassed his own, though the scene was not so picturesque. The King was clad in a tunic of cashmere shawl, well suited to the coolness of the evening. He wore a red and gold turban, ornamented with a superb diamond aigrette, the whole surmounted by an elegant tuft of pendant feathers tipped with brilliants. Eight or ten necklaces of diamonds, emeralds, and pearls, hung on his breast, and his arms and wrists

were loaded with bracelets. On his Majesty and suite taking leave, the English portion of the assembly descended from the stilts of ceremony, and commenced quadrilling.

His Majesty, before he retired, informed the Commander-in-chief that he had given orders for the wild beast fights to be prepared for his edification on the morrow; and as these sports are celebrated for the grand scale on which they are conducted at Lucknow, we were all very anxious to witness them. Early in the morning, therefore, the whole party, including ladies, eager for the novel spectacle, mounted elephants, and repaired to the private gate of the royal palace, where the King met the Commander-in-chief, and conducted him and his company to a palace in the park, in one of the courts of which the arena for the combats was prepared. In the centre was erected a gigantic cage of strong bamboos, about fifty feet high, and of like diameter, and roofed with rope network. Sundry smaller cells, communicating by sliding doors with the main theatre, were

tenanted by every species of the wildest inhabitants of the forest. In the large cage, crowded together, and presenting a formidable front of broad, shaggy foreheads well armed with horns, stood a group of buffaloes sternly awaiting the conflict, with their rear scientifically appuyé against the bamboos. The trap-doors being lifted, two tigers, and the same number of bears and leopards, rushed into the centre. The buffaloes instantly commenced hostilities, and made complete shuttlecocks of the bears, who, however, finally escaped by climbing up the bamboos beyond the reach of their horned antagonists. The tigers, one of which was a beautiful animal, fared scarcely better; indeed, the odds were much against them, there being five buffaloes. They appeared, however, to be no match for these powerful creatures, even single-handed, and showed little disposition to be the assaulters. The larger tiger was much gored in the head, and in return took a mouthful of his enemy's dewlap, but was finally (as the fancy would describe it) 'bored to the

ropes and floored.' The leopards seemed throughout the conflict sedulously to avoid a breach of the peace.

A rhinoceros was next let loose in the open court-yard, and the attendants attempted to induce him to pick a quarrel with a tiger who was chained to a ring. The rhinoceros appeared, however, to consider a fettered foe as quite beneath his enmity; and having once approached the tiger, and quietly surveyed him, as he writhed and growled, expecting the attack, turned suddenly round and trotted awkwardly off to the yard gate, where he capsize^d a palankeen which was carrying away a lady fatigued with the sight of these unfeminine sports.

A buffalo and a tiger were the next combatants: they attacked furiously, the tiger springing at the first onset on the other's head, and tearing his neck severely; but he was quickly dismounted, and thrown with such violence as nearly to break his back, and quite to disable him from renewing the combat.

A small elephant was next impelled to attack a leopard. The battle was short and decisive ; the former falling on his knees, and thrusting his blunted tusks nearly through his antagonist.

On our return from the beast fight, a breakfast awaited us at the royal palace ; and the white tablecloth being removed, quails, trained for the purpose, were placed upon the green cloth and fought most gamely, after the manner of the English cockpit. This is an amusement much in fashion among the natives of rank, and they bet large sums on their birds, as they lounge luxuriously round, smoking their houkahs.

Elephant fights were announced as the concluding scene of this day of strife. The spectators took their seats in a long veranda. The narrow stream of the river Goomty runs close under the palace walls, and on the opposite bank a large, open, sandy space presented a convenient theatre for the operations of these gigantic athletes. The elephants educated for the arena are large, powerful

males, wrought up to a state of fury by constant feeding with exciting spices.' On the spacious plain before us we counted several of these animals parading singly and sulkily to and fro, their mahouts seated on their backs, which were covered with a strong network for the driver to cling by in the conflict. In attendance upon every elephant were two or three men, armed with long spears, a weapon of which this animal has the greatest dread.

We soon discovered two of the combatants slowly advancing towards each other from opposite sides of the plain. As they approached, their speed gradually increased, and they at length met with a grand shock, entwining their trunks, and pushing, until one, finding himself overmatched, fairly turned tail, and received his adversary's charge in the rear. This was so violent, that the mahout of the flying elephant was dislodged from his seat: he fortunately fell wide of the pursuer, and escaped with a few bruises.

Five or six couple were fought, but showed

little sport; the sagacious animals instantly discovering when they were over-matched. I had long been ambitious of witnessing the far-famed wild-beast fights of Lucknow, and having enjoyed an opportunity of seeing them, which few have had, it would hardly be fair to say that I was disappointed.

Before the party left the palace his Majesty took a great fancy to a hookah belonging to one of the staff. It was formed on an entirely new principle, and the King was so smitten with the novel invention, that he signified his royal wish to purchase it, and immediately carried it off, to display its charms to the three hundred and fifty fair inmates of his zenana.

In the evening, a Piedmontese conjuror, in the pay of the nawaub, entertained us much by his ingenious tricks. He must be a useful fellow to amuse the vacant mind of an Eastern despot.

Dec. 16th. Early in the morning I galloped with the Commander-in-chief to see a

country residence of his Majesty, about five miles from Lucknow. It is a pretty place with fine gardens, but in bad repair. The Commandant of the Royal Body-guard, a fine, stout, handsome fellow, (quite the Murat, le beau Sabreur, of Lucknow,) accompanied us. He was splendidly dressed and mounted, conversed freely and gaily with us; told us his pay was twelve thousand rupees, or as many hundred pounds a-year, badly paid; boasted of his influence at court, and even hinted at his *bonnes fortunes*.

In the evening, the Head-quarters party left Lucknow, the premier escorting the Commander-in-chief to the gate of the city. We rejoined our camp, which was pitched about five miles from the town, after having passed six days, replete with amusement and novelty, at the metropolis of Oude.

The king very civilly sent two chetahs, or hunting leopards, to travel onwards with the Commander-in-chief. We may expect some sport with them, as the country through which we are about to march abounds with antelopes.

On the 20th, we encamped near Naubutgunge, on the banks of the Ganges, fifty-four miles from Lucknow, and a frontier village of the Oude dominions. In the night the thievish subjects of Oude, who had accompanied the camp on a pillaging speculation, made every effort to obtain some keepsake from us, before we crossed the frontier; but having been warned of their propensities, every one was on the watch. In spite of sentries and servants, however, one of our party found his trunk broken open in the morning, and some of the contents abstracted. I was within an ace of spearing my faithful old serdar-bearer, (head valet, or groom of the chambers!) whom I at first mistook for a robber, as he was groping about my tent in the dark.

Dec. 21st., therm. 68—a reduction of twelve degrees in heat since yesterday. Early in the morning the camp crossed the Ganges, and once more entering the territories of the Honourable Company, was pitched near the

hamlet of Nannemow. The difference of the two governments is strikingly manifested in the contrast presented by the rich cultivation of our side the river, and the barren waste on the bank we have just quitted. Our quarter-master-general could scarcely find an untilled spot whereon to pitch the camp.

Having heard that there were partridges in the jungle hard by, Colonel F. and I walked out with our guns in the afternoon. Whilst beating a very thick grass covert, I met with an accident which, though it proved only ridiculous, bordered very near upon the serious. I had flushed a partridge, and was just taking aim, when the ground under me suddenly gave way, and I felt myself rapidly descending into the bowels of the earth. I had scarcely time to speculate upon a sixty-foot fall, and a watery grave, ere I arrived at the bottom of the dry old well (which it proved to be) on my feet, unhurt, and with my gun in my hand, full cocked. I first looked around my narrow prisonhouse, to ascertain that it had no four-footed occu-

pant likely to resent my unceremonious intrusion ; and having emancipated my feet from about eight inches of mud, I hailed my servants, who soon discovered my situation, and by the help of their cummerbunds, or waistclothes, extricated me from my somewhat premature inhumation. The well was fortunately only ten feet deep, but I found another, soon after, equally well concealed, which was at the least four times that depth.

On the 23^d we reached Merun-ke-Serai, near the ancient city of Kanoge, which is three days' march from Futtighur, the next station of troops. The Nawaub Moontezim ood Doulah, commonly called Hakim Mendes, arrived in camp to accompany the Commander-in-chief on his march to the latter place. The hakim is ex-minister of Oude. He is a handsome old man, of exceeding courtly address, and has retired from the troubles of government to a luxurious exile in the Company's territories. In the evening

we wandered over the vast ruins of Kanoge. This ancient city, supposed to be the Calinapaxa of Pliny, is said, by Ferishta, to have been the capital of India in the time of the father of Porus, who was conquered by Alexander the Great. To give some idea of its grandeur and extent in the sixth century, it is described to have had thirty thousand shops for the sale of betel-nut, or paun, and sixty thousand bands of musicians, paying tax to government.

We were pestered by sellers of coins, who pretended to have dug them out of the ruins, but who had probably manufactured them for the occasion. One old fellow, to induce me to purchase, showed me some certificates of character which he had obtained from English travellers, but which being written in English he could not read himself. Almost the first which he put into my hand ran thus, ‘The bearer is a d—d old rascal; kick him out of camp.’

On Christmas-day Head-quarters camp

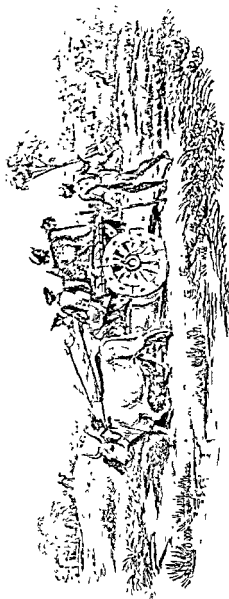
halted, the roads being too wet for the march of the camels. These animals are exceedingly awkward on slippery ground, and are liable to dreadful accidents from their feet sliding apart laterally. The rain has fallen in such quantities for the last two days, that the camp is converted into one great swamp.

Dec. 27th, therm. 58°. Arrived at Fuddyghur. Breakfasted with the Hakim Mendes. His house is magnificently furnished in the European style, with a profusion of pier-glasses, mirrors, French organs, and fancy clocks, of the most costly description: with these, in the accustomed bad taste of natives, he has mixed a host of wretched coloured prints in splendid frames.

The next day the Commander-in-chief reviewed the third local horse, an irregular corps, dressed in the Mussulman costume. The superior officers are English. The men are fine, wild, picturesque fellows.

29th. Head-quarters proceeded on the march towards Agra, a city about one hundred and twelve miles from Futttyghur.

On the last day of the year 1827 we marched to the village of Boingong. Just before we reached our ground, the shutersu-wars (camel couriers), who always moved on our flanks in search of game, reported a herd of antelopes about half a mile out of the line of march; and the chetals being at hand, we went in pursuit of them. The mode of conducting this sport I may as well describe. The leopards are each accommodated with a flat-topped cart, without sides, drawn by two bullocks, and each animal has two attendants. They are loosely bound by a collar and rope to the back of the vehicle, and are also held by the keeper by a strap round the loins. A leathern hood covers their eyes. The antelopes being excessively timid and wild, the best way to enjoy the sport is to sit on the cart alongside the driver; for the vehicle being built like the hackeries of the



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peasants, to the sight of which the deer are accustomed, it is not difficult, by skilful management, to approach within two hundred yards of the game. On this occasion we had three chetahs in the field, and we proceeded towards the spot where the herd had been seen, in a line, with an interval of about one hundred yards between each cart. On emerging from a cotton-field, we came in sight of four antelopes, and my driver contrived to get within one hundred yards of them ere they took alarm. The chetah was quickly unhooded, and loosed from his bonds; and, as soon as he viewed the deer, dropped quietly off the cart, on the *opposite* side to that on which they stood, and approached them at a slow, crouching canter, masking himself by every bush and inequality of ground which lay in his way. As soon, however, as they began to show alarm, he quickened his pace, and was in the midst of the herd in a few bounds.

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about two hundred yards, when he reached it with a blow of his paw, rolled it over, and in an instant was sucking the life-blood from its throat.

A second chetah was slipped at the same time, but after making four or five desperate bounds, by which he nearly reached his prey, suddenly gave up the pursuit, and came growling sulkily back to his cart.

As soon as the deer is pulled down, a keeper runs up, hoods the chetah, cuts the victim's throat, and receiving some of the blood in a wooden ladle, thrusts it under the leopard's nose. The antelope is then dragged away, and placed in a receptacle under the hackery*, whilst the chetah is rewarded with a leg for his pains.

The hunting leopard is a long, slight, flat-sided animal, with a very neat, small head; and, unlike the rest of the feline species, its tail is flat, instead of round. In the first

* Indian cart



plate I have endeavoured to represent the sporting party manœuvring to *gain the wind* of the game: the death of the antelope is portrayed in the second.

CHAPTER II.

Jan. 1st, 1828, therm. 68°. THE reveillie drubbed open my eyes to the first daybreak of the new year. This is the second new-year's-day I have passed under canvass. The first was ushered in by a salvo of sixteen twenty-four-pounders, just put in battery against Bhurtpore, and fired, well shotted, at the usurper's filagree palace.

This evening, as morris-dancers, mistletoe, and other Christmas concomitants, were not attainable, we were obliged to be contented with mince pies and a nautch at Mynporee, at which place our camp was pitched. It is a ruinous and miserable town, surrounded with a dilapidated (a *bull*, I fear) mud wall.

Two days after I overtook on the march a poor woman weeping bitterly, and found, on inquiry, that her infant child had been carried off by a wolf in the night, as she lay asleep on the outskirts of the camp. Judging

it fruitless to attempt to 'patch grief with proverbs' in so lamentable a case, I applied the panacean balm of a rupee, which at least gave a momentary alleviation to her anguish.

On the 7th, between Ferozabad and Etameinpore, I had some capital sport, shooting the bird called the rock-pigeon. They are found in immense flocks, and more resemble the grouse than any other English bird. They are very scarce, and extremely wild.

On the 8th of *January* we marched into Agra, formerly the favourite residence of the Great Mogul, even in these days a fine city, situated on the Jumna river.

Before we crossed the river by the bridge of boats, we visited the beautiful garden called the Rām Baug, and the magnificent tomb of Etameid Doulah, the vizier of Emperor Jehangire, and father of the famous Empress Nourjehan, who built the tomb. It is a spacious vaulted edifice of white marble, beautifully inlaid with divers-coloured

stones ; and, though upwards of two hundred years old, is in fine preservation, even the gilding in the interior of the dome being still bright.

In the evening we visited the far-famed Tâj, a mausoleum erected by the great Emperor Shah Jehan over the remains of his favourite and beautiful wife, Arjemund Banu, or, as she was surnamed, Muntâza Zemâni (the most exalted of the age.) No description can convey an idea of the beauty and elegance of this monument of uxorious fondness. It is, I think, the only object in India that I had heard previously eulogized, in which I was not disappointed on actual inspection. Nothing can exceed the beauty and truth to nature of the borders of leaves and flowers inlaid in the white marble : the colours have all the delicacy of nuance, and more of brilliancy than could be given by the finest painting. Cornelian, jasper, lapis lazuli, and a host of the agate tribe, present a fine variety of tints for the flowers, and the leaves are for the most part formed

of bloodstone. So minute is the anatomy of the patterns, that a rose, about the size of a shilling, contains in its mosaic no less than sixty pieces. In many places, the more valuable pebbles have been fraudulently extracted; an act of sacrilegious brigandage imputed to the Jants, who had possession of Agra for some time, and carried off to their capital, Bhurtpore, many of the extravagant bequests left by Shah Jehan to his favourite city. Amongst other plunder, they bore away, Sampson-like, the brazen gates of the citadel, of immense value, which are supposed to be still buried in Bhurtpore, as we failed to discover them on our warlike visit to that fortress in 1826.

The dome of the Taj is about two hundred and fifty feet high, and is, as well as the four minarets at the angles of the terrace, entirely built of the most snowy marble. It was a work of twenty years and fourteen days, and cost the Shah the sum of 750,000*l.*, although it is said the King compelled his conquered foes to send marble and stone to

the spot unpaid for. Had Shah Jehan lived long enough, he intended to erect a similar sepulchre for himself on the opposite bank of the river, and to connect the two buildings by a bridge. Thus, supposing the bridge to have cost three lacs of rupees, the expense of returning this worthy couple to their primitive dust would have amounted to the round sum of 1,500,000*l*.

They show a small marble recess, in which the rhyming portion of the visitors of the Tāj record their extempore effusions in praise of the elegance of the building, the gallantry of the builder and the beauty of its fair tenant; whilst others simply inform the world that they have visited this celebrated mausoleum by scrawling at full length an uncouth name and date on its marble walls and pillars—a characteristic practice of English travellers. Amid the vast preponderance of trash there scribbled, there are, however, some lines of a superior order. I will subjoin four couplets, which I recollect, perhaps imperfectly:—

Oh ! thou—whose great imperial mind could raise
This splendid trophy to a woman's praise !
If love or grief inspired the bold design,
No mortal's joy or sorrow equals thine.—
Sleep on secure—this monument shall stand,
When desolation's wings sweep o'er the land,
By death again in one wide ruin hur'd,
The last triumphant wonder of the world !

On our return to camp, I found there a fine specimen of those holy mendicants, called fakirs ; although, by the bye, I apply the epithet of mendicant undeservedly to him, (as I also do most probably the term *holy*,) as he would not take from me the money I offered. He was a pitiable object, although he had a handsome and—in spite of his downcast eyes—rather a roguish countenance. One arm was raised aloft, and having been in that position for twelve years, the power of lowering it was lost : it was withered to one-fourth of the size of its fellow, and the nails were nearly two inches long. He was about to undertake a further penance of standing on one leg for twelve more years ; after which he had some thoughts of measuring his

length to Cape Comorin! Poor, misguided enthusiast!

'In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.'

In the afternoon, the Commander-in-chief reviewed the artillery cantoned here, and the whole Head-quarters party were hospitably entertained in the evening by Mr. Sanders, the Honourable Company's collector of revenue, who has a pretty place near Agra.

The next day, after a review and a levee, we started on a visit to the Fort of Agra. It is built of a reddish stone brought from Futypore Sicree, twenty-two miles from hence. Its lofty embrasured walls, handsome gateway, and a ditch forty feet deep, present a formidable appearance, though, in fact, they would not stand long before heavy artillery. It was built by the great Acbar, grandfather of Shah Jehan, and called by him Acbarabad. The Motec Musjed, or Pearl Mosque, situated in the centre of the fort, is, indeed, quite a jewel of chaste and tasteful architecture and sculpture. Before we quitted the

fort, we were led into a small chamber, scarcely twelve feet square, in which Shah Jehan, imprisoned by his rebel son Aurungzebe, lingered through seven years of confinement, and died. He was buried in the Tāj, by the side of his beloved Sultana.

The next day we galloped over to Secundra, the burial-place of Acbar, about five miles from Agra. The gateway is very grand, though it is falling fast to decay. The white marble tomb itself, on the summit of the interior edifice, displays, perhaps, the finest specimen of sculpture in India.

Jan. 10th. Agra. Review of five regiments of infantry in brigade. It was impossible to avoid remarking the superiority of the Sepoy over the European corps in steadiness and regularity of movement; a declaration on my part which will doubtless surprise some of my martinet friends at home. It must, however, be remembered that an Englishman in India is—unless actuated by some strong

excitement which, defying the climate, calls forth his native energies—only half himself: whilst the Sepoy, naturally alert, attentive, and intelligent, has no such disadvantages to contend with. This morning was the coldest I have yet experienced in India, the thermometer descending to 36°. After the review, we spurred on ten miles to the camp, which had moved from Agra; and the next day we encamped under the walls of Futtypore Sicree, on our way to Bhurtpore. This town is a picturesque old place, surrounded by a ruinous turreted wall, embracing an extent of five miles; of which, however, the present habitable part of the town occupies not a tenth part. These lofty fortifications appear to have been necessary in isolated towns, to protect the inhabitants from the sudden and frequent predatory incursions of Mahrattas, Pindarees, Mawattees, and other military vagabonds, who lived by ravaging their neighbours.

On entering the outer gateway, we proceeded for nearly half a mile through what

appeared to have once been a spacious street of fine buildings, but which now presented nothing more than two rows of confused ruins. Below the citadel gate we dismounted, and, after ascending a most disheartening flight of steps, found ourselves under the most lofty gateway in India. By the promise of a beautiful prospect we were induced to surmount this also ; and after climbing six stories, our labours were rewarded by a most extensive view, embracing Agra and the Taj on one side, and Bhurtpore on the other.

We next visited the great mosque, built by Acbar, A.D. 1570. This monarch had a great regard for Futtypore Sicree ; his long-cherished ambition of having children being here gratified by the birth of two sons. In the quadrangle of the mosque stands a beautiful marble tomb, raised to the memory of a holy saint, of great learning and sanctity, and the friend and Mentor of the above-named Sultan. By some scandalous annalists he has been considered the real father of Acbar's reputed sons.. Be that as

it may, he died in the odour of sanctity, and his mausoleum is as pure and chaste as the whitest of marble and the most delicate sculpture can make it.

The audience-chamber of Acbar was the next *lion*, and a curiously contrived and most uncomfortable-looking invention it is. The room, which is not above twenty-feet square, is of stone, with a gallery of the same material running round it, from which four narrow bridges, without railings, (not unlike that over which all Mussulmans are to skait—albeit unused to the practice—into Paradise,) communicate with a kind of pulpit in the centre, where the Great Mogul was wont to squat within earshot of his surrounding courtiers.

Jan. 13th. The camp marched eight miles, and was pitched just on the skirt of the (by us) well-known and often-traversed jungle which surrounds Bhurtpore.

In the evening, rode with his Excellency to the old redoubt, nicknamed by us 'Faithfull's,' from its commander. This building,

at the time of the siege of Bhurtpore, was fortified by us, constituted one of the chain of posts investing the fortress, and was garrisoned by Colonel F., with two companies of sepoy.

We found the old Fakir still in possession of the little mud stronghold. During the siege, this man, being suspected of correspondence with the enemy, was sent by the Colonel to head-quarters. The holy man objected to walk, and demanded a palankeen, which, as well as a horse, was refused. On his still persisting in his unwillingness to march, Colonel F. sent for a baggage-camel, and, strapping his reverence across its back, trotted him four miles into camp, in spite of his then earnest entreaties to be allowed the comparative luxury of walking.

Returned to camp by a short cut through the forest, of which every tree and pool of water recalled to my memory some incident or accident of the siege.

The next morning, a meeting having been

agreed upon between the young Rajah of Bhurtpore (the same whom we had the honour of restoring to his musnud, or rather *guddee*) and the Commander-in-chief, our whole party assembled on elephants, and the rencontre took place near the above-named redoubt. The Rajah entered his Excellency's houdah, and the cavalcade proceeded through the forest by the road formed by our abattis between the posts of investment. The young King's escort was better accoutred and mounted than any native troops we had yet seen, and his suwarree cut altogether a much more showy figure than might have been expected only two years after Bhurtpore had been released from our prize-agents' clutches.

On our arrival at the tents of the British Resident, Major Lockett, with whom our party breakfasted, the Rajah took leave, in order to prepare for the reception of the Commander-in-chief, who returned his Majesty's visit in the afternoon. There was fine food for recollections on our road to the fort: almost every mound, tree, or ruined

tomb, had its incident; and in passing through the town I fancied now and then that I recognised faces that I had seen during our former visit there. The town we found somewhat improved; but here and there a delicate dimple in the façade of some large building betrayed the handiwork of our eighteen pounders, and an unroofed house confessed the desolating visit of a thirteen-inch shell. The inhabitants, who certainly had as much cause to hate as to love us, thronged the streets at our approach, and greeted us with the greatest civility. Indeed there was almost cordiality in their usual vociferated salutation of 'Râm râm.' Those of our party who had not been at the siege were much struck by the fine stature and martial appearance of the men. In truth their persons and habits differ most distinctly from those of the delicately-formed, languid, and apathetic Bengalee; and nothing can be more becoming than their padded green frock and trouser, red cummerbund, and rakishly put on scarlet turban.

The ditch of the citadel looked as formidable as ever, and is still full of water; but the stupendous cavaliers and bastions, both of the citadel and town, are wofully shaken and crumbled by the mines which our government judged expedient to apply to these monuments of human industry.

The young Rajah gave a dinner in the evening to the Commander-in-chief, and entertained us with nautches and mimics. This latter amusement, which appears to be the only approach to dramatic exhibition among the Indians, is, generally speaking, a tissue of noisy, vulgar ribaldry; but it is sometimes amusing, even to Europeans. I remember one occasion on which the Begum Sumroo entertained our party with a similar pantomime, when we were much diverted. It was just after the capture of Bhurtpore. The dramatis personæ of the scene enacted were an English prize-agent, and a poor peasant of Bhurtpore. The former wore an immense cocked-hat and sword, the latter was stark naked, with the exception of a most scanty

dootee, or waistcloth. The prize-agent stops him, and demands his jewels and money. The half-starved wretch protests his poverty, and appeals to his own miserable appearance as the proof. The Englishman, upon this, makes him a furious speech, well garnished with G—d d—mns, seizes on the trembling Bhurtporean, and, determined not to leave him without having extracted something from him, takes out a pair of scissors, cuts off his long shaggy hair close to his skull, crams it into his pocket, and exit, swearing.

The next day we had a very bad day's shooting in the royal rumnah, or preserve, during which we witnessed an ingenious method of snaring the antelope. A strong buck is trained to fight, and, being furnished with a series of thong-nooses on his horns and neck, is loosed whenever a herd is in sight. Whilst the hunters lie hid, the trained antelope approaches the herd : the most chivalrous buck of the party comes out to meet the intruder on the sanctity of his harem :

they fight, and the stranger having entangled his horns, is soon secured by the chasseurs.

In the evening we took out some hawks in boats on the jheel, or lake, which supplies the town and fort-ditch with water, and killed with them a great quantity of water-fowl.

Jan. 11th. Marched through Bhurtpore, thirteen miles, to the village of Russoulpore. On this spot, two years ago, the army halted the day preceding its arrival before the fortress, our advanced parties having driven out of the village a picquet of the enemy's horse. The next day we reached Muttra, and Headquarters occupied the same encamping ground that it covered in 1826.

Muttra is a considerable military station; and a place of great sanctity among the Hindoos. The next morning the Commander-in-chief reviewed the brigade of three regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and some artillery. This day being the anniversary of the capture of Bhurtpore, his Excellency gave a dinner to all those of the station

who were present on the occasion, about thirty-five persons. The party was conducted with much spirit, and the slain were thrice slain with great effect towards the *small* hours.

A very interesting beggar besought charity at the door of my tent the following day. He said he had been a sepoy in the service of the famous George Thomas, and had been cut up by the cavalry of Scindia, the Mah-ratta chief. They certainly had used their swords upon the poor fellow to some purpose. His left hand was cut off at the wrist, and two joints of all the fingers of the other : at the back of his head there was a deep fissure, from the crown to the ear ; and a profound trench across his cheek confessed the temper of the blade, and of the cavalier who inflicted it. He had also two shots through the legs, but was, nevertheless, at *least* as well as could be expected. He had a healthy countenance and stout limbs. The history of his former master, George Thomas, presents

a fine example of the eventful and chequered life of an ambitious, daring, but low-born man. As far as I can collect, he came out to India before the mast, in those times so advantageous to a bold adventurer, when every petty province was racked by both external wars and civil commotions; served several native chiefs, and eventually set up for himself. He made himself master of the province of Hurriana, Hissar being his capital, and was finally crushed by Perron, the French general of the Mahratta. His strength and dexterity were so great, that it is said he could strike off a bullock's head with one blow of his sword.

Jan. 21st. Started on our route towards Delhi, which is about ten marches from Muttra.

23rd. Encamped at Allyghur, a small military station. Visited the fort, which is undergoing repairs in the European style of fortification. It is a small place, but of great

strength, as was sufficiently attested by the loss sustained by Lord Lake in its storm and capture in 1803. It was then in possession of the Mahrattas, and defended by the French General Perron. This adventurous people had at that time, assisted by the discipline and countenance of France, seized Delhi, and several strong places on our frontiers. The only vulnerable point of Allyghur, surrounded as it was by a ditch as wide and deep as a second-rate river in England, was the causeway of the gate. Perron's advice to cut it through being neglected by the garrison, it was carried, after considerable loss on our part, by a coup-de-main, the governor taken, and two hundred men killed.

On one of the faces of the work, the ditch is so wide, that a bevy of wild ducks, swimming in the middle, were out of shot from either scarp or counter-scarp.

After four days' marching, during which we had excellent partridges, hare, and wild-fowl shooting, we reached on the 29th, *Belaspore*, the *jaghire* of Colonel Skinner, the

commander of that distinguished corps of irregular cavalry styled 'Skinner's Horse.'

His house is handsome and spacious, and in the centre of a flourishing garden (to such an extent does he carry his ideas of luxury) the comfortable old soldier has erected to himself an elegant and snug-looking mausoleum. 'It will be well for him, if he has made equally provident arrangements for the good of his soul, as he has for the comfort of his body both before and after death. Visited his indigo factory, and the little fort erected by himself for the protection of his property. He can mount *some twenty guns on its bastions*. The hospitable owner, not content with entertaining the Commander-in-chief's party with dinner and native amusements, gave a grand feast to all the camp, servants and followers included.

The next day, four of us, having sent on our elephants and guns to the covert side, galloped to a famous sporting jungle about eight miles from Belaspore. We shot all

day; but our bag was inconsiderable, for, being unaccustomed to fire from the backs of elephants (which to a tyro is very difficult), we scarcely killed one in ten shots. Ten brace of black partridges, four brace of hares, and one boar, was the extent of our sport. The boar was a very fine one, but he was unhappily much disfigured by the discipline he underwent from my elephant. He was wounded mortally, but the other elephants being afraid of him, mine was urged to approach, rushed towards him, and standing over the furious beast, commenced a violent shuffling motion, which almost dislocated me from my seat. On looking over the side of the houdah I saw the poor boar flying to and fro in mid air between the fore and hind legs of my elephant, who, after keeping him thus 'in chancery' (as they would term this process in the ring) for about half a minute, gave the coup-de-grace by a coup-de-pied in the ribs. This I afterwards found to be a common practice of elephants. Mahouts have often some difficulty in preventing them from performing

the same gibleting operation on even small game.

After the chasse, we mounted our horses, and galloped across country seventeen miles, to the camp, which had continued its march.

31st,—a frost,—therm. 6 A.M., 29°! Camp moved to the neighbourhood of Putpergunge, three miles from Delhi. On this spot, hallowed by the blood of many of our countrymen, was fought, twenty-five years ago, the battle of Delhi. Lord Lake, after the capture of Allyghur, marched here, and, with an army of 4,500 men, overthrew the forces of Scindia under the French General Perron, amounting to 13,000 infantry, and 6000 horse. Sixty-eight pieces of cannon were taken from the enemy. After this victory, the British general entered the city, from the towers of which his achievements had been witnessed, and restored the unfortunate and sight-be-reaved Shah Alaum to the throne of his ancestors. The battles of Delhi and Laswaree by General Lake, and those of Assaye and Ar-

gaum by Sir Arthur Wellesley, put an end to the Mahratta war, and annihilated French power in India.

This evening, Mirza Selim, youngest son of the Emperor of Delhi, came forth from the city to greet the approach of the Commander-in-chief. He is a stout young man, with a handsome and dignified countenance, worthy of his great progenitors.

Feb. 1st. The camp crossed the Jumna, and was pitched near the Cashmere gate of Delhi.

Breakfasted and dined with Sir Edward Colebrooke, the British Resident. His palace is an extensive building, with a fine garden: the latter, through which we passed in our palankeens in the evening, was brilliantly illuminated by coloured lamps suspended amongst the trees.

The next day we passed in lionizing Delhi. The Jumna Musjed, or chief mosque, though in delicacy of finish it falls short of the Motee Musjed of Agra, exceeds it greatly in the

grandeur of its proportions. The great quadrangle, as we passed through it, was crowded with the prostrate forms of hundreds of the faithful at their devotions. This stupendous pile was built by the great Emperor Auringzebe; and at its shrine, that royal hypocrite, dressed in the rags of a self-denying fakir, offered up public prayers for the success of his armies, employed in persecuting and *murdering his three unfortunate brothers* and their families, after he had imprisoned his aged father Shah Jehan, at Agra.

In the course of our rambles through the city, a small mosque* was pointed out to us as the spot where the famous Persian conqueror of Hindostan, Nadir Shah, sat after he had taken Delhi, A. D. 1739; and from whence, irritated by a shot being fired at him from a neighbouring house, he gave the signal, by drawing his scimitar, for a general massacre of the inhabitants, in which upwards of one hundred thousand persons were cut off. The plunder of the city (which has

* The Musjed of Rushin al Doulat.

no doubt often excited the envy of subsequent besiegers and conquerors in India) has been estimated at about eighty millions of our money; very tolerable forage for one campaign! The throne of the Mogul Emperors, of solid gold and jewels, was alone worth twelve millions. Nadir's successor, Abdalla, paid Delhi a visit, equally destructive to the Mogul, though not so productive to himself, about twenty years later. Nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants were again sacrificed, and the city was burnt to the ground.

Feb. 3rd, 8 A.M. The Commander-in-chief, accompanied by the Resident and the staff, proceeded to pay a state visit to the Great Mogul. Mirza Selim conducted us to the palace, which is within the walls of the fort. On entering the precincts of the royal abode, we filed through sundry narrow and dirty alleys, until we arrived at an arched gate, too low to admit our elephants. We were therefore obliged to dismount, and proceed on foot. Lord Combermere, however, balked

the evident intention of the prince to make him walk, by getting into his palankeen. We shortly arrived at the archway leading into the quadrangle, in which the Dewânee Khâs, or hall of audience, is situated, where the Commander-in-chief was required to dismiss his palankeen.

On passing the *Lal Purdah*, or great red curtain which veils the entrance, the whole of our party, English and native, made a low salaam, in honour of the august majesty of which we were as yet not in sight. This optical fact, however, was no doubt attributed by the Mogul courtiers that attended us, not to the mere distance of space between the spot where we stood and the audience-chamber, but to the dazzling effect produced upon our eyes by the intense rays emanating from the throne of the 'king of kings'—the sun of their worship! The obeisance duly effected, we advanced, not directly across the court to the edifice containing the throne, but by a respectful circuitous, oblique, *crab-like evolution*.

At the entrance of the corridor leading to the presence, the Resident and his assistants were required to take off shoes and hats; but according to previous agreement Lord Combermere and his suite retained both boots and hats during the whole ceremony.

The Dewānee Khās is a beautiful open edifice, supported on white marble columns, the whole elegantly inlaid and gilt. The roof is said to have been vaulted with silver in the more prosperous days of the Delhi empire, but it was spoiled by those common devastators of India, the Mahrattas. Around the cornice still remains the (now, at least,) inapplicable inscription, 'If there be a Paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this.' The throne, occupying the centre of the building, is raised about three feet from the floor, and shaded by a canopy of gold tissue and seed-pearl. There are no steps to the front of the throne, the entrance being in the rear. Seated cross-legged upon it, and supported by surrounding cushions, we found the present representative of the Great Mogul. He

is a fine looking old man, his countenance dignified, and his white beard descending upon his breast. On his right hand stood his youngest and favourite son, Selim, and on the left the heir-apparent, a mean-looking personage, and shabbily attired in comparison with his younger brother; although endowed, it is said, with superior talents and acquirements. It was impossible to contemplate without feelings of respect, mingled with compassion, the descendant of Baber, Achar, Shah Jehan, and Aurungzebe, reduced, as he is now, to the mere shadow of a monarch; especially when one reflected that, had it not been for European intrigues and interference, this man, instead of being the dependent pensioner of a handful of merchants, might perhaps still, like his ancestors, have been wielding the sceptre of the richest and most extensive dominions in the world. Whilst employed in these cogitations, a provoking wag whispered in my ear, 'Do you trace any resemblance to the Mogul on the cover of a pack of cards?' and I with

great difficulty *hemmed* away a violent burst of laughter in the presence of 'the Asylum of the Universe.'

The old monarch, mindful of his dignity, scarcely deigned to notice, even by a look, the Commander-in-chief as he approached to present his 'nuzzar' of fifty gold mohurs*. He did not even condescend to raise his eyes towards the rest of the party, as we advanced, one by one, salaamed, and offered our three gold mohurs. His air, however, was not haughty, but he affected a sleepy, dignified indifference, as he scraped the money from our hands, and handed it to his treasurer. The staff presented likewise a nuzzar of two gold mohurs to the heir-apparent.

On receiving Lord Combermere's offering, the King placed a turban, similar to his own, upon his head, and his lordship was conducted, retiring with his face sedulously turned towards the throne, to an outer apart-

* A gold mohur is worth sixteen rupees. The rupee was always estimated at half-a-crown when I received it, and at two shillings when I paid it!

'ment, to be invested with a *khillât*, or dress of honour. In about five minutes he returned to the presence, attired in a spangled muslin robe and tunic; salaamed, and presented another nuzzar. The staff were then led across the quadrangle by the 'grooms of the robes' to the 'green room,' where a quarter of an hour was sufficiently disagreeably employed by us in arraying ourselves, with the aid of the grooms, in silver muslin robes, and sirpeaches or fillets, of the same material tastily bound round our cocked-hats. Never did I behold a group so ludicrous as we presented when our toilette was accomplished; we wanted nothing but a 'Jack i' the Green' to qualify us for a May-day exhibition of the most exaggerated order. In my gravest moments, the recollection of this scene provokes an irresistible fit of laughter. As soon as we had been 'decked out in this satisfactory' guise, we were marched back again through the *Lâl Purdar* and crowds of spectators, and re-conducted to the *Dewânee Khâs*, where we again separately approached

His Majesty to receive from him a tiara of gold and false stones, which he placed with his own hands on our hats. As we got not even 'the estimation of a hair' without paying for it, we again presented a gold mohur each. The Honourable Company, of course, 'paid for all,' and our gold mohurs were handed to us by the Resident. It was a fine pay-day for the impoverished old Sultan, whose 'pay and allowances' are only twelve lacs of rupees, or 120,000*l.* a-year. His ancestor, the Emperor Acbar's revenue was somewhat better; including presents, and estates of officers of the crown falling in, it amounted to about fifty-two millions sterling.

As we retired from the presence, the heralds, with stentorian voices, proclaimed the titles of honour which had been conferred by the Emperor on his Excellency the Commander-in-chief. Among other high-sounding appendages to his name, he received the following:—Ghezeffer al Douleh, or Champion of the State; Sipeh Salah, Commander-in-chief; Saif al Moolook, Sword of the Em-

pire; Khan Jehan, Lord of the World; Khan Behâder; and Rustum Jung, which latter might be translated the Hercules of Battles. In addition to these titular honours, his lordship was presented with a palankeen of state, and the nowbut, or royal kettle-drum, which, if I mistake not, infers the power of life and death. The audience being concluded, we retired, still practising the *chassée en arrière*, and all gave the Great Mogul a parting salaam ere we passed the Lal Purdar. The ceremony, though interesting and novel, was irksome and fatiguing. But it is hard to grudge the poor old fallen king this little meed of mockery, or to deny to the descendant of Tamurlane the shadow, whilst we possess the substance, of monarchy in India. Reduced, however, as he is in power and importance, I doubt whether the present insignificance of the Mogul be not preferable to the dangerous pre-eminence of some of his more puissant predecessors, who, surrounded by rebellious kinsmen and traitorous courtiers, *seem only to have been raised to the*

utmost pinnacle of human grandeur, in order that their fall might be more sudden and overwhelming. In this very palace, scarcely forty years ago, were the most inhuman cruelties that barbarity could inflict, or human nature suffer, perpetrated upon the imperial possessor by his Rohilla conqueror, Goolaum Kaudir Khan. The unfortunate Shah Alum, the father of the present King, Acbar Shah, was deprived of his eyes; and the last objects his sight closed upon, were his children and relations massacred and starving to death around him. These retributive barbarities were visited by the Rohilla on the ill-starred Sultan, for the share he had taken in the unprovoked invasion of Rohilcund by the combined forces of Oude, Delhi, and the Company. It was by this unwarrantable league that the interests of Oude and the English became blended. The latter, as usual, got the lion's share of the booty, in the acquisition of the rich province of Rohilcund, which was formally ceded to the Company by Asof ul Doula, Nawaub of Lucknow, in 1801.

In the afternoon, I accompanied the Commander-in-chief to return the visit of a Hindoo potentate, Rajah Kullian Sing of Krishnaghur. At the door of his house in one of the main streets of Delhi, he came out to meet and embrace his distinguished visitor, and then conducted us up a dark narrow stair to his reception-room. His abode and its equipments certainly gave no very grand idea of his riches or good management; nevertheless, he contrived to get up a nautch for our entertainment.

Kullian Sing is the handsomest Indian I have seen. His complexion is remarkably fair, his eyes almost too large and soft for a man, and his features of the most perfect regularity—an epithet that cannot be applied to his mode of life, which has been one of the most extravagant debauchery. By his wildness he has drawn bills upon his constitution, which ought not to have been payable until the age of seventy. He is now thirty, and well-nigh in second childhood. He seemed to derive an almost infantine amusement from the different medals and ornaments of Lord

Combermere's dress, and betrayed the greatest admiration of, and cupidity for, his gold watch, which he did not scruple to ask for.

In these visits of ceremony, the distinguishing characteristics of the two great sects are plainly furnished forth. The Hindoo, however high in rank, is commonly fawning and obsequious in manner, and his eyes wander round the durbar circle with a kind of half-frightened curiosity ; whilst the Musulman, whose motto (whatever his inclination may be) is ' Nil admirari,' sits in quiet, calm, and dignified self-possession.

Just as we were rising to take leave of the Rajah, a purdah behind the throne became gently agitated ; and through its tattered lattice-work, pervious by age, I detected the brilliant eyes of some of the terrestrial houris of his zenana, who could not resist the temptation of a parting peep at the strangers. We were, happily, not long exposed to the ' galling and destructive fire ' (as the despatches have it) of this masked battery of eyes ; but made our retreat—nearly as peri-

lous a one as that of the 'ten thousand'—down the dark, crazy, narrow, labyrinthine staircase, into the street; and started on our elephants to pay another visit.

Bulwant Sing, a handsome young *gaillard* of twenty, cousin to the boy-Rajah of Bhurt-pore, received the Commander-in-chief in his tents; and the visit was, as usual, enlivened by nautching and music. One fellow played upon a very novel instrument, composed of a graduated series of common English earthen-ware *slop-basins*, which he struck with two plectra of bamboo; a primitive, yet not unharmonious attempt at musical glasses.

One of the nautch-girls, *Alfina* by name, like Calypso among her maidens, greatly excelled her fellows in stature, beauty, and grace.

I have so often had occasion to mention this purely Indian amusement, the nautch, that, though perhaps rather a hackneyed subject, I will describe it.

Each set of dancing girls is usually furnished with an old crone of a woman, who

takes care of their finery, their interests, (and their *morals*, perhaps ;) and a band of two or three musicians, generally consisting of a kind of violin, a species of mongrel guitar, and a tom-tom, or small drum, played with the fingers: sometimes a little pair of cymbals are added. The musicians also join occasionally their voices with those of the women—which are dreadfully shrill and ear-piercing—in this ‘concord of sweet sounds.’ At the close of each stanza of the song, the girl floats forward towards the audience, by a sort of ‘sidling, bridling,’ and, I may add, ‘ogling’ approach, moving her arms gently round her head, the drapery of which they are constantly and gracefully employed in arranging and displacing; now mercifully concealing with the tissue veil *one* brilliant or languid eye (as the case may be),—sometimes effecting a total eclipse; or allowing the whole head to be seen, in order to display the *Seigné* of pearl on her forehead, (for this elegant ornament, now dignified by a place upon the fairer fronts of my countrywomen,

is strictly oriental,) the massive and numerous earrings which disfigure the feature they are intended to adorn, or the heathenish and unaccountable *nose-ring*, the use of which (for it is certainly no ornament) it is hard to discern,—unless these dangerous sirens are furnished with them, like pigs, to keep them out of mischief!

The lithe, snake-like suppleness of their arms, excites, at first, great surprise in the European spectator; but not more so, I suspect, than the horizontal evolutions of the netler limbs of our opera; *nautch-women* would astonish the weak mind of a suddenly imported Mussulman.

On entering the room, the dancing-girls and their followers salaam respectfully to the company, and then, amid a confused jingling of bracelets and anklets, and an all-pervading odour of attar, squat quietly down in a semi-circle until called upon to display.

For the applauding ‘*Wa! wa! Ka khoob!*’ (*Brava! Beautiful!*) of the spectator, they return a smile and a low salaam. Natives of

rank sometimes give more solid proofs of their approbation, by ordering the two hands of the charmer to be filled with gold or silver coins.

The dress of the Indian dancing-girl is infinitely more decent than that of our French or Italian figurantes, the long silken trousers descending quite over the feet. The upper portion of the costume, however, I am bound to say is not always quite so impervious to sight as a bodice of more opaque texture than muslin might render it.

European ladies not unfrequently attend these spectacles; and, when the dancers are warned beforehand, they only witness a graceful and sufficiently stupid display; but, if thrown off their guard by applause, there is some danger of their carrying the suppleness of their body and limbs quite beyond the disgraceful, and even bordering on the disgusting. The situation of a gentleman in this case is irksome and uncomfortable; and he sits in constant and not unfounded dread lest these fair libérales in morality should commit

some, perhaps unintentional, solecism against decency.

Delhi, Feb. 4th. Started early in the morning to see the famous monument called Koutub Minar, supposed to have been erected in the thirteenth century. The distance is about twelve miles from the city, and the roads leading to it are all good and highly interesting, running close to several curious tombs, and other ruins well worth visiting. The column of Koutub is supposed to be the highest in the world. It would ere this, have fallen into complete ruin, had not the Honourable Company (with the same praiseworthy respect for valuable Indian antiquities which they have evinced in their expensive repairs of the 'Taj') taken this beautiful and wonderful piece of architecture under their protection, and restored the flight of about three hundred steps which leads to the summit.

From the top, the eye of the traveller embraces on all sides one sea of stupendous

ruins, the Jumna gliding like a huge silver serpent through the midst. The mausoleums of Humaion and Sufter Jung appear almost the only perfect edifices among the general wreck of ancient Delhi. A little farther back in the landscape tower the stupendous walls and bastions of the old Patan fortress; and in the distance the eye, fatigued with the map-like extent of melancholy ruins, is relieved by the white and gilded mosques and minarets of the more modern city—called by its builder Shahjehanabad,—and the refreshing verdure of the forests surrounding it. On the road to the Koutub, I visited the tomb of Humaion, an Emperor of Delhi, whose burial-place is as magnificent as his life was unfortunate. He was the father of the great Acbar. This building was in after-times used as a general receptacle for the murdered princes of the Imperial family.

I also paid a flying visit to the ashes of Sufter Jung, enshrined in a very handsome and picturesque mausoleum of red stone and

marble. This worthy rose from the rank of a common suwar to be Nawaub Vizier of Lucknow, under Ahmet Shah of Delhi. The rage for splendid burial-places seems to be general among Mussulmans. No doubt many a prince has hoarded immense sums to be expended upon a receptacle for his bones, for which he has been obliged to stint himself, or, what is worse, to pillage his vassals for his expenses during his lifetime.

As Englishmen seldom venture in search of the picturesque without a provident eye to the wallet, our breakfast had been sent on before to the Koutub; and after earning an appetite by our antiquarian rambles, we went in search of it. The means of sustaining life we found in the resting-place of the dead: no tent being brought, the careful servants had spread a table in a spacious vaulted tomb, near the Minar, the last home of some old Bluebeard, whose name I could not discover, and whose remains occupied a small oblong sarcophagus in the centre of the vast chamber. Mr. Trevilynn, the assistant to the Resident,

having sent forward some nautch-people, they came in after breakfast; and the prima donna, Alfina, who unites in her own person the rôles of a Pasta and a Taglioni, sang, in the style of an improvvisatrice, some extempore stanzas in honour of Lord Combermere, whose exploits before Bhurtpore, she said, had won her heart.

I could not help thinking how astonished the old occupant of the grave would be, if he could have raised his head from the pillow where it had rested long before India was subjected to Europeans, and seen on one side of him a long row of white faces, drinking tea and smoking hookahs, and on the other, a band of dancing girls screaming and attitudinizing over his mouldering remains.

From the terrace surrounding our tomb, we had a commanding view of the stupendous Minar. Were the Parisians to engraft their colonne de Vendôme like the joint of a telescope upon our monument of London, the combined building would fall short, I should imagine, of this gigantic production of man's

industry! The repairing of the Koutub must have been rather a ticklish undertaking; as the engineer, Captain Smith, who accomplished this good work, was obliged to remove some of the enormous stones near the foundation.

There is an archway of a gate close under the column which, I am convinced, for the grandeur of proportions and minuteness of finish has not its equal in the world. Though it is sixty feet high, the ornaments are carved with the delicacy of seal-engraving, and the edge is perfectly sharp, in spite of the monsoons of centuries.

A pillar of metal some twenty feet high, and covered with Greek-like, and now unintelligible characters, stands in the centre of a quadrangle, and bears the mark of a shot fired at it by some wanton invading chief, who also applied fire to its base, in the vain hope of overthrowing it.

I could almost fancy myself among the (but for the associations, scarcely more interesting) ruins of Rome, which are more within

the sphere of the roving English tourist than those of Delhi: for at this moment I see several groups of my country men and women wandering among the prostrate columns; and at a little distance, a large tent with well-furnished table,—and (as I live!) three or four English gallants playing at ‘hop, step, and jump,’ before the door.

According to Dow, the historian, ancient Delhi was founded by Delu, Emperor of Hindostan, four hundred years before Christ. Why did *he* select, and why did his successors *not* desert, so rocky and barren a site for the metropolis of India?

After passing a morning full of interest at Koutub Sahib, I rode home alone, twelve miles, over a plain studded with remains of gone-by grandeur. How many centuries of chequered prosperity and desolation have passed over this spot, so replete with historical recollections! At one moment my imagination painted the splendour and magnificence of Delhi in the glorious reigns of Baber, Acbar, and Aurungzebe; at another, the pic-

ture was reversed, and Delhi, plundered and deluged in blood by Tartar, Afghan, and Mogul invaders, racked by civil wars, and reduced to purchase peace of a Mahratta banditti, recurred to my memory.

In the evening Mirza Selim gave a dinner to Lord Combermere at the residence, and at the expense of the Resident. The Prince presided, but did not eat. After dinner his Highness expressed a wish to see the English women dance ; but as there was some delay in getting up a quadrille (the intricate evolutions of which, I think, would have puzzled him), he fancied the ladies were shy of performing before him, and therefore retired early to his palace. I thought his ideas of public propriety seemed a little shocked by the ladies and men sitting together on the sofas, and walking about arm-in-arm.

Delhi, Feb. 5th. Rode with Mr. Trevilyan, who is an excellent ciccone, to see some interesting ruins in the neighbourhood. The first place we reached was the gigantic astro-

nomical observatory, supposed to be a work of the Hindoo Rajah, Jey Sing, in the seventeenth century. There is a dial in very good repair, the gnomon of which is sixty feet high, of solid stone masonry. These enormous instruments appear as though they had been manufactured by the Titans, in order to take a reconnoissance of the heavens, before they commenced their siege of Olympus!

We rode by the ancient fortress of Delhi, —the lofty walls and gateways of which have crumbled but little beneath the weight of seven hundred years,—and proceeded, after sundry mishaps from the fighting propensities of our horses, to the great tank, by plunging into which some fellows, bred to the profession, gain a precarious livelihood. By the by, these Indian horses are great *anti-tête-à-têtists*: whilst their riders are unsuspectingly engaged in conversation, they get their noses together, and suddenly warn you of their misunderstanding, by a loud squeel and a most ill-timed rear; and if one cavalier vacate his seat, the loose horse renders the situation of

the still mounted man scarcely less enviable than that of his sprawling companion, by attacking him most viciously. Arabs are generally better tempered; but the native Indian horses from Kutch, Kattiawah, and the Lacka jungles, are proverbially savage: In the cavalry regiments there are always some noted 'haram zadehs,' or mauvais sujets, that 'show fight' the moment a fellow charger comes within twenty yards of them; and instances are known of these vicious brutes (in humble emulation of Diomed's carnivorous mares) worrying their riders with their teeth, after having thrown them. When in the ranks, however, they are, like pugnacious characters in human society, tamed by education, discipline, and custom into better behaviour.

But to our 'jumper.' The tank above mentioned is surrounded on all sides by ancient buildings of picturesque architecture, and various heights, from twenty to sixty feet above the surface of the water, which is deep and dark, and, as the sun can only reach

it during two or three hours in the day, at this season extremely cold. Entering at an arched gateway, we were conducted to the top of a flight of steps leading down to the water's edge. As soon as we had stationed ourselves there, a figure, flauntingly attired in pink muslin, presented itself at the angle of a house opposite, about thirty feet high; and, on my holding up a rupee, immediately sprung from the roof, foot foremost, and plunged into the cold tank. Several other men and one little boy jumped from the same height, the latter cutting through the water with as little disturbance to its surface, and the same sharp, sudden sound as a penny causes when dropped edgeways into a cistern. Though I have at Eton often dared the plunge of 'Lion's Leap,' 'Bargeman's Bridge,' and 'Deadman's Hole,' the last leap I saw here quite took away my breath. The performer paused some time before he committed himself to the air, but he could not withstand the appeal of a rupee. He sprung from the dome of a mosque, over a lower building and a tree

growing out of the masonry, down sixty or seventy feet, into the dark abyss. The water closed over his head, and had resumed the smoothness of its surface ere he re-appeared. He swam to the ghaut, however, without apparent distress*.

This evening, the *Commander-in-chief*, the *Resident*, and the whole head-quarters party, including ladies, dined with the young Nawaub Shumshah Deene, son and successor to the jaghire of the late Nawaub Ahmet Bux, who, for his services to the Company, was rewarded with a territory of five lacs of rupees (fifty thousand pounds) a year. The young noble, who is, I believe, yet in his teens, has a tall and graceful figure, set off in the true Delhi dandyism by the tightly-girded shawl-cummerbund, which, while it compresses the waist, gives expansion to the chest and shoulders. Like the rest of the Mussulman exquisites, he wore the long, heavy curl behind the ear sweeping grace-

* A view of this ancient Bowlee is to be found in the first volume of Daniell's *Oriental Scenery*.

fully from under the turban, the front part of the head being shaved close. He has a handsome aristocratic countenance, and his fair complexion bespeaks the pureness of his northern blood.

During the repast no less than six sets of nautch women were singing *at once*, all different airs, and all vying with each other in the shrillness of their screams and the extravagance of their gestures. These, with the assistance of their accompaniment of tom-toms, vinahs, &c., made a 'tintamarre' that would have awakened the Seven Sleepers. Signora Alfina was of the party, and her triumph was complete when her compeers were ordered to sit down, and herself permitted to sing a solo and dance a *pas seul*. Shrill as she was, (as the 'pipe singing i' the nose,) her single voice was more endurable than the full cry of the whole pack. Shumshah Deene's three younger brothers were present by desire of Lord Combermere, who brought about a reconciliation amongst them, they being at issue regarding the partition of

their father's monied property. The youngest, about seven years old, is a beautiful boy, and nearly as fair as an English child.

The next day his Excellency reviewed the Delhi brigade of three regiments of infantry. After the review we mounted fresh horses, and rode to the camp, which we found at Alleepore, twelve miles from the city. Kurnâl is the next military station we are bound to. The Rajah of Bullumghur, and Ibrahim Beg, the younger brother of Nawaub Shumshah Deene, pitched their tents near the head-quarters camp, for the purpose of accompanying Lord C. on the march.

Feb. 10th. Marched to, and encamped near the town of Paniput, famous as the scene of numerous battles, the most important of which were the great action between Baber, the Mogul invader (afterwards Emperor), and Ibrahim II. of Delhi, in which the latter was slain, with from twenty to fifty thousand Patâns; and the grand fight be-

tween Shah Abdalla, the Afghan, and the Mahrattas, who were beat with great slaughter. The plain on which they fought is extremely fertile, being, no doubt, enriched by the bones of the slain.

In the evening I rode round the walls of the town, which are lofty, but ruinous. A high cavalier in the centre commands a most extensive view: indeed, in clear weather, the Himalaya mountains are distinctly visible from it.

The next day we encamped near a fine old Serai, with a handsome gateway, built, as recorded in a Persian inscription over the arch, by one Khan Feroze, in the reign of Shah Jehan.

Feb. 12th, therm., 12 o'clock, 66°. Arrived at Kurnál. At this station there are two regiments of native cavalry, two corps of native infantry, and some artillery. Near this place was fought the great battle between Nadir the Persian and the Emperor Mahom-

med Shah of Delhi, when the Emperor was defeated, and the invader advanced and took his capital.

We saw here some very pretty practice by the artillery, with round-shot, grape, shells, and shrapnells. A mine, containing five hundred pounds of powder, was prepared under a miniature bastion, and exploded with very good effect by the shells. The same evening we crossed the Jumna.

Feb. 17th. Camp pitched at Shamlee. The town is of considerable extent, and there is a paltry little fortress, in which formerly, as I was told, three companies of Sepoys stood a week's siege by fifty thousand Mahrattas. The determined little garrison was luckily relieved by the approach of Lord Lake's army, just as their provisions were exhausted.

Feb. 19th, therm. 78°. Incipient symptoms of the hot season. Marched to Sirdhana, the residence of the Begum Sumroo, who has a

jaghire of ten or twelve lacs a year, with a reversion to the Honourable Company. On the road we visited the Catholic chapel (for the old lady professes that creed) which she is building. It is a tiny imitation of St. Peter's at Rome. The altar is, however, much handsomer than any thing of the kind in Europe, being of white marble, inlaid with divers coloured pebbles, after the pattern of the Taj. The superstitious old princess is likely never to visit the spot where she has spent so much money, on account of a prophecy which went to say that she would die there. Lord C. and the staff dined with the Begum, and at eleven o'clock we retired to our tents, our ears tingling with the noise of singing girls and mimics.

Feb. 20th. Arrived at Meerut, the largest, most healthy, and gayest station in this part of India. The Commander-in-chief tarried here eight days, during which time every species of hospitality and attention was lavished upon our party. But it is useless

to cite any individual spot in our dominions as distinguished for hospitality; this virtue is common to all our countrymen in India; and it is fortunate that it is so in a country where, in a thousand miles, there is not one house of public entertainment. Travellers and strangers are always received by the residents with open doors, if not with open arms; and under the numerous roof-trees where, in my various rambles through India, I have eaten the salt of hospitality, I have never been able to detect anything less kind than a hearty welcome.

We had a beautiful review of the Meerut brigade, consisting of two regiments of cavalry, four of infantry, and about thirty guns. Meerut is named very early in the history of India, as being a fortress of great strength. It was taken by Timour, the Mogul Tartar, in A. D. 1399.

Feb. 28th. Resumed our march; and, on the 1st March, encamped near the ghaut of Daranugger, on the banks of the Ganges.

The whole country round about is thickly covered with grass jungle, and it was difficult to find a clear spot of ground of sufficient extent for our camp.

The *1st of March* will always be a 'dies notanda' in my sporting annals, as the day on which I first witnessed the noble sport of tiger shooting. The Nimrods of our party had, ever since we entered upon the Dooab*, been zealously employed in preparing fire-arms and casting bullets, in anticipation of a chase among the favourite haunts of wild beasts, the banks of the Jumna and Ganges.

Some of the more experienced sportsmen, as soon as they saw the nature of the jungle in which we were encamped, presaged that there were tigers in the neighbourhood. Accordingly, whilst we were at breakfast, the servant informed us that there were some *gongwalas*, or villagers, in waiting, who had some *khubber* (news) about tigers to give us.

* Tract of country between the Ganges and Jumna.

We all jumped up and rushed out, and found a group of five or six half-naked fellows, headed by a stout young man, with a good sword by his side, and 'bearded like' fifteen 'pards,' who announced himself as a jemadar. As usual in like cases, all the natives began to speak at once, in a Velluti-like tone, and with vehement gesticulations. The young jemadar, however, soon silenced them with a 'Chup, teeree!' &c., and then gave us to understand that a young buffalo had been carried off the day before, about a mile from the spot, and that their herds had long suffered from the depredations of a party of three tigers, who had been often seen by the cowherds.

At 4 P.M., (so late an hour that few of us expected any sport,) Lord Combermere and nine others of our party mounted elephants, and taking twenty pad elephants to beat the covert, and carry the guides and the game, proceeded towards the swamp pointed out as the lurking-place of the buffalo-devouring monsters.

Sancho, the jemadar-hurkarah* of the Quarter-master-general's department, insisted upon leading the cavalcade, mounted on his pony. This strange old character—who obtained his nom de guerre from the strong similitude he bears to his illustrious prototype, both in the short, round, bandy proportions of his person, and the quaint shrewdness of his remarks—served under Lord Lake in the Mahratta war, and has ever since distinguished himself as the most active and intelligent of the intelligence department. Almost the last act of Lord Combermere, before he left India, was to obtain for the faithful Sancho a snug Barataria, in the shape of a little jaghire, a possession which had long been the object of his ambition. This noted individual now spurred on before our party, mounted on his piebald palfry, (or *belfry*, as his namesake would have called it,) with his right arm bared, and his scimitar flourishing in the air.

The jungle was in no places very high,

* Chief courier.

there being but few trees, and a fine thick covert of grass and rushes. Everything was favourable for the sport. Few of us, however, expecting to find a tiger, another man and myself dismounted from our elephants to get a shot at a florikan, a bird of the bustard tribe, which we killed. It afterwards proved that there were two tigers within a hundred paces of the spot where we were walking.

We beat for half an hour steadily in line, and I was just beginning to yawn in despair, when my elephant suddenly raised his trunk and trumpeted several times, which, my mahout informed me, was a sure sign that there was a tiger somewhere 'between the wind and our nobility.' The formidable line of thirty elephants, therefore, brought up their left shoulders, and beat slowly on to windward. ,

We had gone about three hundred yards in this direction, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when suddenly the long wished-for tally-ho! saluted our ears, and a shot from Captain M—— confirmed the sporting En-

reeka! The tiger answered the shot with a loud roar, and boldly charged the line of elephants. Then occurred the most ridiculous, but most provoking scene possible. Every elephant, except Lord Combermere's, (which was a known staunch one,) turned tail, and went off at score, in spite of all the blows and imprecations heartily bestowed upon them by the Mahouts. One, less expeditious in his retreat than the others, was overtaken by the tiger, and severely torn in the hind leg; whilst another, even more alarmed than the rest, we could distinguish flying over the plain, till he quite sunk below the horizon; and, for all proof to the contrary, he may be going to this very moment!

The tiger, in the meanwhile, advanced to attack his Lordship's elephant, but, being wounded in the loins by Captain M.'s shot, failed in his spring, and shrunk back among the rushes. My elephant was one of the first of the runaways to return to action; and when I ran up alongside Lord Combermere, (whose heroic animal had stood like a rock,)

he was quite hors du combat, having fired all his broadside. I handed him a gun, and we poured a volley of four barrels upon the tiger, who, attempting again to charge, fell from weakness. Several shots more were expended upon him before he dropped dead; upon which we gave a good hearty 'Whoo! whoop!' and stowed him upon a pad elephant. As Lord Combermere had, for some minutes, alone sustained the attack of the tiger—a three-quarters grown male—the *spolia opima* were duly awarded him.

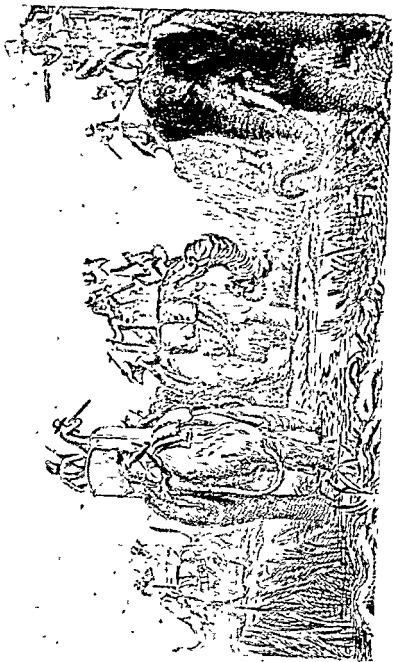
Having loaded, and re-formed line, we again advanced, and after beating for half an hour, I saw the grass gently moved about one hundred yards in front of me; and soon after a large tiger reared his head and shoulders above the jungle as if to reconnoitre us. I tally-ho'd! and the whole line rushed forward. On arriving at the spot, two tigers broke covert, and cantered quietly across an open space of ground. Several shots were fired, one of which slightly touched the largest of them, who immediately turned

round, and roaring furiously, and lashing his sides with his tail, came bounding towards us; but, apparently alarmed by the formidable front of elephants, he suddenly stopped short, and turned into the jungle again, followed by us at full speed. At this pace the action of an elephant is so extremely rough, that though a volley of shots was fired, the tiger performed his attack and retreat without being again struck. Those who had the fastest elephants had now the best of the sport, and when he turned to fight (which he soon did), only three of us were up. As soon as he faced about he attempted to spring on Captain M.'s elephant, but was stopped by a shot in the chest. Two or three more shots brought him to his knees, and the noble beast fell dead in a last attempt to charge. He was a full grown male, and a very fine animal. Near the spot where we found him, were discovered the well-picked remains of a buffalo.

One of the sportsmen had, in the mean time, kept the smaller tiger in view, and we

soon followed to the spot to which he had been marked. It was a thick marshy covert of broad flag reeds, called Hogla, and we had beat through it twice, and were beginning to think of giving it up, as the light was waning, when Captain P.'s elephant, which was lagging in the rear, suddenly uttered a shrill scream, and came rushing out of the swamp with the tiger hanging by its teeth to the upper part of its tail! Captain P.'s situation was perplexing enough, his elephant making the most violent efforts to shake off his backbiting foe, and himself unable to use his gun for fear of shooting the unfortunate Coolie, who, frightened out of his wits, was standing behind the howdah, with his feet in the crupper, within six inches of the tiger's head.

We soon flew to his aid, and quickly shot the tiger, who, however, did not quit his gripe until he had received eight balls; when he dropped off the poor elephant's mangled tail, quite dead. The elephant only survived ten days, but it was shrewdly suspected that his



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more mortal wounds were inflicted by some of the sportsmen who were over-zealous to rid him of his troublesome hanger-on. Had the unlucky animal lived in those days, 'when use of speech was not confined merely to brutes of human kind,' he would, no doubt, have exclaimed in his misery, 'heaven preserve me from my friends! I can defend myself from my enemies.'

Thus, in about two hours, and within sight of camp, we found and slew three tigers, a piece of good fortune rarely to be met with in these modern times, when the spread of cultivation, and the zeal of English sportsmen, have almost exterminated the breed of these animals.

During the hunt, the jungle was on fire in several places, and the wind being high, the flames at one time gained so fast upon us that the line was obliged to retreat. I saw here a confirmation of the fact, that in high grass jungles, fires run to windward, if there be a fresh breeze. This is easily accounted for: the wind bends the long silky

CHAPTER III.

March 2nd. CROSSED the Ganges, and encamped near the village of Daranugger, in Rohilcund.

On the *5th*, we reached Nujeebabad, and the camp was pitched in a beautiful amphitheatre of Mango groves, with a distant view of the Himalaya mountains. Here we got information from some shikkarees (native hunters), of two tigers having been seen in a forest about six miles distant in the direction of the hills. A party of seven will start from our camp to-morrow morning to beat up their quarters.

March 6th. Whilst the camp marched thirteen miles to the hamlet of Asofghur, the seven sportsmen above mentioned galloped off early in the morning to a tent which had been sent forward, with some provisions, to

dry grass over that which is already ignited, the flames catch the pendent tops, and thus, as long as there is material, the infection spreads.

When we returned to camp, and had deposited our game in the main street, hundreds of spectators arrived and assembled round us. The claws and whiskers of tigers being looked upon as efficient charms by the natives, some of these desiderata were quickly snatched away before we could prevent the depredation.

Four other sportsmen of our party returned to camp this evening, having been out for four days in a different direction. They only killed one tiger, but he was an immense beast, and was shot on the head of Colonel F.'s elephant, which he wounded severely. This is considered the acme of tiger shooting ; so I know not how P.'s affair would rank in a comparative ratio !

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the spot in the jungle where it was judged convenient to begin the chase. After breakfast we mounted our elephants, and proceeded to the sporting ground. The features of the country were widely different from those of the scene of our last day's sport. We found ourselves in a luxuriant forest abounding in a species of tree which I had not seen before, namely, the ⁷Dhag; bearing a fine wide dark-coloured leaf, and a beautiful tulip-shaped crimson flower. Occasionally we came upon extensive open savannahs of grass jungle or rushy swamps. Vast numbers of wild boars, hog-deer, and other smaller game, started up before us; but we had determined beforehand not to fire at anything until we found a tiger, as these animals, when disturbed by a distant shot, are in the habit of sneaking away, and escaping into the woods, whither it is impossible to follow them. After diligently toiling for some hours, and patiently abstaining from less noble game, I suddenly came directly upon a fine tiger, in an almost impenetrable thicket

of bushes. I shot him in the back, at the distance of half a dozen paces, but it only served to make him run faster. On breaking covert, he directed his course right through a drove of buffaloes, which stood still and gazed at him, whilst the herdsman quietly smoked his goor^{lee}-goorhee, and sleepily pointed out the direction he had taken. He took refuge in a thick rush-swamp, and Captain Archer shot him after he had severely torn the trunk of his elephant.

Later in the day we found another very fine tiger, but although he was viewed several times, he made good his retreat, favoured by the thickness of the covert and the numerous trees which retarded the progress of the elephants. A hog-deer and a little wild pig fell to my gun. The former is a large and rather clumsy animal, with a bristly hide, and is supposed to constitute the chief food of the tiger.

During the day we several times approached within twelve miles of the lower range of mountains of Kumaon. Their bold

and well-wooded heights, and the dim blue outline of the more distant Himalayas were most refreshing to eyes that for so long a period had been accustomed to repose on the flat unvaried plains of Hindostan.

After the chase we had a long and fatiguing march to camp at Asofghur. In the evening the jungle was on fire so near the camp, that we were in some alarm lest it should communicate with the tents of the servants and horses.

The next morning, refreshed by 'tired Nature's sweet restorer' from the fatigues of the preceding day, we *sprung* into our *howdahs*, (as a novelist would say,) and with twenty elephants repaired to the jungle. We had not far to go, for Asofghur, which must be the *depôt* royal of malaria and jungle-fever, is hemmed in on all sides by forests intersected by spacious swampy plains covered with the rankest and most luxuriant grass and rushes. The appearance of the country and the very smell of the air were enough to

give a fit of the ague to any one but a truly ardent sportsman. The active employment of the attention, and the constant excitement of the spirits, must act as great preservatives of the constitution of an English sportsman in India; for though I cannot myself boast of 'a frame of adamant,' I have been constantly on my elephant, from 'morn till dewy eve,' in the hottest weather, and the most pestiferous jungles, and never felt my health affected by it. There can be no doubt, however, that the constitution is eventually broken up by constant exposure to the sun in tropical climates.

This day we were not fated to carry home a tiger; the jungle being so thick and spacious that we could never bring them to bay, though we ascertained beyond doubt that there were several of these animals on foot. Just at the borders of a deep bog we discovered the carcasses of two oxen, which, from the liquid state of the blood, had evidently not been killed many hours. The impression of the tiger's claws on the haunches

was deeply marked, and the gullets of both the animals were torn out. One of the bullocks was a very fine powerful animal, and the ground was ploughed up for many yards round the spot where the fatal struggle took place. The murderers had been most probably disturbed from their meal by the firing of our party, some of whom, unfortunately, could not resist the temptation held out by the hundreds of hog-deer, &c., which fled before our line. We carried home to the camp,—which we found on the right bank of the Ganges again at the village of Baugpore,—ten hog-deer, a brace of florikans, and about twenty brace of black partridge.

March 6th. Head-quarters marched fourteen miles through a beautiful and picturesque country, along the banks of the Ganges, to Hurdwar. Here the sacred river emancipates itself (or herself properly; although Thomson does make the goddess river ‘roll his sacred wave,’) from the intricate sinuosities of its native mountains, and rushing through

a narrow pass, hemmed in on one side by the abrupt termination of the Dehra Doon Hills, and on the other by the Chandi Pahar*, pours its worshipped stream upon the plains of Hindostan, fertilizing above a thousand miles of country ere it throws itself, by a hundred mouths, into the Bay of Bengal.

Hurdwar is an inconsiderable town, and is chiefly noticeable as the scene of the great annual fair, at which thousands, nay I believe millions of all the northern nations, meet together; the Hindoos to worship and bathe in the holy river, where it issues pure and uncontaminated from the mountains; and Persians, Tartars, Paharrees (mountaineers), and Cashmerians, to drive their several trades in horses, camels, shawls, &c. This fair does not take place until next month.

We found the camp spread out in all its silver symmetry in a pretty crescent of woody hills, the lofty summits of which almost entirely shaded it from the morning sun. I enjoyed a delightful ramble over the hill in

* Silver mountain.

the evening, and a beautiful view from the summit. Numerous Hindoo muts* and tombs showed their white pinnacles above the rich mango-groves and bamboo-thickets; and farther down the river some fine buildings, the residences of opulent Hindoos, were ranged, with spacious gardens, along its banks.

The next day the camp halted at Hurdwar. The tents were dreadfully hot; but I passed the day in quality of aide-de-camp in waiting, with the Commander-in-chief, in a bungalow half way up the mountain, where we had the benefit of a refreshing breeze. The rest of the party having heard of a tiger went out; but returned disappointed, after having been nearly carried away in crossing the river.

March 10th. The camp resumed its march towards Loudiana—the north-western frontier station of British India—and was pitched near a jungle-hamlet called Dowlutpore. In the morning the weather was dreadfully sultry

* Temples.

and oppressive ; not a breath of air moved a leaf of the smothering vegetation around us ; the parched earth cracked with intense heat ; and the animals hung their heads, and panted in distress. Suddenly a dark cloud came rushing over the horizon from the north-west, the bamboos on the hills began to bend and creak before the coming storm, brilliant flashes of lightning cleft the black cloud in every direction, thunder rolled in almost interminable echoes among the mountains, the rain descended in torrents, and in an instant the thermometer fell from 88° to 68°.

Two days after, we arrived at Saharunpore, now a small civil station, but formerly a considerable military cantonment. A pretty Hindoo fortress, remodelled by our engineers, and intended as a frontier stronghold, is apparently efficient, for its extent.

The Company has a botanical garden at this place, for rearing plants from the neighbouring mountains. I would have travelled fifty miles to gaze upon the first violet that I had seen for three years. The grounds are

laid out in the English style, and as I wandered through the serpentine walks, bordered with many flowers and shrubs of English growth, I almost forgot that I was in India; an illusion, however, which was speedily dispelled by the apparition of my faithful elephant waiting for me at the gate.

On the 14th we crossed the Jumna, and the camp was pitched in a most luxuriant grove of huge mango-trees, near the town of Booreah. It is a small place, though the surrounding ruins give evidence of better days. The Ranee, or Queen-Suzeraine of this petty state, sent presents to the Commander-in-chief, to greet his arrival in her territory. Among other objects, she offered an infant elephant, of about fifteen months old. The little fellow was full of fun, and frisked about like a young kid; but he found few of the party inclined to join his game at romps, as, although he was not much higher than a table, his play was rather rough.

From Booreah we enjoyed a fine view of the snowy peaks of Himalaya; and we longed to be suddenly transported from these broiling plains to the cool regions which appeared so near us.

Two days after, we entered the territories of the Patialah Chief, a Rajah of the Seikh tribe, whose dominions extend over a wide tract of country between the Jumna and Sutledge rivers. He is the most powerful of this sect after Runjeet Singh of Lahore, who rules the Punjâb, a district between the Indus and the Sutledge. The Patialah Rajah holds his court at the modern town of the same name; Sirhind, the ancient capital of the province, having fallen to ruin. A political agent of the Honourable Company resides constantly at the seat of government.

The Seikhs owe their existence as a nation to the warlike inculcations of their great leader, Goru Govind, who flourished about A.D. 1670, and who transformed them from a peaceable race to a martial tribe, by prompting them to take vengeance for the tyranny

and cruelties exercised over them by the Mohammedans.

We found our camp pitched near Sidowra, a large village, well fortified with a brick wall and tall towers of the same material, pierced with three or four tiers of loopholes for musketry. The Zemindar of Sidowra managed to muster a little state to receive the Commander-in-chief, and came to meet us a short distance from his walls. Both himself and his followers were large, stout men, tall, and of handsome and martial countenance garnished with most redundant beards—an ornament of first-rate importance among the Seikhs, to the total exclusion of the razor. The men were chiefly dressed in tunics of quilted cotton or silk, with a peculiar-shaped red turban, and cummerbund or sash of the same colour. Their legs were bare below the knee, and they were all armed with a spear or sword, and black shields of buffalo-hide, studded with brass.

The neighbourhood of Sidowra is bleak and barren, and the country thinly dotted over

with small fortified villages. It seems that the petty Seikh chiefs are but bad neighbours, and are constantly quarrelling among themselves. During these feuds it is not uncommon for one party to storm their adversary's village fortress, and force him to terms; the English Resident having the irksome and thankless office of mediator to perform between the conflicting chieftains.

At Bussee, where we arrived on the 19th, we visited the little fortress: it consists of a large square, with lofty towers at the angles, the whole beautifully built of a very small, hard brick. The garrison consisted of some twenty or thirty remarkably fine men; few of them under six feet. Two or three of them were quite Achilleses of strength and beauty. We inspected every corner of their stronghold, and ascended one of the towers; and I thought our prying visit seemed to excite the jealousy of the inmates; for they kept aloof from our party, and eyed us with no very friendly glances. One fellow, who

accompanied us to the top of the bastion, wore a peculiarly long sword, which one of us requested to see. The wearer, however, who appeared to be in no very complying humour, drew it half out, closing it again with violence, and stepped back, frowning and muttering sulkily. We, however, pressed our suit, assuring him of our pacific intentions, and he soon drew out the blade, which was as sharp as a razor, and would have served to deprive him of his huge black beard, which he deserved to lose for his uncourteous conduct.

To-day, and, indeed, every day since we left Saharunpore, the road was crowded with men, women, and children, proceeding eastward for the great fair at Hurdwar. Many of the women were remarkably handsome, and wore becoming dresses of red and blue gauze, sprigged with divers colours. The Hindoos carried vessels across their shoulders, intended to convey away some of the precious water of the holy Ganges; and these pilgrims, as they passed us, invariably uttered an exclamation which sounded like ‘Bom! bom Mahadeo!’

Near our camp we found a numerous colony of Fakirs established for the night, who were as frightful a set of objects as paint, ashes, dirt, and deformity could make them. As these religious devotees are more famed for sanctity and strictness of penance, than for the more humble virtue of honesty, our sentries were warned to be particularly alert at night, lest these worthies should levy a tithe upon our goods and chattels during the dark hours.

March 22nd, therm. 91°, 2 P.M. Encamped near the ruins of Sirhind, once a flourishing capital, now a confused mass of crumbling masonry. About two miles from Sirhind, the Rajah of Patialah came out to meet Lord Combermere. The cavalry portion of his escort were very fine martial-looking troops, but his infantry, dressed in imitation of the Company's sepoy, were the most absurd-looking rabble possible. The commandant of the foot-guards wore a short, red cloth jacket, red tight pantaloons, and Hessian

boots ; he rode a prancing charger, and seemed to hold a very precarious tenure in his saddle : but whether he was naturally a bad horseman (all the Seikhs are good ones), or had taken his model from some of our infantry field-officers, it is hard to determine. A band of drums and fifes strutted in front of the cavalcade, playing the 'grenadiers' march,' in most excruciating discord ; the big drummer wearing a glazed round hat, like a French postilion's, as a distinction.

The Rajah came in the afternoon in grand state to our camp, to visit the commander-in-chief. He is a remarkably fine man, with high, noble features, a quiet, benevolent expression of countenance, and a long beard flowing over his breast : but it was not until he had dismounted from his elephant, and raised himself from the stooping posture he was obliged to assume on entering the door of the Durbar tent, that we remarked his amazing stature. He is at least six feet four, large-boned, muscular, and erect ; and, as he stepped forward to embrace Lord Comber-

mere, it appeared that, with the slightest increase of energy in his hug, he might have crushed him to pieces. His person was totally unadorned by jewels (though his son and nephew, boys of twelve and eight, were covered with precious stones). A large circular shield of buffalo's hide, studded with gold, hung on his broad shoulders, and a long sword and dagger were stuck through his waist-shawl. Many of his warrior attendants, whose rank entitled them to sit at the Durbar, were nearly as tall as their chief, and all armed to the teeth.

The Sikhs have a great variety of weapons. I observed, among his escort, the musket, matchlock, sword, spears of sundry forms, dagger, and battle-axe: but the arm that is exclusively peculiar to this sect, is the quoit: it is made of beautiful thin steel, sometimes inlaid with gold; in using it, the warrior twirls it swiftly round the forefinger, and launches it with such deadly aim, as, according to their own account, to be sure of their man at eighty paces.

In the evening I rode on my elephant over the extensive ruins of the city. Its destruction has indeed been most complete; there is scarcely one stone left upon another. The situation of the present habitable part of the town is desolate and melancholy beyond conception, forming a little nucleus of peopled huts in the centre of miles of dreary ruins.

It is presumed by certain historical speculators, that the battle between Alexander the Great and Porus, the Indian chief, took place somewhere in the neighbourhood of Sirhind. The present Rajah of Patialah is no bad representative of the gigantic Porus, and, indeed, he is distinguished by that title among the English.

The Rajah sent a party of nautch-girls to entertain us after dinner: They were fine-looking women, but in dancing and singing fell far short of their more accomplished sisters of Delhi and Lucknow. One of them was beautifully dressed, having a border of gold lace, nearly half a foot deep, round her white muslin scarf and petticoat. She wore a quan-

tity of gold bangles and necklaces, and five rows of earrings in her ears, which were quite bent down with the weight of pearls and gold.

Head-quarters camp halted the next day, and in the morning the Rajah sent a deputation to inquire after Lord Combermere's health, with an accompanying present of forty trays of dried fruits, and sixty gurrals (earthen vessels holding a gallon) of sugar candy and sweetmeats. This latter delicacy, which the natives delight in, was divided among the numerous servants of the camp. It is a rude species of *toffy*, (as we called it at school,) made of sugar, flower, and ghee (clarified butter).

The Commander-in-chief proceeded in the afternoon to return the Rajah of Patialah's visit. Porus received us at the shemianah, or canopied entrance of his tents; and, after the customary embrace, conducted Lord Combermere through two ante-tents to the grand audience pavilion. All were carpeted with rich crimson velvet, and chairs were placed

in a semi-circle, silver ones being set apart for the two chiefs. The customary dancing and singing went forward during the visit; but as the Seikhs never use tobacco or paun, the hookah and paundân of ceremony were not presented. These little auxiliaries are, in Indian courts, introduced at the heel of an audience, to much the same effect as the bow of dismissal practised by European great men to wind up an interview.

One of the Rajah's nautch-girls was, though thin and worn from her wasting profession, extremely pretty; and her eyes, which were very fine, and managed with exceeding art, must have had frequent tutoring in the little mirror-ring always worn by these damsels on the thumb. Unlike the generality of native women, her teeth were remarkably white and regular. For this latter beauty the Seikhs are famous, and they owe it, most probably, to their disuse of tobacco and paun; the quick lime, an ingredient of the last-named favourite stimulant of Mussulman and Hindoo, soon blackening and destroying the teeth.

The first effect of the paun is to give a deep red dye to the mouth and lips, which becoming tincture is quickly succeeded by as deep a black. Its taste is by no means disagreeable, though it is a great provocative of thirst.

The gigantic Rajah was dressed as simply as before, except that the four bosses of his round black buckler were thickly studded with diamonds. The presents he laid before the Commander-in-chief were strictly characteristic of the warlike sect to which he belongs: a complete suit of chain armour, with casque and gauntlets of steel inlaid with gold; a sword and shield, bow and arrows, spear, matchlock, and dagger.

Returning to camp, I met a Suwar, who, in addition to his other weapons, wore half a dozen war-quoits; some round his arm, and others on the top-knot (peculiar to the Seikhs) of his turban. He readily complied with my request that he would show me the use of them; and dismounting from his horse, threw them one by one in the manner I have above described, in a horizontal direction,

about half man's height from the ground.



Quail-thrower.

They flew with great force about sixty yards, but he did not appear to have a very accurate control over their direction; nor did I feel quite secure whilst he was whirling these razor-like playthings round the first joint of his forefinger.

March 24th, therm. 89°. Left Sirhind, and on the 26th reached Loudiana, which has been styled the 'John o' Groat's House' of

India. This town is situated on the western side of an ancient bed of the Sutledge river, which, having changed its course, now runs about three miles from the town. The Sutledge is supposed to be the Hyphasis of the ancients, on the banks of which Alexander the Great wept bitter tears because his mutinous army refused to advance into the rich provinces of India. At Loudiana, the Honourable Company have a frontier garrison, completely isolated by the surrounding territories of Patialah and Lahore. It forms a convenient vidette post to watch the proceedings of Runjeet Singh, the ambitious chief of the latter province. The fort is of small extent, but tolerably strong. The town is considerable and flourishing, owing to the successful establishment of shawl manufactures. Though the immediate vicinity of Loudiana is sandy and sterile, the country at a short distance hence is noted for its fine crops of grain. At this moment, (to mark the difference in town and country markets,) gram (a vetch used in lieu of oats for horses, in India)

is selling here at 160 seer, or 320 lbs. for a rupee, whilst at Calcutta it varies from fifteen to thirty seers to the rupee.

In the afternoon, the Commander-in-chief reviewed the two *regiments of infantry cantoned here*, and dined with Captain Wade, the *Company's Political Agent*. A splendid nautch was got up after dinner. I counted *forty-six dancing-women assembled in the room at one moment*.

The next day, Lord Combermere received an embassy from Runjeet Singh of Lahore. The minister and several officers were presented, and were profuse in assurances of their master's esteem for his Excellency, but said not a word indicative of an invitation to his Court. The shrewd Chieftain is prudently jealous of English espionage; though he received without apparent distaste, a year or two ago, an English officer, sent to his Court by Lord Amherst.

The cavalry escort of the Lahorean Ambassador was well mounted and armed, and dressed in a handsome uniform of yellow and

green silk. The officers, who were presented to Lord Combermere, were fine, independent, 'swash-buckler,' dare-devil looking fellows, of rude and uncourtly mien and manners, and coarse physiognomy.

Runjeet Singh, who is a great horse-fancier, sent, as presents to his Excellency, two fiery black chargers, richly caparisoned, and a handsome collection of the different national weapons.

Our evening entertainments consisted of a dinner, given by the officers of the station; and a nautch, after the speechifying usual on like occasions had been exhausted. Two very pretty sisters performed an exceedingly graceful dance, called the kite-dance. The air is slow and expressive, and the dancers imitate in their gestures the movements of a person flying a kite,—an amusement common in India. The attitudes incident to this performance are most favourable to Indian grace and suppleness, and the heaven-ward direction of the eyes displays these features,—as doubtless my fair countrywomen know,—to the very best advantage.

March 28th, therm. 87°. The camp broke up from Loudiann; and we retraced our steps two or three marches, to Kuncce-kee-Serai. Here the Head-quarters took a northerly direction, through the valley of Pinjore, to Simla, in the Surinour mountains; where it is the intention of the Commander-in-chief to pass the hot weather.

My friend Colonel Dawkins and myself having obtained leave of absence, intend to return to Hurdwar, to be present at the great Fair; and to march to Simla, through the beautiful valley of the Deyrah Doon,—situated to the northward of the first range of hills,—where we expect some tiger-shooting. We look forward to a very hot trip; but Hurdwar Fair is not an every-day event.

March 30th, therm. 91°. This morning, my friend and self took leave of Head-quarters, and commenced our retrograde march. As our direction was nearly parallel with that of the Commander-in-chief, we galloped across the country to dine with his Excellency in the afternoon, and returned by night to our

little encampment, having taken leave of our friends, who hinted at fevers and cholera as the probable consequences of our trip to the fair.

Our equipment consists of one double-poled tent, one single-poled, and a routee or sleeping-tent; with a pâl for the servants, ten in number; five horses, four ponies, camels for baggage, and four elephants to carry the tents, houdahs, and shooting equipage, and to beat for game in the jungles. We had a guard of sepoy, and a few men of 'Skinner's horse,' pour battre la campagne.

Mar. 31st. Reached Rajpoorah, and pitched our tents near the dwelling of an ancient fakir, outside the walls of the village. A large serai in the neighbourhood is employed by government as a prison, or dépôt of convicts, who are sentenced to work on the roads.

Walked through the surrounding cotton-fields in the afternoon with my gun, not for sport, but bonâ fide for the table. I, therefore, never shot worse. Whilst returning home with a light bag and heavy heart, I

fortunately killed a wild duck, which made a very good second course to our first tête-à-tête dinner.

The next day brought us to Umballa, a town of some consequence. We took up our day's residence, glad of the shelter of a good roof, at the Fort-house, the mansion of the Political Agent at the Court of Patialah, Captain Murray, (a brother of Lieutenant-general Sir G. Murray.) The house, which is, in fact, nothing more than the citadel of the ancient little fortress, is situated in the centre of the encinte, which is laid out in gardens, orangeries, &c., and forms a very comfortable abode, altogether shut out by lofty walls from the gaze of the vulgar.

After dinner, the old greyheaded warder came in, and said that his absent master had ordered him to give us a nautch ; so we drank our claret and smoked our hookahs to the tune of 'Tâsa ba tâsa,' and other fashionable Eastern airs. The women seemed at least as much amused with us as we were with them, Umballa being seldom visited by Eu-

ropeans, and the worthy Resident the only white inhabitant.

We left our horses here and some useless servants, together with the heavier parts of the baggage,—the impedimenta of our establishment,—taking on a buggy and two or three strong ponies, and reinforcing our escort with a serjeant and twelve of ‘ Skinner’s horse,’ and two shuter-suwar, or camel-couriers. These will form a respectable guard, and a not unnecessary protection to our property at the fair.

Two days after, we reached Mustaphabad, a small town in the midst of rich cultivation, and defended by a good brick wall. Our little camp was pitched in a fine mangogrove, impervious to the scorching rays of the sun. The tope was in full bloom, and afforded us an umbrageous and odoriferous canopy.

On the march we overtook a string of at least five hundred camels, laden with grain, and bound to the fair. We made half the march in the buggy, and were sorely jolted

over the rough *track*, which is dignified by the name of *road*.

Among the numerous and various parties journeying, with religious or mercantile intent, towards Hurdwar, I remarked a family group this morning, both novel and interesting. It consisted of a fine, stout, broad-shouldered Scikh, his pretty wife, and three children, the eldest of which could not have been more than three years old. The woman carried the youngest in her arms, whilst the other two jogged cosily along in a couple of wicker baskets, suspended to a bamboo borne on the father's shoulder.



Family of Sikhs.

In the cool of the afternoon we strolled out for an hour in the gram-fields, and shot several brace of quails, which, at this season, are like little flying pats of butter! I have heard it averred, that these feathered delicacies are sometimes so fat in the grain-season, that, when shot, they burst, from their own weight, as they fall on the parched ground.

This night was dreadfully hot, and our distress was aggravated by an unexpected invasion of our old Bengal persecutors, the musquitos, of whom we had for many months entirely lost sight.

April 4th. Marched fifteen miles, and encamped at Booreah, in the same beautiful mango grove which the Head-quarters camp occupied on the 14th ultimo.

The country through which we passed is thickly covered with a low stunted myrtle-like plant, called corinda; and the atmosphere was loaded to head-ache pitch with the odour of its flowers, in appearance and scent much like jessamine.

In the evening, as soon as the sun had finished his day's sport of grilling and killing us poor Hyperboreans (therm. 2 o'cl. 97°), we sallied out to a marsh, that I had discovered on our former visit to Booreah, in search of a *second course*; and in little more than an hour we bagged two couple of wild ducks, and eight couple of snipes. The snipe shooting in India, in some provinces, even eclipses that of Ireland, and the quantity and variety of wild fowl are such as would almost glut the sporting insatiability of Colonel Hawker.

The next day we passed under the roof of Dr. Royle, superintendent of the Botanical garden at Seharunpore, and the day after, we drove and rode a forced march of twenty miles, to the village of Emly. Therm. in tent, sheltered by thick foliage, 96°.

The evening being too sultry for a walk, we rode on our ponies in search of game, and played terrible havock with a covey of pea-fowl, which we stumbled upon in a ruined Bagheechea, or fruit-garden.

April 8th. Arrived at Hurdwar, after a march of twenty miles ; and found our tents pitched in a straggling wood, bordering the road-side between that town and Kunkul. The opposite side of the road was occupied by a merry party of English ladies and gentlemen, whose several encampments were picturesquely disposed among the trees, wherever the two great requisites, space and shade, were to be found.

As soon as we had reached our tents, and given strict recommendations of vigilance to our guards, we mounted an elephant, and proceeded with Colonel Stevenson, an able Cicerone, to see the humours of the fair. The horse-bazaar was the first object of our attention, and it seemed the best-stocked department of Hurdwar trade. There was a wide field for choice ; from the tall, showy, fiery horse of Katiawah, Cutch, and the Lacka jungles, to the square-cut, sturdy, ambling ponies of Cabul and Cashmere, and the rough Shetland-like ghoots of the mountains.

A committee from the Company's stud is

always in attendance at the fair, to purchase troop horses and mares for breeding.

The moment we appeared in the horse-market, a score of the cattle-owners surrounded us. In the first ranks appeared the well-dressed, shawl-wrapt Persian or Arab, who, with earnest, yet deliberate and dignified solicitation, offered to conduct us to their stables, where we might have our choice of twenty horses of first-rate blood, and undeniable pedigree. Behind them stood a wild rabble of inferior mongers, who, with eager countenances, closed hands, and noisy importunity, invited the Sahibs to inspect some anthropophagus of a northern horse, whom the owner libelled with the ill-deserved epithet of 'Bhoot Gurreeb,' 'very quiet;' or some ill-favored, ragged little ghoont, described as 'Khoob-chelna-wala,'—*Anglicè*, 'a devil to go.' We accompanied the first-named worthies to their serai, but were rather disappointed in their 'high-bred cattle.' On our expressing a wish to see one of the Persian chargers out, the merchant made a sign

to a little, wiry, debauched-looking groom, to loose the animal from the head and heel-ropes which secured him. This being done, a small sharp bridle was thrust into his mouth, the little Flibbertigibbet sprung upon his bare back, crammed his heels into his flanks, and started at once at full speed, pulling his steed up quite upon his haunches, with his nose within ten inches of a high wall; then turning sharp round, he came, at the same speed, and with the same sudden halt, to within a couple of feet of our party. We did not conclude any bargains, as we could not bring the merchants down to our prices, though they followed us some distance, gradually descending in their demands.

We next took our station in the main street of the bazaar, which was crowded to suffocation with buyers and sellers of cloths, fruits, grain, sweetmeats, toys, and gewgaws, of every description. Many of the little mat booths drove a busy and successful trade in a sort of double wicker basket, used by the pilgrims who resort to bathe in the holy river

to carry earthen jars filled with the sacred water to their homes. The moment our elephant stopped he was wedged in on all sides by a dense assemblage; and never did my ears drink in such an astounding concatenation of noises. The neighing of horses, braying of mules, ringing of bells, growling of camels, the eternal tom-toms of the fakirs, together with the guitaring, thrumming, 'and every other kind of strumming,' carried on *without a moment's intermission throughout the twenty-four hours*, formed a discord of sounds which defies description.

As I looked over the roofs of the booths upon the town, the mountains beyond, the hundreds of temples, tombs, and ruins, the numerous and many-shaped little camps, the long array of elephants, camels, horses, &c., spread over the well-wooded plain, and the thousands of picturesquely-dressed people, I suddenly contrasted the scene before me with the last fairs I had witnessed, which happened to be those of Portsdown, and Donnybrook of head-breaking notoriety, both first-

rate specimens of their respective countries. In fun and frolic our British fairs of course bear the bell; for the Hindoos only assemble at Hurdwar to pray, and the Moslems to traffic; besides, the Asiatics are not, like John and Pat, gregarious and uproarious in their amusements, but enjoy themselves selfishly and individually, each after his own fashion. As for knocking each other down, whether for 'love' or anger, it is a strictly unoriental process; disputants rarely come to blows, contenting themselves with abusing each other's fathers, mothers, and relations, dead or alive. The only heads likely to be broken at Hurdwar are drum-heads, which must be 'soft with blows' unintermittingly inflicted on them from sunrise to sunrise.

But in the picturesque properties of the scene, how greatly does this Indian assemblage transcend our own! Instead of red, rectangular buildings, square doors, square windows, formal lines of booths, and, what is worse than all, the dark, dingy dress of the figures—with perhaps the rare exception of

two or three red cloaks and redder faces among the country lasses,—we have here domes, minarets, fanciful architecture, and a costume, above all, flaunting in colours, set off with weapons, and formed, from the easy flow of its drapery, to adorn beauty and disguise deformity.—As if on purpose to refute me, there are passing at this moment the most disgusting troop of fanatic fakirs, who, with neglected hair and beards, distorted limbs, long talon-like nails, and hideously smeared visages and bodies, look more like wild beasts than human beings. But even these are picturesque! Every hut, equipage, utensil, and beast of India is picturesque, as has been shown by that clever and spirited artist, Chinnery: eastern manners, customs, attitudes, are picturesque: the language even, replete as it is with figure and metaphor, may be said to be picturesque.

Pursuing our route (with great difficulty, owing to the press) through the town, we soon reached a flight of a few steps leading down to the river. These our sure-footed

monture descended in safety, and we entered the Ganges, which being here very wide, and divided by an islet into two branches, was not above four feet deep.

Ascending the stream as far as the Great Ghaut*, and taking up our station directly opposite, we had a distinct view of the bathing ceremony. The Ghaut appeared to consist of about sixty steps, about one hundred feet in width; and was closely crowded by hundreds of men, women, and children, some descending, others attempting to ascend in their dripping garments. The verandas of the buildings round about were filled with hideous fakirs, some of whom also occupied little bamboo platforms, erected in the middle of the Ganges. Many of them were stark naked, and one old fellow, perched upon his michaun, close to our elephant, came quite up to my idea of the Satyr of the ancients, in the goatishness of his physiognomy, and the hirsuteness of his limbs.

About five hundred, of all sexes and ages,

* River Stairs.

promiscuously grouped, were dipping at the same moment. The men, particularly the older ones, and the fakirs, were chiefly employed in praying whilst in the water; the women, on the contrary, were for the most part laughing and chattering, not having the fear of the Goddess Gunga before their eyes; and, in the extacy of the moment, and in their desire to admit the sacred element to immediate and unveiled contact with their persons, the fair pilgrims did not quite sustain their usually modest and decorous management of their drapery in the river-bath.

In general, however, it is but fair to say, the women carry their modesty of *manner*, not to mention morals, to an almost ridiculous extent. Should you meet a group of *pay-sannes on the road*, they generally stop, turn their backs, and draw their fillet or head-cloth over their faces,—a very provoking and curiosity-exciting practice.

By the time we reached our tents, the sun had almost addled my brain, and so great was the heat, that we did not venture out

again until sunset. Therm. in my tent 97° , in Colonel Dawkins's, which was not so well sheltered, 107° . At six P.M. I took another stroll through the fair, and found that I had seen everything worth seeing in the morning. The motley concourse of so many sects and nations, and the opportunity presented to the spectator of collecting at one glimpse the characteristic peculiarities of each, are sufficient of themselves to repay a journey like ours of one hundred and fifty miles in the hot weather: but, on the other hand, the intense heat increased by the assembled millions, the noise, the dust, and the monopoly of all the flies in India, (which Hurdwar at this epoch possesses,) together with a thousand other nuisances, are the serious drawbacks to which the fair-goer is exposed, to counterbalance the novelty of the scene, and the power of saying hereafter, 'I was there.'

Hurdwar, April 9th. This morning, Colonel Stevenson's scouts, who had been alert in their inquiries regarding tigers, brought in-

telligence of two having been seen in a jungle near a village six miles from hence. After breakfast, therefore, a party of five started in gigs, and drove to the village, where we mounted our elephants, and entered the forest. We found immense quantities of game, wild hogs, hog-deer, spotted deer, and the niel-ghie (literally, blue cow). I also saw here, for the first time, the jungle-fowl, or wild poultry, in appearance something between the game-cock and bantam. We, however, strictly abstained from firing, reserving our whole battery for the nobler game, the tiger. It was perhaps fortunate we did not find one in the thick part of the forest, the trees being so close set, and so interwoven with thorns and parasite plants, that the elephants were often obliged to clear themselves a passage by their own pioneering exertions. It is curious, on these occasions, to see the enormous trees these animals will overthrow. On a word from the Mahout, they place their foreheads against the obnoxious plant, twisting their trunks round it, and gradually bending it

towards the ground until they can place a foot upon it—this done, down comes the tree with crashing stem and upturned roots. The elephant must be well educated to accomplish this duty in a *gentleman-like* manner, that is, without roaring sulkily, or shaking his master by too violent exertions.

On clearing the wood, we entered an open space of marshy grass, not three feet high: a large herd of cattle were feeding there, and the herdsman was sitting, singing, under a bush—when, just as the former began to move before us, up sprung the very tiger to whom our visit was intended, and cantered off across a bare plain, dotted with small patches of bush-jungle. He took to the open country in a style which would have more become a fox than a tiger, who is expected by his pursuers to fight, and not to run; and, as he was flushed on the flank of the line, only one bullet was fired at him ere he cleared the thick grass. He was unhurt, and we pursued him at full speed. Twice he threw us out by stopping short in small strips of jungle, and

then heading back after we had passed; and he had given us a very fast burst of about two miles, when Colonel Arnold, who led the field, at last reached him by a capital shot, his elephant being in full career. As soon as he felt himself wounded, the tiger crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes, and crouched. The two leading sportsmen overran the spot where he lay, and as I came up I saw him through an aperture rising to attempt a charge. My mahout had just before, in the heat of the chase, dropped his ankoos*, which I had refused to allow him to recover; and the elephant, being notoriously savage, and further irritated by the goading he had undergone, became, consequently, unmanageable:—he appeared to see the tiger as soon as myself, and I had only time to fire one shot, when he suddenly rushed with the greatest fury into the thicket, and falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his tusks to the ground. Such was the violence of the shock, that my servant, who sat behind

* Iron goad to drive the elephant.



in the kawas*, was thrown out, and one of my guns went overboard. The struggles of my elephant to crush his still resisting foe, who had fixed one paw on his eye, were so energetic, that I was obliged to hold on with all my strength, to keep myself in the howdah. The second barrel, too, of the gun, which I still retained in my hand, went off in the scuffle, the ball passing close to the mahout's ear, whose situation, poor fellow, was anything but enviable. As soon as my elephant was prevailed upon to leave the killing part of the business to the sportsmen, they gave the roughly-used tiger the coup-de-grace. It was a very fine female, with the most beautiful skin I ever saw.

My brute got a severe scratch over the eye, and his ears were a good deal clawed. It grieves me to convict so sage an animal as the elephant of that purely human vice, inconsistency; yet the case is flagrant; for—if the reader recollects—the last time I was out, he ran away at the charge of the tiger

* Hind seat in the howdah.

—an act which might, however, be attributed to the influence of bad example shown him by his brethren. The mahout escaped, most fortunately, without injury. This practice of charging is, in an elephant, almost as bad a fault as the other extreme; the more so, that these animals usually follow up the kneeling position by rolling over upon their side, in order to crush their foe by their weight; in which case, the sportsman is exposed to the triple casualties of a bad fall, being shot by his own guns, and getting within the clutches of the tiger. The courage of a well-trained elephant is passive; and I have heard an experienced sportsman say, that this kind of furious attack, and the more common precipitate flight, proceed from the same source, fear. This I believe to be true; more particularly since the 'Immortal William' (doubtless thinking of anything but elephants) says, 'to be furious is to be frightened out of fear.'

In spite of the almost intolerable rays of the sun, the intenseness of which made my

brain swim, we continued to beat for the male tiger, whom we knew to be in the surrounding jungle, and from whom we augured a more determined resistance than that which we experienced from the retiring qualities of his better half. We toiled in vain. I shot, however, a fine spotted deer, and a few more were bagged before we reached our gigs.

The party dined together with great hilarity at the tents of a gentleman of the civil service, who had been out with us, where we learnt that an Italian traveller, who called himself Count Vidua, had arrived at Hurdwar, and that Colonel Stevenson had promised to show him a tiger hunt.

I retired to my tent this evening pretty well knocked up; and during the night had an adventure, which might have terminated with more loss to myself, had I slept sounder. My bed, a low charpoy*, was in one corner of the tent, close to a door, and I woke several times from a feverish doze, fancying I heard something moving in my tent; but could dis-

* Literally, 'four feet.'

the weapon in its usual recess, had forced the point into the top of the tent, and the butt into the ground so firmly, that I failed to extract it at the first effort; and my visitor, alarmed by the movement, started upon his feet and rushed through the door. I had time to see that he was perfectly naked, with the exception of a black blanket twisted round his loins, and that he had already stowed away in his cloth my candlesticks and my dressing case, which latter contained letters, keys, money, and other valuables. I had also leisure, in that brief space, to judge, from the size of the arm extended to my bed, that the bearer was more formed for activity than strength; and, by his grizzled beard, that he was rather old than young. I, *therefore*, sprung from my bed, and, darting through the purdar of the inner door, seized him by the cummerbund just as he was passing the outer entrance*. The cloth, however, being

* The tents in India have double flies; the outer khansut, wall, forming a verandah, of some four feet wide, round the interior pavilion.

loose, gave way, and ere I could confirm my grasp, he snatched it from my hand, tearing away my thumb-nail down to the quick. In his anxiety to escape, he stumbled through the outer purdar, and the much-esteemed dressing-case fell out of his loosened zone. I was so close at his heels, that he could not recover it; and, jumping over the tent-ropes—which, doubtless, the rogue calculated would trip me up—he ran towards the road. I was in such a fury, that, forgetting my bare feet, I gave chase, vociferating lustily, ‘Choor, choor!’ (thief, thief!) but was soon brought up by some sharp stones, just in time to see my rascal, by the faint light of the moon through the thick foliage overhead, jump upon a horse standing unheld near the road, and dash down the path at full speed, his black blanket flying in the wind. What would I have given for my double-barrelled Joe at that moment! As he and his steed went clattering along the rocky forest road, I thought of the black huntsman of the Hartz, or the Erl-king! Returning to my tent, I solaced myself by abus-

ing my servants, who were just rubbing their eyes and stirring themselves, and by threatening the terrified sepoy sentry with a court martial. My trunks at night were always placed outside the tent, under the sentry's eye ; the robber, therefore, must have made his entry on the opposite side, and he must have been an adept in his vocation, as four or five servants were sleeping between the khanauts. The poor devil did not get much booty for his trouble, having only secured a razor, a pot of pomatum (which will serve to lubricate his person for his next exploit*), and the candle sticks, which, on closer inspection, will satisfactorily prove to him the truth of the axiom that ' all is not gold that glitters,' nor even silver. One of my dogs was usually chained to the pole supporting the tent, but having annoyed me the preceding night by his restlessness, I had unfortunately banished him to the stables.

The next morning, on relating my adven

* Indian thieves oil their bodies to render their seizure difficult.

ture, I was told that I was fortunate in having escaped cold steel; and many comfortable instances were recited, of the robbed being stabbed in attempting to secure the robber. The thermometer this day was 97° in my tent, but in that of Colonel Stevenson it was lowered to 88° , by the thermantidote, an invention not unlike a winnowing machine, by which air, cooled by tattees of kus-kus grass, is thrown into a tent or room.

April 12th. Hurdwar. Before breakfast, went into the cattle-fair with Colonel Stevenson, and bought a handsome, though small mule for the mountain journeys. The price was eighty rupees, for which sum a fine camel may be purchased. We took a native bargainer with us, and I was much amused by the manner in which the buyer and seller arranged their bargain. The business of chaffering was carried on through the medium of their hands, concealed under a cloth, certain movements of the fingers having corresponding prices. It was a matter of some minutes;

and much shaking of heads, though no verbal altercation, was gone through on both sides before the bargain was concluded.

We next inspected some elephants for sale, and the dealers descanted upon their good points as largely and as knowingly as Tattersall could do on those of a horse—though the perfections of the two animals differ considerably. An elephant is extolled for a large head, large ears, arched back, sloping quarters, deep flank, long trunk well mottled, short legs, and the forearm bowing out well in front. The flat bunch of hair at the extremity of the tail is also a great desideratum.

After breakfast, we drove to a village six miles off, to beat for a tiger, in hopes of showing one to Count Vidua, the Italian, who accompanied us duly mounted and armed*.

* This enterprising traveller has since met with a tragical end; for I doubt not that the extract from the *Javashche Courant*, in the *Asiatic Journal* of November, 1831, describing the death of Count Charles Vidua de Gonsavo, applies to our unlucky companion. Whilst examining some boiling springs near Cape Coffin, on the Coast of Celebes, (an island of the Indian Archipelago,) he slipped into one of them, and was so severely burnt, that he did not long survive the accident.

Several village 'shikkarees (hunters) accompanied us, and fearlessly entered the jungle on foot, though they told us that a tiger had been prowling round the village all night. There is, no doubt, as strong mixture of predestinarian faith in the courage of the natives: they bolster up their bravery with their favourite theory of chances; and whatever of good or evil does or may happen to them, they lay upon the 'shoulders of their 'nus-seeb (fate).

The guides directed us to a spot, where we found the skeletons of two bullocks, which they told us had been carried off three days before; and we had the mortification of knowing that there were tigers within a hundred yards of us, without the power of getting at them.

The swamps were so deep that the sagacious elephants refused to enter them, and we were, unfortunately, not furnished with fireworks and ropes, or other means resorted to by sportsmen to rouse wild beasts from inaccessible lurking-places.

Much to our regret, and that of the Count,

who hoped to have been able to describe a tiger-hunt in his journal, we returned home tigerless ; but had some very good shooting on the way back. I shot a very fine wild boar just under the Count's nose, and several brace of black partridges, which the Italian declared to be the *coq de bois*. The poor fellow was so completely knocked up when we reached home, that he was obliged to decline joining the dinner party. Indeed, we had a fatiguing day of it, the elephants themselves being quite jaded.

This day is the last of the fair, and tomorrow the party will break up, all, like the rays of a star, starting different ways.

CHAPTER IV.

ON the 12th of April, Colonel Dawkins and I left Hurdwar, and commenced our march through the valley of Deyra Doon. Our route was most beautiful, and reminded me much of some of the milder and least wild regions of the Alps. The road, which is made with great art, winds down through a woody declivity, sometimes closely hemmed in by abrupt rocky banks, and at others traversing a luxuriantly wooded plain. We found our tents pitched in a thick forest near the small chokee of Karsrah.

On the summit of the hill above our encampment is a small bungalow, built for the accommodation of persons travelling without tents; and similar buildings are established at nearly every stage through the Doon. From this point we enjoyed a magnificent prospect. Below us lay the beautiful valley of Deyra, luxuriant with many-tinted

forests, and refreshed by the rippling little rivers, which, with as many arms as Briareus, run in a meandering course through the whole length of the vale, from the Ganges to the Jumna. The view is bounded on all sides by mountains. In the north and west, those of Gurhwal and Surmoor rise, series after series, till they are terminated by the snow-capped peaks of Himalayah. In the south, the prospect is abruptly closed by the range of woody hills which form the boundary of the Deyra Doon, and cut it off from the plains of Hindostan.

We had provided ourselves with a punkah and tattees of kus-kus at Hurdwar; and by their means, together with the umbrageous canopy overhead, reduced the temperature of our tent to 78°.

During breakfast, a hurkarah arrived with a note from a gentleman who passed by this same route yesterday, informing us that, as he was fishing in a mountain-stream near at hand, a tiger came to drink at it within pistol-shot of him, and retired without seeing him,

—an uncommon predicament for a disciple of the philosopher Walton. We determined to look for him in the evening, though our chance of success is small in a country so full of ravines, by which the tigers can sneak away to the woods when they hear the crashing approach of the elephants.

At 4 p.m., having caught a wild-looking shikkaree, we established him upon an elephant, and, descending the woody hill, entered the thick grass jungle bordering the beautiful little river which runs through the valley. The hunter promised us good deer-shooting, but denied all knowledge of tigers. We had not, however, been out more than half an hour, when, in a small patch of high silky grass, a very fine one jumped up close under my elephant's trunk, just as I was in the act of taking aim at a peacock, one of a large covey which rose before me. I immediately transferred my aim to the royal quadruped, and in the hurry of the moment gave him the advantage of a load of small shot, instead of the bullet in the other barrel. He

uttered a loud roar, rushed through the grass, plunged into a ravine, and I lost sight of him. We beat all the surrounding jungle without finding him, when I suggested trying a small rushy island, which was only divided from the main land by a shallow branch of the river, and was directly opposite the point where the ravine debouched upon the stream. We had no sooner entered the islet, than D. came upon the tiger, and fired two shots at him. The beast being, however, upon the retreating system, escaped from the covert, and I saw him cross over to another islet, thickly set with brushwood ; it was not more than fifty yards square, and as he entered it I saw by his action that he had been wounded. We, nevertheless, beat in vain for him ; and though the elephants showed all the usual signs of the vicinity of a tiger, we never saw him again. My elephant imagined more than once that he had stepped upon the object of our search, and kicked a huge stump of a burnt tree into a thousand pieces in his mistaken fury.

On the road back to the camp, I shot a hog-deer and a young spotted deer, the latter of which made very good venison; the other furnishing a plentiful feast for the servants.

The next morning—whilst our tents advanced eight miles to the village of Luckawala—we started on our elephants to look for our lost tiger of yesterday (who only escaped us by a combination of bad luck, and bad management on our part). We were again balked in our expectations, although we traced him, by the assistance of the mahouts, who were uncommonly keen, for nearly a mile on the sand. Returned to Karsrah, quitted our elephants, and drove to the next encamping ground in a gig; the road being now nearly level.

April 14th. Marched eleven miles to the town of Deyra, whence the name of the valley. The first half of the day's journey led through a thick forest of very lofty trees, many of them strangers to the plains of India.

The underwood was formed of richly-flowing plants, among which the corinda sent forth its well-nigh sickening fragrance; and parasites of the most gigantic proportions twined round the trunks and branches of the larger trees, resembling in their grotesque writhings the folds of huge boa-constrictors—a similitude so strong in some instances as to be almost startling.

In some places the trees on either side the road met overhead, forming a long and dark arcade of impervious foliage; the lofty arches being not uncommonly knit together at the apex by the luxuriant creepers. In one of these natural cloisters we overtook a party of peasants, who were singing in a wild and monotonous cadence; and at some distance their voices, echoed and reverberated by the vaulted forest, sounded not unlike the chaunting in a cathedral. In the immediate neighbourhood of the town of Deyra, the jungle has been cleared away, and the wheat crops are remarkably fine.

On arriving at our tents we received a

polite invitation from Mr. Shore*, the political agent for this province, to pass the day in his house. He is a remarkably tall and handsome man, has adopted the mussulman costume, and wears a long beard. He is also distinguished as the scourge of all the brigands and wild beasts which infest his province. In bringing the former to justice he seldom trusts to inferior agents; but taking one or two determined assistants, mounts his camel or his horse, slings his rifle on his shoulder, and with no better food than rice, and no more efficient night-shelter than a good blanket, makes two or three forced marches to the lurking-place of the robbers; and by the terror of his name, or prowess of person, generally brings his expedition to a speedy and successful termination. His most remarkable exploit was the following. A numerous and determined banditti, being pursued by the battalion of Ghourkahs cantoned at Deyra, took refuge in a small fortress, I think called Khoonda. Mr. Shore, with Ma-

* The son of the present Lord Teignmouth.

jor Young, the commandant of the corps above mentioned, arrived before the walls, but having no guns capable of effecting a breach, Mr. S. proposed that they should cut down a tree, and forming a battering-ram, force the gates in this primeval method. The machine was prepared and carried up to the gate, in spite of the fire of the garrison : the instrument did its work—down went the gates, and in rushed my hero and Major Y. at the head of their men. I hope, for the perfection of my story, that the legend, which went to say that each gentleman saved the other's life during the conflict, is true—true it is that the fort was taken, and Mr. Shore wounded.

The verandah and rooms of this active persecutor of the wild animals of the forest are adorned with the grim skulls and stuffed skins of tigers, bears, boars, monkeys, and other characteristic drawing-room furniture : and while we were at breakfast, two black bears, with silver collars round their necks, strolled quietly into the room, and took possession of

the posts of honour on the right and left of our host. These proved to be domestic pets, and ate their breakfasts out of wooden bowls placed on either side of his chair. One of them was unruly; and after devouring his own meal, attempted to forage some honey from the table, upon which he received a very good threshing with a dog-whip from his master.

Mr. Shore described to us his general method of killing tigers, which militates a good deal against my ideas of good sport. However, it is a good plan in a place where elephants are scarce, and where the thickness of the forest almost renders these animals useless. When intelligence arrives of a bullock having been killed in the jungles by a tiger (which animal generally defers his meal until evening), Mr. S. orders the carcass to be dragged under some convenient tree, among the branches of which he lays a michaun, or platform of bamboo. Here he takes his station with his guns and ammunition, and patiently awaits the arrival of his victim, who



Roaring Tiger from Plattes, taken Feb. by John Harris April 1834

does not fail to return about sunset to his prey, and is shot before he has time to begin his meal. The accompanying plate will afford the reader a pretty correct representation of the above-mentioned sport, and of the scenery through which we are now travelling.

Mr. Shore describes the approach of the tiger, on these occasions, as equally crouching and cautious as though he were in pursuit of living prey. He also gives an amusing account of the several animals which succeed each other—during the, doubtless entertaining, vigil of the sportsman—in possession of the carcase; until the jackalls, the latest occupants, begin to cower and sneak away, which is a hint to the shooter to prepare for the arrival of the arch-bully, the tiger himself, who is sure then to be creeping towards his feast.

At a quarter before 4 P.M. we went out to witness an eclipse of the sun, which was beautifully and distinctly visible through the medium of a looking-glass and a pair of green spectacles. After the eclipse, we had a distinct view of the new-formed invalid station of Llandowr, and Missource, where

Major Young and some others have cool summer residences. They are situated on a lofty ridge of the mountains directly north of Deyra.

In the evening our host walked with us into the town; it is inconsiderable, but much improved by the exertions of Mr. Shore. The cantonments are good, and there is an extensive parade ground. I visited a very beautiful and very sacred temple, the burial-place of its founder, a holy goru, of great learning and piety. Such was the sanctity of the spot, that I was required to leave my shoes at the entrance of the sanctum sanctorum, which I did not hesitate to do, in compliance with the custom of the country, and as a mark of respect paid to religion, of whatever form.

The temple is built of stone ornamented with sundry-coloured chunam (a cement made of cowrie shells), which, at a little distance, has all the effect of marble. The beneficent founder has also endowed Deyra with a fine stone tank, covering about an acre of ground.

There is something remarkably *snug* and 'world-forgetting' in the situation of Deyra and its little community. To a man who could be contented in retirement, possessed of his 'domus,' and I suppose I must add, 'placens uxor;' and fortified by the 'vrai desir d'être oublié,' Deyra might really be a 'Happy Valley.' Though it is cooler than the plains, the English inhabitants retire to the mountain stations, so conveniently at hand, during the hotter months; and they have a feasible and direct communication with the 'cities of the plain' by the pass of Kerie, due south of Deyra. However, to counterbalance these and other utopian advantages, I am told that the surrounding forests are, during the annual rains, so loaded with malaria, that it is fatal even to travel through them.

April 15th.—Therm. in our tents at Deyra, 82°.—At 4 A.M. this morning, my friend and myself started on an expedition to the two mountains-stations above mentioned,

Llandowr and Missouree. Mr. Shore was kind enough to send two capital ghoonts (mountain ponies) for us to Rajpore, a village at the foot of the mountains, seven miles from Deyra. We galloped on our own horses to this place, where we found the rough little brutes, with two guides awaiting us.

We immediately mounted upon the well-padded saddles and commenced the ascent, being duly cautioned by the men to lay the bridle on the necks of our ponies, and allow them to rest when they pleased. We accordingly yielded the usual prerogative of a horseman to influence the motions and will of his steed, and proceeded.

The distance from the base of the hill to Llandowr, the most elevated of the two stations, is eight miles; and the road (which for the sake of necks and nerves, I rejoice to say is in progress of improvement) sometimes winds down the edge of the rocks, sometimes zig-zags up the face of the hill, plunges into the dark depths of a ravine, or creeps over the giddy summit of a naked crag. It is, in

its present unfinished state, in most parts not more than three feet wide, not unfrequently diminishing to one foot, and even six inches !

The journey is certainly a nervous one for beginners, for though we have both rambled through the Alps, we have been rather accustomed to trust to our own feet than to ride in mountainous expeditions. The obstinate little ghoonts, too, always select the very outermost edge of the track, so that the rider, glancing his eye over the shoulder of his beast, sees nothing between him and the unfathomable abyss below ; unless it be detached atoms of stone or earth, crumbling from the passing tread of the animal, and rolling over the precipice.

We were an hour and a half in reaching a little halfway hamlet, situated, or rather perched in a small nook of cultivation ; and an hour and three-quarters in accomplishing the last half of the upward journey. On a narrow but elevated platform of earth on the right of the road, we passed the new-made

grave of Sir Charles Farrington, of the Thirty-first regiment, who died of consumption on his way to Llandowr, whither he was repairing, as a last hope, about a fortnight ago. In this romantic spot, surrounded with trees, and overhung with black rocks, a monument is to be erected to his memory.

We reached the little half-built colony without accident, and breakfasted with Major Brutton of the Eleventh dragoons, who commands the depôt of European invalids. During the building of the bungalows and hospitals, which are to be roofed in before the setting in of the rains, the Major and the rest of the officers, and invalid men, amounting to eighty, are living in tents; and many of the sick are already, from the effects of the delightful climate, recovering.

To us, just emerged from the plain, it appeared disagreeably cold. The therm. stood at 54°, whilst at Deyra it ranged at 80°. Llandowr is seven thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea. The establishment of this station, so convenient

for the invalids of Meerut, and other great northern cantonments, will be a great saving to government, who were obliged before its creation to send their sick servants to the Cape of Good Hope, or at least to sea.

After inspecting the several buildings, and enjoying the most splendid view of the snowy range, the beautiful Doon, the mountains beyond it, and in the dim distance the wide-spreading plains of Hindostan, we remounted our ghooms, and set off for Missourie, which is somewhat lower than, and three miles distant from, Llandowr. Among the various and beautiful trees and shrubs of these mountainous regions, I was delighted to recognize many old English friends. The oak and the rhododendron are the largest timber trees; and of the latter, which in Europe and America is a mere shrub, the beams of the Llandowr houses are formed. At this period they are covered with a luxuriant crimson flower, and their stems, as well as those of the oak, are thickly clothed with a long and hoary moss. During our descent I also

discovered the cherry, pear, barberry, and raspberry, which are unknown in the plains.

Missource is situated on a table hill, and is less wooded than Llandowr; but it has greatly the advantage in point of space. We called upon Major Young, who resides here, and he obligingly furnished us with directions for finding tigers in our progress through the Doon towards Simla.

The descent we found infinitely more fatiguing than the ascent, but our nerves grew callous in proportion to our fatigue; though we were obliged to dismount in a few bad places. At Rajpore we found our gig, and drove into Deyra just in time to dress for dinner. It was a good day's work. We rode twenty-six miles, nineteen of mountain equitation; and drove seven miles.

On our arrival at our tents we found five elephants sent to us from the Head-quarters commissariat, as a reinforcement for our tiger-campaign. Having already four of these animals, we shall possess a good string of beaters for the marshes of Synspore. This

evening, as if on purpose to give employment for our sporting forces, a despatch arrived from one of a fishing party of gentlemen at Synspore, informing us that a Captain Kent had that morning been attacked and severely injured by a tiger. He was brought into Deyra, and his wounds examined, which though severe were not dangerous. The monster's claws had cruelly lacerated his shoulders and breast, and one tooth had penetrated his cheek. His escape was most marvellous. He was imprudently shooting on foot in the thickest of a jungle famed for tigers, and had just fired both barrels at a deer, when the lurking tyrant of the forest sprung upon him from a tuft of grass, and knocked him down. His life was probably saved by his gun. He was carrying it on his shoulder, and the tiger seized it in his mouth, instead of the captain's head. The marks of his tusks were distinctly impressed upon the barrel, and a fragment of a shivered tooth was found afterwards in the gentleman's waistcoat. It is, therefore, probable, that his

abstaining from further attack was in consequence of his finding an Englishman so much tougher a mouthful than he expected ; true it is that he bounded on, satisfied with one round. We propose reaching Synspore the day after to-morrow, to give the captain his *revanche*.

April 16th. This evening, Mr. Shore having furnished us with a guide, Dawkins and I rode to see the site (for little else remains of that once impregnable fortress) of Kalunga, which successfully resisted and repelled a British army ; and before whose walls the gallant but rash General Gillespie fell, leading on the attack. Kalunga is situated on a lofty woody hill, isolated from the main range of mountains, and commanding the Doon east and west. It was eventually taken, and our pioneers (in retribution for its former resistance, and the death of two more officers in the second attack) left not one stone upon another. Two white obelisks in the midst of a corn-field in the valley mark the resting-place of the slain.

The next day we took leave of our entertaining and eccentric host ; and, bidding adieu to Deyra, resumed our march. We found our canvass tabernacles erected on a hilly forest-ridge, near the hamlet of Pelcon. This ridge is cut up by the violence of the periodical rains into numerous deep and tangled ravines debouching upon the valley : the vale itself is intersected by numerous streams and nullahs ; the centre is grassy and swampy, and free from trees, which, however, grow thickly and wildy on the higher ground, and in the ravines. Being now in the midst of the most favourite haunts of wild beasts, our servants received directions to secure themselves and our camels, ponies, and sheep within the circle formed by the tents and the elephants, and to keep large fires blazing all night.

At 2 P.M. we took our little pack of elephants, and, descending to the valley, commenced a battu for a tiger. We hunted in vain for two hours along the river side, and my companion, taking a detachment of beaters, wandered up a grassy ravine, to try his fortune in

the forest jungle. We had not been long separated, before I heard one of his elephants trumpeting and snorting most furiously ; and, guessing the cause, hurried to the scene of action. I found that my friend had come suddenly upon a fine tiger, which had charged him when he was most awkwardly situated among large trees, and on the steep brow of the ravine, and had then disappeared among the brushwood. Proceeding cautiously up the hollow, we soon found the mangled carcass of a heifer concealed in the dry channel of a little nullah ; and, farther on, a perfect Golgotha of bones. We were just congratulating ourselves on having so correctly hit upon the spot, when, looking diligently among the bushes thickly clothing the flanks of the ravine, I distinguished the well-known black stripe and yellow skin through a small aperture in a thicket, within ten paces of me, and on a ledge of ground higher than my houdah. In this contingency consists the chief danger of ravine shooting ; the animal, by his advantage of position, being enabled to spring even

into the houdah, a feat which, on fair ground, he could never accomplish.

Stopping my elephant, I took, as I thought, a good aim, and pulled both triggers; when, instead of the monster which I expected, out rushed a little cub tiger of about three months, and charged me so courageously, that my elephant (a female, which I selected to-day as smaller and easier than my sturdy old 'Crook-tusk*,' whose violence among trees I rather dreaded) took to her heels, and was in full career towards the deep dry nullah above mentioned, when I made a successful *Parthian* shot with my favourite Joe Manton, and slew my determined little pursuer.

My friend's elephant, equally ill-behaved on this occasion, in her anxiety to escape slid down the steep bank about forty yards, dragging her hind legs after her in the most ridiculous but *periculouſ* manner. The mahouts declared that there must be another

* This elephant is well known in the Commissariat by his great size, unruly character, and a deformity in one of his tusks.

cub ; but as it was growing dusk, we deferred our pursuit until the morrow.

The next morning, whilst our camp advanced to Synspore, we proceeded in due form to our appointment with the tigress and the remaining cub. Mr. Grey, a young medico from Deyra, joined us by invitation, and we mounted him for the occasion : it was his first tiger-chasse. We proceeded as direct as we could to the scene of yesterday's skirmish. Grey and I were close together, and D. a little on the flank ; when, about one hundred yards from the spot where the tiger was seen yesterday, G. suddenly exclaimed, ' Here she comes ! ' and I saw the beautiful animal creeping quickly out of a richly-flowering lemon-thicket, about forty paces from us, and approaching us in a crouching attitude, with her fierce eyes fixed upon us. We fired so simultaneously, that neither heard the other's shot, and the tiger rushed back into the thicket. Fearing her escape, we hurried to the spot, and my old ' Crook-tusk,' tearing up the bush, discovered her in the centre. I immediately

fired, but the shot was useless, for she was stone-dead,—a fact I might have known before, had I not mistaken the exclamation, ‘*Purra hui!*’ ‘*She’s dead,*’—of the mahout, for ‘*Para, para,*’ a ‘*Hog-deer!*’

On dragging her out of the odoriferous lemon-bush, she proved to be a very fine tigress, her dugs full of milk, and measuring in length ten feet five inches. She had three shots in her; one, the fatal ball, in her shoulder, one in the thigh, and another through both houghs. Coming out of the thicket, we fell in with the surviving cub, the last scion of this ill-fated family; and Dawkins, dismounting from his elephant, and arming himself with a kookaree or mountain-dagger, attempted to take the beautiful little creature alive; but it made so furious an attack, that he was obliged to knock it on the head.

Having secured our game upon the elephants, we drove on to our camp at Synspore, Mr. Grey accompanying us. Our encampment occupied a beautiful site on the edge of the forest, with a green lawn in front, gently

sloping down to the rushy level through which the little river meandered. For miles in advance the banks of the stream are clothed with thick grass; and the frequent patches of tall, rank rushes and reeds, with the filmy marsh-miasma floating and dancing in aguish wreaths above them, wore greater charms in the eyes of us tiger-hunters, than would have the far-famed gardens of Shalimar, or even those of royal Kensington.

But, in spite of its promising qualities, and the notoriety of the spot as a tiger-haunt, our disappointment was as great as our expectations were overweening. We had no sooner arrived at Synspore, than the Jemadar of the village presented himself, and, with a thousand 'khodabunds!' and 'mharâjs!' besought our aid against a tiger, which, he said, had this season killed nine bullocks and a horse belonging to his village, and had two days ago wounded a *velcitee* sahib (English gentleman), doubtless Captain Kent. Making sure of our prey the next day, we determined to give our elephants a good rest (for they were beginning to look thin, and grow foot-

sore), and employed this morning in casting balls, and manufacturing squibs and crackers for the swamps on the morrow. In the afternoon, our medical companion made a very interesting dissection of the tigress, and traced the course of the fatal shot. It had entered the right shoulder a little above the elbow, and glancing upwards from the thick blade-bone, lodged in the vertebræ of the neck, in the very centre of which we found it wedged, and almost flat. This spinal wound sufficiently accounted for her instantaneous death. Mr. G. dissected the arm of the animal, and it presented, when deprived of the skin, the most beautiful and powerful system of muscles and sinews that it is possible to conceive.

Synspore, April 19th. Out all day, with a line of twelve elephants, in search of Captain Kent's tiger; but returned without finding even a trace of him, and proportionably disappointed: the more so, that we might have had the best day's deer-shooting possible, but refrained from firing out of respect to our

more royal game. The villagers, who accompanied us in great numbers, were as much disappointed as ourselves, and supposed the tiger had retired to the inaccessible parts of the marshes. Into some of these we obliged the mahouts to force our elephants in spite of their sagacious resistance : and more than once we were nearly thrown out of the houdahs, by the violent exertions made by the frightened animals to extricate themselves from the sinking quag. We threw fireworks as far as we could among the reeds, and were even imprudent enough to dismount, and try to proceed farther into the swamp on foot ; but after getting thoroughly wet, and finding ourselves, when above our ankles in a most retentive bog, in a poor situation for resistance should the tiger attack, we retraced our way back to the elephants, and returned, well tired, to a late dinner. The evening was beautiful ; one side of the tent was raised to admit the coolness of the night breeze, which wafted gently to us a delicious tribute of fragrance from the surround-

ing forest; and as we sat in the bright moonlight, sipping our lál-sheráb (claret), and inhaling long draughts of complacency from our rose-odoured hookahs, we all agreed that this gypsy-like life in the wilderness, with the requisite ingredients of good health, good spirits, good shooting, beautiful scenery, and (oh romance!) a wild boar pork-chop and clean table-cloth, is, for a season, enjoyable in the extreme.

The next day, long before 'common-kissing Titan' had begun to gild the hills, we were in the field; and, without finding the tiger, shot our way to the next encamping-ground at the hamlet of Futtypore. We had a very good day's sport, killing two boars, three deer, three brace of black partridges, three brace of hares (which greatly abound in the Doon), and a few snipes. The solitary snipe found in the swamps is a very handsome and large bird. If we had secured the tiger, our game-bag would have presented a pleasing variety. During the day my servant had a curious

escape ;—he requested permission to dismount from the houdah to drink at the river, and was in the act of stooping to raise the water in his hands to his lips, when I heard him utter a scream, and then a grand splash in the river. I rushed forward through the long grass, fully expecting that a tiger had seized the poor fellow, and found him standing in the stream, feeling his limbs all over, and blubbering from fright. An immense boar, roused from his lair, had charged him in the rear, and, ripping up his voluminous cummerbund, tumbled him headlong into the stream—fortunately, without the least injury. The animal continued his career without repeating his attack, and had not gone twenty yards, when to the great delight of the poor bearer, he was brought to the ground by a shot from my friend.

21st. Therm. in tent 87°. Dr. G. left us, and returned to Deyra. Shot our way to Raj Ghaut, a timber depôt and ferry on the Jumna. This great river, the next in rank

to the holy Gunga, emerges at this point from the Hímalaya mountains, and is even here, so near its source, wider than the Thames at Windsor.

It issues upon the Doon through a beautiful defile flanked by richly-wooded hills, and, sweeping across the valley, receiving the tributary waters of the little stream along whose banks we have been travelling, forces its way through the southern range of mountains, and bursts upon the plains; where, after running through the great cities of Delhi, Muttra, and Agra, it finally blends itself with the Ganges at Allahabad. In the vicinity of Raj Ghaut there is very good trout-fishing, both in the Jumna and in the smaller streams.

The following day we crossed the river in a rude boat—the elephants wading and swimming over—and entered the Kearda Doon, a continuation of the Deyra valley, to which it bears in its features a miniature resemblance. Our day's march was eight coss, or about twelve miles; the roads were execrable, and

almost dislocated every joint of the poor buggy. The valley gradually narrowed as we proceeded, and we found our tents at the village of Kearda, romantically situated in a dell completely encompassed by woody heights, on the summit of the nearest of which are the ruins of what appears to have been a petty Goorkah fortress.

A little, ugly, but athletic Shikkaree, who visited our camp, informed us that the surrounding forests abounded in bears, leopards, hyænas, wild elephants, and even tigers; but the coverts are so heavy, and cut up by ravines, that they are not accessible to mounted sportsmen. A small species of pheasant and the jungle-poultry are also found in the hills; the latter were crowing all day on the heights above us.

We took a sporting stroll in the afternoon, and brought home a good bag of partridges and hares: we also roused a very large boar, but he escaped. During the chasse I found myself in a fine grove of mulberry-trees, and regaled myself with the fruit, which was very

refreshing on the hottest day I almost ever experienced. The berry is sweet and juicy, but much smaller than it is in Europe. Returning towards camp, in the dusk of the evening, I saw a large snake, (the only one I ever met with when out shooting,) which, as it rolled its scaly length over the brow of a ravine, seemed to be about the thickness of a man's arm. I had but a momentary glimpse of it, and fired, the ball splintering the piece of burnt timber under which it was gliding.

23rd. Continued our march and found our advanced tents scarcely pitched. The servants, and the Goorkah sepoys who formed our guard, told us that they were much delayed during their night-march by the wild elephants, who made several attacks upon their tame brethren carrying our tents, and were only repulsed by the firing of the sepoys. These huge inhabitants of the woods are rarely seen except in the night, when they commonly descend to the valleys. We may expect some annoyance from them to-night,

as the Doon is here scarcely a quarter of a mile in width, and completely hemmed in by overhanging hills ; but such is their dread of fire, that it is no difficult matter to repulse these Brobdignag foes, who, if they could succeed in making good their attack, would quickly level our canvass home.

I strolled out among the wooded hills in the cool of the evening, (if one can call any part of a day, with Fahrenheit pointing at 93°, cool,) and shot a cock and hen jungle-fowl. They flew like pheasants, and had a very game plumage. The tail of the cock is not nearly so much arched as that of the English bird, though it is more curved than that of the pheasant ; his crow is more wild and short, and less sonorous than the voice of our British chanticleer. I did not feel quite comfortable as I returned down the forest hill on foot in the dusk, and I eyed the dark thickets rather jealously as I passed them. My faithful bearer too looked somewhat *livid*, when I dropped a couple of bullets over the shot into each of my four barrels, and bid him

keep close to my elbow. However nothing alarming occurred; except, perhaps, that we heard the wild elephants trumpeting and crashing in the distant forests as they commenced their descent to the valley to drink at the nullahs.

Our sheep having failed us, the jungle-fowls, with the orthodox concomitant of bread-sauce, (in the wilderness!) proved exceedingly dainty food. At night the jungles around us being on fire in several points presented a most grand and beautiful spectacle: long streams of flame ran rapidly up and athwart the sides of the hills, and the elephants were heard screaming and rushing through the forest to avoid the invading element.

Our wheel-carriages having been sadly tumbled about by the rough tracks of yesterday and to-day, we sent them back, with orders to the hukara who accompanied them, to take them into store at Kurnul.

The following morning we renewed our

march towards Nahun. The first six miles of the route lay through a very picturesque, well-watered and wooded valley; when we suddenly quitted the vale and began to ascend the mountain to our right, on whose summit glittered the white buildings of the town. The path was exceedingly steep and craggy, and occasionally so narrow, that we marvelled how the tent-loaded elephants could have passed. These sure-footed creatures did succeed, however, though with great difficulty, in reaching Nahun, which is, I suppose, nearly four miles of precipitous ascent from the river. We found the camels with the baggage about halfway up, the Surwâns declaring they could get them no farther.

On arriving at the picturesque little hill-town, we found the public bungalow, built for the accommodation of the few travellers that pass this way, occupied by two officers, and we therefore pitched a tent. *Nous voilà !* fairly in the mountains !

Nahun, which is the chief town of a small

Ráj, is a very pretty little place, curiously dotted about on several adjoining eminences. In the centre, and much elevated, stands the palace of the Rajah, commanding a most extensive view, bounded on the north by the snowy peaks, and on the south by the plains of India, which, contrasted with the abrupt and rugged outline of the hills, have, in the indistinct distance, precisely the appearance of the ocean.

On hearing of the arrival of two officers of the ' Lord Sahib's' suite, the Rajah very civilly sent us a present of several trays of pomegranates and sweetmeats, and dispatched forty coolies to bring our baggage up the hill. Two of the least clumsy of the camels were also brought safely to the summit. These animals are manifestly intended, by their conformation of limb, for the straightforward business of the plains: when we had succeeded in getting them to the top, the poor creatures stared about in evident alarm, and appeared quite out of their element. With the presents, the Rajah of

Nahun sent us an intimation of his intention to visit us in the afternoon; so we prepared the larger tent for our little durbar.

On the north side of the Nahun mountain we saw for the first time, except indeed at Llandowr, the fir-tree. It is of a very beautiful species, with large spreading branches, like the Scotch fir. The raspberry grows wild and eatable, and the pomegranate in the sunny nooks shows its dark green leaf and beautiful bell-shaped crimson blossom. Within view of our tents, in a north-easterly direction, lies the hill-fort of Jytuck (four thousand eight hundred and fifty-four feet above the level of the sea), which cost the lives of four British officers in its capture, during the Gourkah war. The tombs of these officers, marked by a lofty obolisque, are on the bank of a spacious tank in the centre of the town of Nahun.

At 4 P.M., the Rajah paid us his promised visit. He was mounted on a handsome young elephant, and brought a small train of courtiers with him. He appeared not more

than twenty-two, rather tall, very handsome, with a fair complexion and light grey eyes. He presented Dawkins, as the Burra Sahib, with a matchlock, and was exceedingly liberal in his offers of assistance in our progress through the mountains.

As is usual with native potentates who have the advantage of the Honourable Company's protection, he complained that he had merely the title of Rajah, with few of the more substantial privileges of that rank, and said that it was his intention to make a journey to Calcutta, to petition for the increase of his Ráj, a pilgrimage which we advised him at least to defer. He has, indeed, some reason to bewail the poverty of his kingdom, for it consists chiefly of the thinly peopled and scantily cultivated mountain regions between Deyra and Pinjore.

The Rajah informed us that the road from hence to Subbátoo, four long marches, though formed with care and tolerably wide, is too steep for loaded camels or elephants. We shall, therefore, send our heavy baggage

round by Pinjore—by which route the Headquarters entered the hills—and carry on with us a light equipment on the shoulders of coolies. In spite of the Rajah's assurances of the impracticability of taking on camels, my friend determined to send on two of these animals to carry a couple of very light tents ; which arrangement will render us independent of the stage-bungalows.

The young chief appearing anxious that we should visit his killar, or fortress, we promised to see him again to-morrow, which engagement, however, we intend to excuse ourselves from performing ; as we find it rather laborious and irksome, with our ' light marching ' stock of Hindostanee, to support a durbar conversation.

April 25th. Sojourned at Nahun, to give the Rajah time to muster his coolies from the different villages for the transport of our baggage. We are now, I fancy, about four thousand feet above the sea, nearly five hundred feet higher than Snowdon, and yet

the thermometer keeps up at 86° in the tent. The heat, however, is not distressing, being modified by the north breeze, which blows refreshingly upon us.

The next morning the mountaineer coolies arrived, and a strange ill-favoured race they are. In their high cheeks, long narrow eyes, broad fronts, and narrow chins, they bear an evident affinity to the Tartar. Their stature is very short, but they are wide-chested, and strongly limbed, and show prodigious strength in carrying burdens up the steep mountain-tracks. The Gourkahs, in our wars with them, proved the enemies best worthy of the British arms in India. It is said that these hardy little warriors speak with the greatest contempt of their gigantic long-bearded neighbours the Seikhs. They make first-rate tirailleurs, and at the siege of Bhurtpore one of the Company's Gourkah regiments much distinguished itself. They appeared, on that occasion, somewhat pigmy by the side of our British grena-

diers, their average height being barely five feet.

We dispatched the men with the baggage some hours before we started ourselves. The first two miles were an abrupt descent : down this same hill and up the opposite one, the British with infinite labour dragged the guns, cased in hollow trunks of timber, to the attack of Jytuck. The road by which we now travelled, is a work of the Nahun Rajah, and is remarkably well constructed ; and though in several precipitous points it has been found necessary to support it with masonry, it is rarely narrower than eight feet. I found my ghoint, or mountain-pony, rather too small and weak for the steep roads and long marches ; but my mule, which bears not half its appearance of strength, carried me extremely well, and is, fortunately, not stubborn, like most of her tribe. A gibbing mule in a precipitous road *must* gain his point with a prudent master.

Our stage was eleven miles, and we were in sight of the town we had left and the

bungalow we were bound to during nearly the whole journey. We were three hours in accomplishing it, and on reaching Bernetti, found all our coolies safely arrived. They were about fifty in number, and the weight these little fellows carried was astonishing. Their usual burthen is one maund and a half, or one hundred and twenty pounds, and the price of their labour two annas, or four-pence a day. The Rajah civilly furnished us with a chuprassee, who was very useful in paying and arranging the relays of coolies, and procuring milk and other necessaries for us: he also sent with us a well-stocked bunneer, or victualler, for the accommodation of our servants and followers.

The bungalow of Bernetti is prettily situated on a little level platform in a shady recess, with a good spring of water, and backed up by a woody mountain. The pheasant, black partridge, and chekoar, are said to abound in the ravines, but they are difficult to get at. Our two camels had performed their first day's hill-march very well,

but with one or two narrow escapes. The bungalow being occupied by the two travellers who preceded us, we pitched our little tents. The thermometer yielded a few degrees in our favour this day, being at 83°.

The next morning we proceeded to Suran, outstripping our precursors, and thus securing the bungalow. This stage is about twelve miles, and some portions of the road are so steep and abrupt, that we were obliged to dismount and walk. The first half of our march led through a pine forest: the scenery was beautiful, and we had several favourable peeps of the snowy peaks through the gorges of the hills to the north. During our passage through the forest, we were amused by the absurd freaks of a numerous band of monkeys. Our dogs gave chase to them, but they easily avoided them, by springing up into the trees, and when I whistled my spaniel away, they followed in a crowd close behind him, but leaped up into the pines the moment he turned to the attack.

The bungalow at Suran, which is a considerable village, is a well-constructed building of fir timbers and planks. The vicinage is bleak, rocky, and graced with but little vegetation. About ten miles south-west of Suran stands the little fortress of Mornee, belonging to the Rāj of Nahun. Its situation, on the pinnacle of a rocky mountain, is both strong and picturesque. Fahrenheit, gradually descending, arrived to-day at 73°, a very enjoyable temperature.

In our village a marriage was being solemnized all the morning. The women were perched on the flat roof of a house, and the men squatted on the road below, where they remained drumming and fiddling for some time; and then suddenly, as if by signal, joined the ladies above. These mountaineers act precisely the reverse of their neighbours in the plains in regard to polygamy—the advantages of the institution accruing to the women, instead of to the lords of the creation. One hill-woman is, I am told, in frequent cases the sole wife of three or four brothers.

It is hard to comprehend how the brotherhood manage to agree as to the division of the property; and it must be a matter of some difficulty for the fair polygamist to mete out a due proportion of affection impartially to each of her lords. It is to be inferred, from this unnatural plurality, that these highlanders,—luckless race!—are cursed with a paucity of ‘the sex whose presence civilizes ours;’ a fact which sufficiently accounts for their deplorable state of barbarism.

As I sat before the bungalow in the afternoon, enjoying such a cool, bracing breeze, as I had not felt for more than three years, a curious and beautiful animal, which the natives informed me was a mountain-fox, ran across the rocks in front of the building. Calling for a gun, and favoured by the inequality of the ground, I intercepted his retreat, and shot him. He was nearly twice the size of the fox of Hindostan, measuring three feet eleven inches from the nose to tip of brush. The hair was of a light colour, and very long and furry. I preserved the

skin, but it was afterwards unfortunately torn to pieces by a mischievous puppy.

28th. Started at 4 A.M., and occupied five hours and a half in accomplishing a most fatiguing march of thirteen miles and a half. There was so much clambering, that the three animals which I rode were completely knocked up. The country we traversed was more barren and rocky than the march of yesterday; but in the ravines, which have generally the advantage of water, the little hedge-rose afforded us its fragrance, and the pomegranate refreshed our sight with its purest of green leaves and crimson blossom, which, however, I would willingly have exchanged for its fruit during our hot journey. The oak and peach-tree also grow sparingly in the little strips of cultivation, which, terraced one above the other, occupy the narrow interstices of soil between the rocks. The produce of the ploughed land, a meagre and abortive crop of barley, does not promise an adequate recompense to the husbandman for

the trouble of cultivation, and, above all, of irrigation, which is a matter of difficulty in these arid regions. Amongst the brambled ravines, after sunrise, we heard the call of the black partridge, and above our heads, on the rocky peaks, that of the chekoar. This bird generally, at these early hours, takes up so commanding a position, that he is pretty safe from the sportsman. I succeeded, however, with some difficulty, in shooting one. It is much like the red-legged partridge of France, though a heavier bird. The back is of a dove-colour; beak, legs, and eyes red; and on the sides of the head and under the wings there are some beautiful feathers of a brownish pink.

We passed to-day over a mountain which commands all the hills for a great distance round about: it is called Boor's Peak, and is six thousand four hundred and thirty-nine feet above the sea, only about one hundred feet lower than the Simplon.

Bhole is the name of the village at which the stage-house is situated. The bungalow is

a miserable hut, built of what the Anglo-Himalayans call 'wattle and dab;' an expressive term, giving a clearer idea of the component materials of the hill-houses, than does the English term 'lath-and-plaster.'

The following morning we were early en route, and arrived, after an interesting and not very precipitous march of thirteen miles, at Subbátoó, the first residence of Europeans we have seen since Deyra: we took up our abode at the public bungalow, where we found two other travellers established;—it is a commodious building with five good rooms. The town consists of some fifteen or twenty houses and bungalows—built after the fashion of many English villages, round a nearly level green of about four acres—cantonments for a Gourkah regiment of seven hundred men, and an extensive bazaar. There is an ancient Gourkah castle of inconsiderable extent at one extremity of the parade-ground, perched on a mound not much loftier than the barrow at Salt-hill.

The commanding officer of the above-named corps holds also the appointment of political agent to the district. Subbátoó is the most northern European settlement in India, except Khôtgur, which is situated about seventy miles to the north-east of this place, near the banks of the Sutledge river. The elevation of Subbátoó is about four thousand five hundred feet; and it is consequently much cooler and more healthy than the plains. During the hotter months, however, the English inhabitants found a greater elevation desirable, and the Political Agent established a summer residence at Simla, a name given to two or three miserable shepherd's huts, situated twenty-four miles north-east of Subbátoó, beyond the British dominions, and in the territory of a native Ranee, or feudal baroness—for the ruler of a small uncultivated cluster of mountains can scarcely be dignified with the title of queen. The climate of Simla soon became famous; invalids from the plains resorted there, and built houses—instead of breaking up establishments and

sailing for the Cape of Good Hope, with little hope of reaching it;—and finally Simla was rendered fashionable by the Governor-general Lord Amherst, who resided there with his family for several months, and brought back to Calcutta rosy complexions, and some beautiful drawings, by Lady Sarah Amherst, to attest the healthful and picturesque properties of the spot.

Simla is distinctly visible with the naked eye from the Subbâtoo parade-ground: in the morning it was enveloped in a white shroud of clouds, but, as soon as they were dissipated by the sun, I distinguished the broad union flag floating over the Commander-in-chief's residence.

Halted the next day at Subbâtoo, thermometer 77°; and the succeeding morning, May-day, marched to Sahree, a stage-house, thirteen miles from Subbâtoo, and eleven from Simla. The first three miles of our route was a rapid descent, till we reached a beautiful little river rushing through a narrow

and precipitous gorge. We forded the stream, which is inconsiderable, except during the rains, when travellers, by making a detour of about a mile, may cross it by a hanging bridge of ropes, an ingenious invention of Mr. Shakespear, late Postmaster-general. After passing the river, the road winds in a zig-zag course up the face of a hill, and continues, with few exceptions, a gradual ascent to Sahree. We only passed two hamlets on the road-side, near one of which there are the ruins of a small fort: but on the flanks of the mountains on either hand, several small châteaux, and one or two more considerable villages, are visible: round each of these there is a little green spot of cultivation amid the wide, rocky waste of the surrounding hills. Sahree is below the range in which the pine flourishes; but at this distance we can distinguish, by their black colour and serrated summits, that the mountains of Simla are thickly covered with this tree.

At Sahree we breakfasted, and tarried during the heat of the day; and in the afternoon

began our ascent to Simla. About three miles from the latter place we entered upon the forest range, and the two last miles were on the tolerably level summit of the lofty ridge at one extremity of which Simla is situated. Here the vegetable ordinances appear the reverse of what I remarked at Llandowr. The south side of the mountain is clothed from peak to base with pines and larches, whilst the bleak northern flank is equally luxuriantly wooded with oak of several kinds, and the rich, crimson-flowered rhododendron; and so abrupt and uncompromising is this distinction of vegetable castes, that the road running along the spine of the narrow ridge is the only neutral or debatable ground between the two forest sects.

On reaching Simla, we pitched our tents for the night, and hurried to change our entire suit of white linen for a costume more suited to the temperature of 61° , which to us appeared almost inclement; indeed, it was a dreadful night. I was completely drenched in my bed by the rain, which fell in torrents;

and the wind was so violent, and the situation of our tents so exposed, that I lay awake in momentary expectation of being blown away bodily into the valley, five hundred feet beneath. A goat and a sheep, the remains of our live stock, made a most piteous bleating all night, and were found dead in the morning—a bad compliment to the climate of Simla !

My friend and myself had just been absent a month from head-quarters ere we joined them at Simla. We found Lord Combermere, with his surgeon and an aide-de-camp, established in Captain Kennedy's (the Subbâtoo political agent) summer residence ; and the rest of the Staff were either accommodated in the already existing houses, or busily employed in building—residing, in the meantime, in tents. The frequent clash of axe and hammer give evidence of the diligence with which they are labouring to provide roofs for themselves before the rains set in—nor have they much time to spare. Many hundreds of mountain-labourers and coolies are employed

cutting timber, raising stone, and erecting the several buildings; the materials for which are close at hand in the excellent firs of the forest, and the fine flaky stone which abounds here.

The houses are irregularly scattered over the confined ridge, every level or gently-inclining space being taken advantage of for building; and three or four dwellings are erected on a spur of hills running at right-angles from the Simla range towards the north. Communication between the several residences and the bazaar is secured by well-formed roads, which, though narrow, are tolerably safe for *sober* passengers. However, during our sojourn there, more than one neck was put in jeopardy by dark nights and hospitable neighbours.

A bazaar in India is a never-failing appendage to an assemblage of three or four European families, whether in town or camp. It is an excrescence originating from, and existing upon, the wants of the society;—an epitome, indeed, of trade and commerce on a larger scale. The bazaar of Simla is, there-

fore, proportionate to the necessities of its patrons, and forms a neat little village, snugly situated under the shoulder of a lofty, conical mountain called Jáko, which protects it from the north-east wind. There are grain shops, butchers, drapers, tailors, &c., to meet the exigencies of the place, and a guard-house for the Gourkah escort; and a long pen-nant, erected on a bamboo, marks the residence of the Kutwáal, or police-officer. The houses of the English residents are neatly and scientifically built of unmortared stone, intersected horizontally, at intervals of two feet, by pine-beams dove-tailed at the angles. Many have flat roofs covered with a red clay, which requires many days' labour to beat it into a solid cake impervious to rain, and not liable to be cracked by the sun. Others have sloping or gable roofs, formed of fir-planks or of flakes of clay-slate, of which there are plentiful quarries in the vicinity. Out-houses, stables, and huts, are commonly erected of the compound material, styled 'wattle and dab,' and thatched with the bark and even

with the dried leaves of the pine ; which tree, in general utility, only falls short of the cocoa-tree of Bengal. In some few instances, I have seen, in these mountains, log-huts formed of unsawed pines, after the fashion of the mountain chalets of Switzerland. Many of the Simla householders have already cultivated small spots of ground for cabbages and potatoes, and other vegetable esculents—the last-named valuable root thriving remarkably well in these climates. Captain Kennedy is liberally disseminating it through his district, and the poor natives, who live almost entirely on the precarious fruits of a not very productive soil, are not a little grateful for this useful addition to their provisions. Others of the residents of Simla have begun to embellish their abodes, and mingle the dulce with the utile, by rescuing some of the numerous and beautiful wild-flowers of these hills from their deleterious shade, and fostering them in the more sunny aspects round their habitations. Flower-seeds also, procured from the plains, have sprung up and flourished.

Among the indigenous forest-flowers, may be enumerated the violet, primrose, the hedge-rose, single and double, white and pink; the orchis, a great variety of convolvuli, and geraniums of many hues and forms. Ginger grows spontaneously and in great quantities on the sides of the hills. The beautiful and sweet-scented wild-rose assumes, in some instances, the form of a creeper: I have seen it entirely enveloping a lofty pine, and, for want of further support, feathering down in thick-flowering clusters from the summit of the tree. The stems of many of the oaks and rhododendrons are profusely clothed with ivy of several beautiful kinds, which are strangers to the plains.

Fruit is to be had in great abundance, but of little variety;—the peach and apricot are cultivated by the natives, and brought for sale—(at prices that would astonish Mrs. Grange)—to the residents of Simla: they are carried in baskets, strapped on the shoulders, precisely in shape and fashion like those used by the Vaudois peasants. Wal-

nuts are abundant: in the deep glens, the pear and apple are found, but they are hard and tasteless; and strawberries are cultivated with great success, as, indeed, they are in the more northern provinces of the plains.

On the whole, from this summary, the hills must, in the article of fruit, yield to the plains—an inferiority which, however, is no doubt partly attributable to the hitherto little interest that has been taken in its cultivation. The delicious mango, the plantain, and orange, are imported to the English at Simla, with the usual monthly stores of wine, poultry, &c. Grapes, of a superior quality to any obtained in Hindostan, are occasionally brought from the mountain provinces beyond the Sutledge; but they seldom reach Simla in very fresh order.

Mutton, of a very inferior species to that of the plains, is the '*toujours perdrix*' of Simla gastronomy; the sacred character of the cow rendering beef unattainable, except in the imported shape of salt-junk. Captain Kennedy, however, in order to supply variety

to his well-stocked, and often well-guested table, has established at Subbátoo a *very pretty piggery*.

However unromantic it may be to place scenery in juxtaposition with the means and appliances of good living, I must now attempt to give some idea of the prospect enjoyed by Simla. I have already mentioned that the eastern extremity of what may be properly called the Simla ridge is abruptly terminated by the conical mountain of Jáko, which is thickly wooded from base to summit, and is elevated about four hundred feet above the houses of the bazaar. The western termination of the ridge is also designated by a mountain, of less considerable elevation than Jáko, whose summit is destitute of trees, and crowned by a now nearly effaced ruin.

The dark, deep, precipitous valley immediately below Simla on the south, is, as well as the neighbouring hills, thickly covered with pine-forests. Farther south, the mountains about Subbátoo—which town may be

distinguished in the half-distance of the picture—assume a less rugged outline, and are more bare of wood; and still more distant in the same direction the mountainous district comes to a sudden and abrupt conclusion, the view terminating in the horizon formed by the ocean-like plains of Hindostan, along whose broad, level bosom, on a clear day, may be distinguished the silver meanderings of the Sutledge.

The attributes of the northern prospect from Simla are still more grand; the valleys are more extensive, the mountains of more expanded proportions than those of the south view, assuming more the appearance of ranges; and rising gradually, one above the other, until the panorama is majestically terminated by the snowy crescent of the great Himalaya Belt, fading on either hand into indistinct distance. In fine weather, these stupendous icy peaks cut the dark blue sky with such sharp distinctness of outline, that their real distance of sixty or seventy miles is, to the eye of the gazer, diminished to one-tenth part.

During a residence of nearly two years in Switzerland, the first object that my eyes opened upon every morning was the snow-clad summit of Mont Blanc; and I thought *that* a glorious sight. But the glaciers that now form—next to the Omnipotent Being who created them—my first objects of matutine contemplation, present a battalion of icy pinacles, amongst which Mont Blanc, with his pitiful fifteen thousand feet, would scarcely be admitted in the rear rank! But, belle Suisse! let me hasten to do you justice on another point: though Himala may boast of loftier mountains, and throw her Ganges and Jumna into the scale against your offspring, Rhine and Rhône, where are her lakes of Lemman and Constance? She has none. In my tours through these hills I never saw a body of water, collected on one spot, that covered an acre of land. This lamentable deficiency (which I suppose scientific travellers are ready to account for) of that most requisite ingredient of scenery, and necessary of life, water, creates a hiatus in the Hima-

layan scenery, which is not to be supplied. The eye, fatigued with the rugged profile and sombre tint of the mountains, and the brown horror of the pine-forests, yearns for the refreshment and repose which it would enjoy in the contemplation of such a lake as that of Thoun, reflecting in its mirrored surface, dotted with sails, the blue sky above, and, in its soft medium, giving a flattering double of the impending scenery.

The elevation of Simla above the sea is seven thousand eight hundred feet; and, during the month of May, I find the thermometer was never higher than 73°, or lower than 55°, in my *garret*. This apartment, occupied by me during our stay in the Hills, was pervious both to heat and cold, being, in fact, of that elevated character, which in England is usually devoted to cheeses, or apples and onions, and forming the interval between the ceiling of the dining-room and the wooden pent-roof of the house, which descending in a slope quite to the floor, only admitted of my standing upright in the centre.

Though this canopy of planks was lined with white-washed canvass, it by no means excluded the rains (the *burra bursât*!) so peremptorily as I, not being an amphibious animal, could have wished; and, during some of the grand storms, the hailstones rattled with such stunning effect upon the drum-like roof, that the echo sung in my ears for a week after. This my exalted dormitory was rendered accessible by a wooden ladder; but, spite of its sundry *désagrémens*, I thanked my stars—in whose near neighbourhood I was—for my luck in getting any shelter, without the trouble of building, in the present crowded state of Simla. I enjoyed, as stated above, a splendid view from my windows (I beg pardon, window), and the luxury of privacy, except at night, when the rats sustained an eternal carnival, keeping me in much the same state as Whittington during his first week in London. I soon grew tired of bumping my head against the roof in pursuit of these four-footed *Pindarces*, and at length became callous to their nocturnal orgies, and kept a cat.

The temperature of Simla seems peculiarly adapted to the European constitution.

“ ——— The scorching ray

Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease.”

We have reason to be thankful that we are here far elevated above the atmospheric strata that have hitherto been subjected to the cholera, a disease now raging at Calcutta. This destructive pestilence, two years ago, ascended as high as Subbâtoo, strewing Lord Amherst's line of march with dead bodies. It is hard to say where its incursions may be arrested. The salubrity of this little abode of Hygeia is well attested by the presence of no less than sixteen ladies, who gladly embrace the inconveniences attendant upon narrow accommodations and want of equipages (for no carriage has ever been at Simla), for the advantages accruing from the climate to themselves and their children. The cheeks of the latter quickly exchange their mealy, muffin-like hue—the livery of Bengal—for a good healthy ruddy bronze.

Our native servants at first took fright at the cold; and some of them even refused to enter the Hills; but others were persuaded, by the promised advantages of additional warm raiment, to accompany us; and though they sometimes looked sufficiently miserable, yet they did not suffer in their health by the unwonted change of climate.

Our mode of life during the six months of our residence at Simla was somewhat monotonous; enlivened, however, occasionally by little excursions, in the form of *pic-nics*, and diversified, now and then, by the novelties that are always to be found by an inquiring sojourner in a strange country. Of sporting we had very little; for though there are several beautiful species of pheasants in the hills, black partridges in the ravines, and quails in the little patches of cultivation, game is on the whole so scarce as not to repay the great fatigue by which it must be attained. Eagles are very numerous, building their eyries in the rocky and inaccessible peaks; and, during the day, sailing with

steady wing along the valleys in search of prey. They are the condor of the Himalayas, though by all accounts inferior in size to him of the Andes. The first week of my stay at Simla I was very active in pursuit of these tigers of the air, and succeeded in shooting a very fine one, measuring, from tip to tip of wing, eight feet five inches. The back and wings were of a deep brown, whilst the breast and thighs were covered with a thick, soft, yellowish down.

There are bears, hyænas, leopards, and jackals in the woods, and several kinds of deer. The kucker, or barking deer, so called from his voice, which resembles the short single bark of a dog, makes himself heard every night in the neighbourhood of the houses. He is a curious animal, with two long sharp tusks protruding from the upper jaw. The royal tiger is seldom seen so far northward as Simla; but on one occasion, Colonel Finch's shikkaree (a well-known character at Head-quarters), being in search of game in a valley ten miles distant, came

suddenly upon one of these jungle marauders, and making good his retreat reported the circumstance to his master. The shikkaree was sent back to the spot, with an unfortunate donkey—which animal is a most approved *bonne bouche*—to be picketed near the place, whilst the man kept watch in a tree, until the tiger should kill his victim; when he was to report the fact, and we were to make a party to meet the monster at his dinner. The life of the poor devoted donkey was, however, saved, and our consciences the burden of his murder. The shikkaree returned from his *vidette*-post one morning with a very long face, bringing information that one of the mountain hunters had killed the tiger, in the act of pulling down a bullock. The fellow shot him in the head with his matchlock, and then attacking him sword in hand, cut him through the spine. We never heard of another tiger in the Hills.

Whilst *Head-quarters* remained at Simla, which was about seven months, the leisure hours of many of the officers were employed

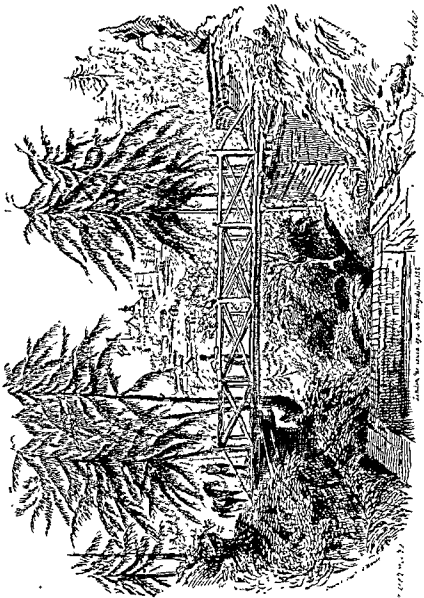


Illustration for the book "The Story of the Pacific" by Henry D. Smith

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in building their houses, and afterwards in enlarging and beautifying them. Lord Combermere amused himself, and benefited the public, by superintending the formation of a fine, broad, level road round the mount Jáko, about three miles in length. It was worked entirely by Hill-men, and exceedingly skilfully done; and will, when finished, be a great acquisition to the loungers of Simla. Across a deep ravine, a quarter of a mile from the town, his Lordship erected a neat Sangah, or mountain-bridge of pines; and under it a capacious stone tank was constructed, to obviate the great scarcity of water. During the progress of this miniature Simplon, which occupied the hours before breakfast and those after sunset, the attendant A. D. C. amused himself by watching the formation of the mines for blasting the rocks, cutting down the proscribed pines, making grotesque rustic arbours at intervals on the road, or whistling after the huge blocks of stone, which, moved by levers off the road, toppled, bounded, and

crashed through the wooded declivity into the valley below, reminding one of Homer's expressive line, describing the retrograde descent of the stone of Sisyphus. When the longest half of the road was completed, the workmen were presented with two sheep, on which they were to feast, after having offered them as propitiatory sacrifices to their deity.

In these religious rites, it appears that it is necessary—in order to manifest the deity's acceptance of the offering—that the victim, on being presented before the altar, should exhibit some signs of external agitation. This to me appeared a hopeless case, as the animals in question held down their heads, and looked as sheepish as might be expected. My simplicity, however, quickly received a lesson from these unsophisticated mountaineers, which led me to conclude that they are not so much blinded by their superstition as to allow it to interfere with the gratification of their appetites.

As the victim did not manifest the smallest

degree of confusion, when confronted with the little mis-shapen idol, whose countenance—the work of some mountain Canova—might have been an excuse for terror in a bolder animal, the officiating pontiff obtained by artificial means, what he might have despaired of through natural agency.

Approaching the animal with all the solemnity due to the occasion, he took a mouthful of spring water, and squirted it, with the force of a fire-engine, into its ear! The victim could not do less than shake its head: the movement was hailed in triumph by the congregation: at one blow of the high priests *kookery** the head fell to the ground, the blood sprinkled the altar, and almost before the body of the sheep had ceased to palpitate, it was roasting before a huge pine fire.

Another equally peculiar trait of the cus-

* The *kookery* is a long, heavy, crooked knife peculiar to the Gourkabs. It performs the several duties of the warrior's sword, the woodman's axe, and the butcher's knife.

toms of the Himalayan peasants I witnessed a few days afterwards, namely, the putting an infant to sleep by the action of water. The successful issue of this experiment I had quietly made up my mind not to believe in, until convinced by actual ocular proof. The method was as follows. The child—whose age might be a year or two—was laid by its mother, who was employed in bruising grain, on a charpoy placed on a sloping green bank, along the top of which ran a small spring stream. A piece of bark introduced through the embankment, conducted a slender spout of water, which fell, at the height of about half a foot, on to the crown of the infant's head. It was fast asleep when I witnessed the process! The natives believe that it is a great fortifier of the constitution. It may be that it fortifies the pericranium, and addles the brains of its advocates, for the generality of the mountaineers are decided numskulls.

That frightful disease, the goitre, is nearly

as common here as it is in Switzerland; and *cretins* are by no means rare, though they do not shock the eyes of the traveller at every turn, as is the case in the villages of the Valais. This is accounted for by the well-known and undisguised practice of the natives, of destroying their deformed children as soon as they are born. In most mountainous countries I think it may be remarked, that those whose minds are from infancy deranged, are equally distorted in person.

The periodical rains called the *chota bursât* (little rains) set in on the 10th of June, with a violent storm, and the thermometer immediately sunk from 80° to 58°. The approach of the tempest was one of the most glorious sights I ever witnessed. The morning was bright and hot, the sky presenting one unbroken canopy of blue; when suddenly a black bank of clouds invaded and quickly enveloped the snowy peaks in the north, and then rapidly approached us up the deep gorges of the moun-

tain; accompanied by a deafening noise of thunder and wind, and the most vivid flashes of lightning, which seemed to issue even from the clouds *below* us. This agitated mass of dark vapours resembled a vast *storming party*, as it rapidly, and in succession, took possession of, and overran the different hills before us, and then came rushing onwards to the spot where we stood.

On the storm ceasing, Simla was left an insulated clear spot in a wide ocean of clouds; huge, heavy masses of them lying, torpid, in the valleys around and below us, and appearing as though they were fatigued by the impetus that had brought them from the snowy range to Simla, about seventy miles, in the space of half an hour.

From the 15th to the 30th of June we enjoyed the usual fair interregnum between the little and great bursât; the mean state of the thermometer at 2 P. M. being 73°.

After this interval, the rainy season set in in real earnest. It seemed as though St. Swithin had come to the Hills for his health! for we

had scarcely one day without a shower from this date until the middle of August. However, in justice to the climate, it is fair to state, that there were very few days on which we were entirely confined to the house.

Vegetating as we were, so quietly and for so many months, in the mountains, far from the bustling pleasures of the flaunting town, it is natural that we should be on the eager look-out for novelties of any kind. We were, therefore, one day—more especially the naturalists of the party—put on the *qui vive* of expectation by the arrival of a native of the more northern mountains, who reported that he had lately caught an unicorn, and that it was only three marches off. Of course all were anxious to see the rare and hitherto-believed fabulous animal; and some went so far as to declare their intention of purchasing it, at whatever price, and sending it, with a fine male lion, to the king of England, as an appropriate present. Two days after, the unicorn's arrival was reported, and eagerly hastening,

pencil and paper in hand, to the spot, where a crowd was assembled, I discovered—a fine fat sheep—no more! He was, indeed, literally an unicorn, for his horns were curiously grown together into one, an almost imperceptible line marking the division. It grew curving backwards over the animal's head, and would have entered the spine had the point not been sawed off. The soidisant unicorn would, no doubt, have made very respectable mutton, though he would have proved but a tame supporter of the arms of England.

Sept. 15th. Having six weeks more to enjoy the Hills, Lord Combermere resolved to devote a month to a tour in the more unfrequented parts of the country, and to visit one of the grand passes in the Snowy Belt. Two parties being formed, it was agreed that Colonel Dawkins, Baron Osten (16th Lancers), and myself, should start on the 24th, for the pass of Shattoul; and Lord Combermere, Captain Kennedy, and three

others, will soon after migrate towards the Borenda pass.

During the remainder of our stay at Simla, my journal records little else but an uninteresting routine of rambles among the valleys, occasional trips to Subbâto, and a few picnic expeditions to a mountain twelve miles north of Simla.

On one occasion, however, the quiet inhabitants were drawn out of their houses by the appearance of a numerous and picturesque group of cavaliers, winding up the mountain-road towards the town. They proved to be an embassy from Runjeet Singh of Lahore to the Commander-in-chief; bringing presents of a dozen very neatly-worked hand punkahs, or fans, made of ivory and sandal-wood, with filagree gold handles. The rest of the Maha-Rajah's offering was more weighty than valuable, consisting of no less than thirty-five maunds of almonds and dried fruits.

On another occasion, the English of Simla were put into a general ferment by an occur-

rence which—as we are only supposed to hold our supremacy in India by ‘the force of opinion’—is, fortunately, almost without a parallel in our annals. Two mussulman-sepoys, belonging to a corps of irregular horse in the service of the Company, conceiving themselves (as it afterwards proved, without cause) to have been insulted by an English officer of artillery who was living at Simla in bad health, determined on vengeance; and, dogging him to an unfrequented part of the road, assaulted him in the most brutal manner, striking him several times on the head and face with the heels of their shoes (the greatest indignity that a native can inflict or suffer), and otherwise seriously maltreating him. . It is impossible to say to what extremities they might not have proceeded in their rage, had they not been interrupted by a lady, who, hearing of the affair from one of her servants,—(the man passing the scene of action without an attempt at interference,) hastily and heroically repaired to the spot with her attendants, and rescued the officer when he was quite ex-

hausted by the ill-treatment he had received. Though the young Englishman was of rather small stature and in bad health, the sepoy, on their appearance before the court-martial, presented a pretty severe illustration of the power of a pair of English fists, even against odds of two to one. A closed eye of one of the prisoners, and a dislodged tooth of the other, confessed the efficiency of the young bombardier's battery. One of the sepoy was a tall, lathy fellow; the other a most ferocious-looking ruffian, short, but square-shouldered and muscular.

The Bhiste, who reported the conflict to his mistress, was an important witness; he was a man of uncommon muscular strength—as most of his arduous trade are,—and looked as if he could have killed and eat both the defendants without difficulty. When asked by the Judge-Advocate, why he did not assist the Sahib? he said, with the characteristic apathy of a Hindoo, ‘ I am a poor man; I was carrying my mussuck* ; it never

* Sheepskin water-bag.

entered into my head.' The sentence of the court was eight hundred lashes and dismissal from the service, which was duly inflicted. The long rascal yelled under the 'cat;' the short ruffian bore his punishment bravely.

CHAPTER V.

TOUR FROM SIMLA TO THE SHATTOUL PASS.

Sept. 24th. IN the afternoon I started, with Colonel Dawkins and the Baron Osten, on our tour to the Snowy Mountains, with the further intention of crossing the Pass, and returning towards Simla by the valley of the Sutledge.

Our travelling equipage consisted of two small but convenient and warm tents, with a pâl for our servants and batterie de cuisine ambulante; three ponies, two mules, and a jâmpaun for the transport of our persons; and a small stock of sheep, milch-goats, claret (for nothing can be done in India without lâl sherâb), port, spirits, and spices. With these appliances we hoped to be able to *rough it* pretty comfortably.

Our first day's stage was on the Khôtghur

road, and we took up our quarters at the traveller's bungalow at Fargo, an edifice by no means remarkable, unless it be for a rather uncommonly smoky chimney. The elements did not smile upon the commencement of our journey, a dense fog enveloping us soon after we left Simla, and continuing to enshroud us the whole evening. Fargo is about twelve miles from Simla and a mile beyond Mahasoo, the spot which, from its convenient properties of shade, space, good water, and beautiful scenery; was dedicated by the fashionables of Simla to pic-nic purposes. Indeed, no place could be better calculated for a fête champêtre. The tents, on these occasions, were usually pitched on the declivity of a hanging wood of pines, oaks, and hollies, thickly interwoven with an underwood of currant-trees, raspberries, strawberries, and jasmine; which, 'with woodbines wreathing and roses breathing,' formed a fragrant and almost impenetrable fence round three sides of the spot cleared for the camp; whilst a smooth, gently-shelving lawn in front, and an un-

wooded vista terminating in an abrupt precipice, led the eye of the spectator, with scarcely an intervening object, to a grand prospect of the Snowy Range. The chief *lion* of Mahasoo is a wood of the most enormous pines, some of them measuring from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty feet in height, twenty feet in circumference, and growing as straight as an arrow. The timber of these trees is said to be remarkably sound. Such a forest in England would soon put to shame the mast-trade of Archangel.

The situation of Fargoo is about ten thousand feet above the sea, and it is therefore much colder than Simla; the thermometer to-day being at 58°.

The next day our route took us off the beaten road of Khôtghur. The morning being rainy, we sent off our baggage early, and started ourselves about mid-day. The first five miles of our march led us down one continual descent to the bottom of a valley, where we crossed a little river called the

Ghirree. Thence we skirted the stream—sometimes close to its banks, sometimes elevated many hundred feet above its bed—all the way to Parellee, where there is a stage-house. We passed, on our left, two hill-fortresses, one of which, *Theog*, appears, from its situation among the clouds, perfectly impregnable. The weather became clear in the course of the morning; and we enjoyed magnificent scenery the whole of our journey. At this season, the sides of the cultivated hills are much ornamented by a beautiful crimson grain, called *báttoo*, which is now nearly ripe, and forms the chief article of food among the natives. In the valley we passed the castle of the *Ranah* of the province, a title equivalent to the *Rajah* of Hindostan. It is a strange, uncomfortable-looking building, but well situated near the river. The latter is here a shallow, rapid, and rocky stream of most translucent water. The few specimens we saw of the male inhabitants were handsome and stout made, and appeared of remarkably cheerful and contented dispositions, saluting

us smilingly as we passed. The women, on the contrary, were 'dumpy,' and, for the most part, *grumpy*. There was a good pattern of a hill-house at Parellee, which I examined: it was built of stone and wood, with a wooden pent-roof; the lower story was entirely devoted to the accommodation of cattle, whilst the first, or habitable story, was made accessible by a rude ladder formed of a notched beam. I took a hasty sketch of it.

We have descended some thousand feet in this day's march; the thermometer being 77°, nearly twenty degrees higher than at Fargoo! The scenery about our tents is tame in comparison with that of Simla. The afternoon being sultry and close, we descended to the river, and enjoyed a delicious bath, an imprudent measure, which two of the three had afterwards cause to repent—'hinc fons et origo malorum;'—the water was biting cold, and so rapid, that it required all our strength to stand upright in the stream.

I think it right, thus early in my mountain tour, to give my reader the probably welcome

information, that I am totally unskilled in botany and geology; by which fortunate default in my education he will escape the usual inflictions of scientific travellers: such as being delayed half an hour to dissect a daisy, or being planted the best part of a forenoon before a block of stone, to decide whether it be granite or marble, primitive or secondary rock; till the bored peruser becomes almost petrified himself*.

26th. Left Parellee about seven A.M., and marched to the town or village of Khote-kie, about fourteen miles. The road ran the whole way just above the little brawling Ghirree, and the scenery reminded me much of that part of Wales near Llangollen. The hills are

* Little did I foresee that this unlucky sentence would be construed into a serious attempt to exalt my own trifling lucubrations at the expense of science. Yet has an otherwise indulgent critic, in his review of my first edition, ascribed to me some such monstrous aim. Let me, therefore, hasten to plead 'not guilty' to so grave a charge; and to confess in sober sadness—since it is no joking matter!—that there was not a furlong of my Hymalaian rambles unproductive of hearty lamentations at my want of power to fully appreciate those opportunities which would have been so invaluable to the scientific tourist.



Salace of the Chief of Tshotokel

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almost entirely devoid of trees, and covered with a verdant clothing of grass and grain-crops. The chief produce appears to be the red corn and buck-wheat on the hill-sides, and rice in the valleys low enough for irrigation. The houses are from two to three stories high, and are picturesque objects in the landscape. We crossed the river over a very romantic sangah, or bridge of pines, at least one hundred feet above the bed ; it afforded an interesting subject for a flying sketch. Ere we descended upon Khote-kie, we traversed a wood of firs resembling the Weymouth pine ; on emerging from which, we came abruptly upon the village. There are two remarkable masses of buildings, the castle of the Ranee of the province, and the residence of the Zemindar ; both situated on lofty promontories of rock, just extensive enough to contain the houses and their offices. Round the foot of the precipice on which the former edifice is perched, the little river winds its course.

We took up our abode in the stage-bunga-

low, near which is the comfortable residence of a Subadar, or native commissioned officer of Captain Kennedy's regiment of hill-rangers, who was promoted to that rank by Lord Combermere for his bravery at Bhurtpore. The wooden eaves of his house are carved and ornamented, much after the fashion of the better buildings in the mountain hamlets of Switzerland. The gallant inhabitant paid us a visit immediately on our arrival, presenting us his sword, as is usual with native officers, in lieu of a 'nuzzur.' In these cases, the superior touches the sword with his right hand, and makes a salaam. The Subadar was particularly civil, and provided us with an abundance of milk, butter, eggs, walnuts, &c.; more particularly with several pairs of shoes, the manufacture of some mountain Crispin, whose prices would sadly undersell Hoby: he asked one rupee for four pair. I take advantage of my Irish birth in describing the *upper-leather* of these shoes as made of worsted net, and the sole of tough hide, sewed with thongs

In the evening the Subadar showed us his favourite charger, of which he is, and has a right to be, proud. The manner in which he became possessed of the horse is, perhaps, worth recording. During the siege of Bhurt-pore, and after our parallels had been pushed to within three hundred yards of the counter-scarp, a white horse was observed to be picketed close under an outwork of the fort, and in a situation so exposed to the fire of both besiegers and besieged, that no one on either side seemed willing to run the risk incident upon an attempt to appropriate him. The poor neutral nag was, therefore, in a fair way of being shot or starved to death. Our hero—then jemadar, or sepoy serjeant, and, doubtless, too poor to be well mounted—cast the eye of covetousness upon the snowy charger; and one morning, determined ‘to do or die,’ jumped over the gabions, and running across the glacis, reached the horse, cut him adrift, and under a heavy fire of musketry from the walls, trotted him in triumph into the trenches, himself unscathed, and his

prize receiving only one bullet through the nose, which scarcely blemished him. The right of conquest is so well established in British India, that there is no fear of the gallant Subadar being disturbed in his acquisition.

Our native friend caused some specimens of iron, manufactured in the neighbourhood, to be brought for our inspection : it is procured from a micaceous stone thickly encrusted with small garnets, in which the hills in the vicinity abound.

The following day we left Khote-kie ; the attentive Subadar, on his white charger, conveying us as far as a bridge built by him across a furious torrent, and of which he is nearly as vain as he is of his horse. The first four miles of our day's march was one continued steep ascent to the summit of a hill well clothed with firs; among which we heard the pheasants crowing*. At the top of the mountain we were met and accosted by a

* The road is seen in the right distance of my Sketch.

dirty, shabbily-attired native, who announced himself as the Ranah, or chieftain of the soil on which we stood. This impotent potentate presented a nuzzur, and then commenced a long oration, setting forth the poverty of his dominions and the riches and power of 'Company Sahib.' If my guide spoke true, he had, indeed, some cause to grumble over his domains; for it appeared that he possessed but two villages, the most productive of which only brought him a half yearly addition to his treasury of twenty rupees, eight of which, according to my informer, were claimable by the Company, as conquerors of the soil. Of late, however, government have charitably refrained from urging a claim, which robs a poor man of half his revenue, and 'little profits' them.

The mountains here are less wooded and precipitous, and have more arable land than those of Simla; and they are studded from their extremest summits to their very base, with picturesque villages and the respectable habitations of Zemindars and petty Ranahs. About seven miles from Khote-kie we began the ascent of the Koopa mountain, from the

top of which we again caught a glimpse of the snowy peaks, of which we had entirely lost sight during the last three days. The road, which might without great difficulty have been conducted round the flank of the hill, leads by a series of steep and exceedingly slippery zig-zags right over the crest; from whence we had four miles of disagreeably abrupt descent to the village of Deora, the metropolis of the province of Jubul. The last of the company's bungalows in this direction is situated here. :

On an insulated rock in the bottom of the valley, along which the mountain-river rushes, stands the strange-looking palace of the Jubul Ranah, one of the most considerable of the highland barons. It is an immense mass of building, the upper stories formed chiefly of wood. The sides of the mountain in rear of the castle are beautifully alternated with pine-woods and veins of cultivation, up to the very summit; the rich crimson tint of the bāttoo-crops contrasting well with the dark hue of the forests, and the lighter verdure of the grass lands.

On our arrival at the stage-house, the

Ranah sent to announce his intention of paying us a visit—a compliment which all petty chiefs pay to us, on hearing that we are of the Commander-in-chief's family. Jubul is famous for the beauty of its inhabitants; and the Ranah and his minister, who came in the evening according to promise, both do justice to its fame. The chief himself is about twenty-five years of age, nearly as fair as a European, with very handsome features, but his eyes so immeasurably large, that they give a vague and foolish expression to his countenance, an expression which is by no means belied by his intellect. The vizier is a fine, stout young man, with a beard in better preservation than his tunic. He has greatly the advantage in intelligence over his master, who, during the interview, was evidently under the influence of opium, and towards whom he was obliged to act in much the same capacity as the flapper of Laputa.

Lord Combermere passed through this place about a week after our party; when

the Ranah of course paid his respects. Hearing that there was an English hakim in his Lordship's suite, the chieftain took an opportunity, during the audience, to beseech the doctor to prescribe some specific that would procure him an heir for his dominions, which he despaired of having, in spite of the multiplicity of his wives. I know not what satisfaction he obtained. Deora is, as its name would imply, a place of some sanctity. There is a very pretty modern temple, much ornamented with carved wood-work ; and the ruins of one of more extensive dimensions.

Sept. 23th. Proceeded on our march at the usual hour. The road we traversed to-day is in no places too steep for riding, though it is not more than four or six feet wide. It runs along the side of one unbroken range of green grass hills, at the foot of which rushes a little stream, called the Ransc, bordered thickly with alder trees. We skirted this brook all the way to Saree, where we found our little camp pitched on a bare barren

moor. Here the Ranse throws itself into a more considerable stream, the Palbur, which, in its turn, is tributary to the great Jumna. This day's march was on the whole much less interesting than any of the preceding—the scenery was tamer, trees more scarce. The only plant peculiar to these regions is a species of alder—*Indicè* Siou. It attains a much greater bulk than in England. I think one that I measured was about eighteen feet in circumference.

By the difference of temperature, and the peculiar flowers and plants, which characterize very distinctly the different elevations, I should judge that Saree is much lower than Simla. We found the tents very hot; thermometer standing at 82°. In these mountains princes are as common as yeomen in England. We quitted the Jubul territories this morning, and are now in the mooluck of a Ranee. The old woman civilly sent her heir apparent to welcome us, and offer assistance. He brought us a present of a kid, and some jars of remarkably fine honey—a

rare luxury in India. The queen's residence, which she dignifies with the title of Killar or fort, is situated far below us, on a scarped rock on the banks of the Pahbur; and is, in fact, nothing more than a congregation of wooden huts. The river is famous for its fish, which grow as large as fifteen and twenty pounds. We had some difficulty at this place in procuring coolies to carry our tents and baggage, but at length succeeded through the intervention of the Rancee.

The next morning we marched about eight miles to the village of Rooroo. Our route lay along the side of a verdant hill, just above the right bank of the Pahbur, and without much variety in its elevation. The river, which is remarkably rapid, and about forty yards wide, meanders fantastically, sometimes in a single stream, at others in many little rills, through a Khâder, or valley, between two ranges of hills. The banks are at this season covered at intervals with very fair crops of rice and other grain. The vil-

lage of Rooroo is more considerable than the generality of mountain-hamlets, and the quantity of level land in the vicinity affords greater scope for cultivation. A large building in the town was pointed out as the palace of the Barageh Ranah. He visited us in the afternoon, and gave us much useful information regarding our route, affording us small hopes of being able to take our horses more than two marches farther. One of the Ranah's attendants brought us a plentiful basket of fish and fruits. He also produced a musk-ball, which I persuaded him to exchange with me for a small pen-knife. Its scent was so powerful, that I could hardly bear it among my clothes in the boxes.

Our next day's journey was about eleven miles, and very tedious from the sameness of the scenery and the intense heat. The road continued partly along the Khâder of the river, and was in parts cut through the rocky mountain overhanging its bed. There

are one or two very nervous passages in it, where the path, scarcely two feet wide including the coping stone, turns abruptly round jutting buttresses of rock several hundred feet above the stream, which foams and boils at the foot of the perpendicular precipice. The fort of Buttoulee, belonging to the Rajah of Bussahir, a very extensive district, stands on the left bank of the Pahlur, and is—as is usual with the mountain-strongholds—situated on a lofty rock, standing out in lonely grandeur from the main range.

We passed two or three very considerable villages on our way, one of which, Bourah, is very picturesque and romantic in its situation. The method of preserving hay about here is curious, and appears to answer very well. It is loosely twisted into long, thick ropes, which being fastened together at one end, are thrown over the fork of a tree, the extremities hanging down, and the apex being thatched with straw. Our camp was pitched just under the village of Chergong,

on the banks of a small stream, which, running from the north, falls into the Palbur, half a mile hence. The thermometer 84°. Here we take leave of the latter river, and of the good road, (which continues along its banks towards the more eastern pass of Borenda,) and, striking off in a more northerly direction, we are to expect nothing more than mountain tracks for the four marches between Chergong and the Shattoul Pass. A dák hurkarah reached us to-day with a letter from Captain Kennedy, advising us not to attempt to carry forward our ponies beyond Chergong—a piece of good advice completely thrown away, as we had predetermined to make the experiment. The plan of carrying a letter in these countries is novel enough. The letter is tied in a split stick—resembling the rods used in courts of justice for the conveyance of notes over the heads of the multitude—and the postman runs along bearing it aloft; thus at once declaring his office, and preserving the dispatch from being soiled.

Oct. 1st. Left Chergong early, and turning our faces in a northern course, rode, walked, and clambered to the village of Dogolee, a short but very fatiguing march. The path—for there was no road, led alternately through rice-fields and along the rocky flank of the mountain on the left bank of the little torrent above mentioned. Many points were extremely difficult for the passage of horses; but sufficiently easy for the highlanders who carried the tents and baggage. After sundry narrow escapes, the Baron's pony fell over the side, and became in consequence so timid, that it was not safe to bring him on: he was, therefore, sent back, with orders to wait at Khôtghur, a large town in Bussahir, until our arrival there. Both the mules got falls, but fortunately in a spot where there was no precipice. The narrow defile through which we pursued our way, presents very different features to the comparatively tame scenery of our two last marches: the banks of the stream are beautifully fringed with magnificent alders and other trees of gigantic

size; and the precipitous mountains flanking the valley on either hand are bristling with fir-forests, from the midst of which the jutting peaks of black rocks rear their heads.

About half a mile from Dogolee we crossed the river by a rickety temporary bridge of rough pines and turf, thrown across two rocks, which confine the stream in a narrow channel. The ponies accomplished the passage with great difficulty and risk; but the regular sangah having been carried away by the overflow of the river in the rains, there was no better means of passing the torrent.

From the river we had a most fatiguing ascent of a mile and a half, which, as our ponies and mules were all knocked up, we were obliged to perform on foot; a necessity not a little unwelcome to the Baron and myself, who for the two last days have been labouring under an indisposition, arising from our imprudence in bathing in the iced streams of the glaciers, and from the constant sudden changes of temperature to which we have been exposed. We found our tents pitched

on a piece of ploughed ground near the hamlet of Dogolee. Though we are now within thirty miles of the Pass, the snowy peaks are entirely hidden from our view; yet these same glaciers are visible from Meerut, a distance of some twenty marches.

Oct. 2nd. At 7 A.M. our trio started from Dogolee, and owing to the many 'moving accidents by flood and field' encountered on the journey, we did not reach our camp—a distance of about ten miles—until half-past twelve o'clock. The first part of our route serpentined along the bottom of this most beautiful defile, still skirting the little brook, which is an offspring of the glacier of Shat-toul. We were overshadowed by enormous trees resembling elms, but with stems varying from eighteen to twenty-five feet in circumference. Here we also met with—for the first time in India—the horse-chestnut; the Spanish chestnut, sycamore, and filbert; the latter bearing a similar gigantic superiority as the elm over its namesake in England.

Peaches and apricots are as common here as blackberries in Europe. About half way we were obliged, by the extreme narrowness and rockiness of the defile, and the impenetrable thickness of the jungle, to ascend the flank of the mountain, high above the left bank of the torrent; and here difficulties began to grow upon us. In many points the half-formed rocky path, not more than a foot wide, and only calculated for the passage of bipeds, was so steep, slippery, and abrupt in its turnings, that we began to despair of getting on our quadrupeds in safety. We were, however, encouraged to persevere by the comfortable assurance that to recede was at least as difficult; more especially as the syces, if sent back, would probably, when not excited to exertion by the presence of their masters, relax in their care and attention to the animals in the dangerous passes. Another consideration also weighed with us, which was, that if we should succeed in getting across the Pass to the valley of Rampore, we should find it very inconvenient to make six

marches in that sultry vale without horses. On we went, as stubborn—in our purpose—as the poor devoted mules that followed us ; ourselves on foot, whilst the most determined of our servants led the nags with long halters. Many hair-breadth escapes did we brave, and extricate ourselves from ; till at length we arrived at a sudden break, an ‘ imminent deadly breach ’ in the path, which I, at first sight, pronounced to be a *ne plus ultra*. At an acute angle of the track, with a nearly perpendicular precipice above and below, stood a mass of rock directly across the road, which, immediately beyond this obstacle, sunk about three feet, turning sharp round the overhanging angle. My mule crept over it like a cat, without once hesitating ; Dawkins’s mule came next, and accomplished the pass after a long and obstinate refusal ; next followed my friend’s pony, one imported from the plains, and, though bold and active, not much skilled in mountain-clambering. The place where we stood would have turned the heads of even us foot-passengers, had not

the precipice below us been thickly veiled with trees and shrubs, which prevented the eye of the spectator from plunging at once to the bottom of the 'giddy abyss, where we heard the torrent rushing along its rocky channel. The gallant chestnut, on being led to the pass, cleared the rock at a flying leap, alighting on the very brink of the path; the deceitful earth gave way, the pony tottered, struggled vehemently for an instant, and then rolled headlong over the precipice. He was fortunately arrested in his downward career by a stout tree, about twenty feet below the road, where we found him uninjured, but so weak from alarm, that we could hardly get him on his legs again. Our kookeries*—which we always wore—now came into play, and with great labour we cut a passage up to the path through the underwood; during the accomplishment of which pioneering the horse had time to recover his strength. We now endeavoured to lead him up again to the road by the abbatis which we had formed.

* Gourkahn knives.

I had already reached the track, holding his head, and D. urging him in the rear, when he placed his fore feet on a large loose piece of rock forming the coping stone. I saw it shake beneath the poor pony's weight as he struggled for a firm footing:—another spring would have landed him in safety—but the treacherous crag deserted its post, and ‘fell it?—it fell!’ and once more over went the chestnut, nearly carrying his master with him. We heard the poor animal, together with his rough companion, the detached rock, crashing through the trees, and presently the latter plunge into the torrent three hundred feet below us.

Almost despairing of a second rescue, we clambered down to the pony's assistance, and found him in a situation even more precarious than before. A friendly tree had again interposed between him and destruction. He lay on his back, supported by a sycamore, whose huge roots seemed to possess but a frail hold on the very verge of a scarp'd rock. We saw that the first movement the animal made

must inevitably precipitate him over a cliff of about thirty feet perpendicular height. He *did* move, and immediately disappeared; and we heard him rolling among the loose rocks beneath. We discovered him lying in a hollow, which had been luckily rendered soft by a plentiful deposit of decayed vegetation, about fifty feet below the road. On reconnoitring the spot, we found a comparatively easy, though circuitous ascent to the path, by which we succeeded in getting the chestnut up without further mishaps; and so little injured was he by his by no means '*facilis descensus*,' that he began to nibble the grass the instant his resurrection was completed.

On returning to assist my ghoint in his passage of the strait, we found his case still more desperate, by reason of the gap which the other had made in his fall. This we repaired, as well as we could, with branches, laying a white handkerchief over them to prevent the pony from jumping on them; and the little rough brute slid down the block of granite in perfect safety.

During this day's journey we twice crossed the river. At the first passage we crossed by a sangah loosely formed of pines, between which the wide intervals showed the impetuous torrent beneath to the dizzy passenger. By this insecure bridge it was impossible to transport the ponies ; and, after some trouble, we found a place in the stream tolerably free from rocks, through which they were led by our mountain servants. This was done at some risk, for so furious was the stream, that in some places we saw large masses of stone rolled along by the force of the current. At the second passage, we were fated to encounter another mishap. The torrent was at this spot almost one continued cascade, so that the only possible means of crossing was by a sangah framed of the same frail materials as the former, with a few flag-stones spread over it for foot-passengers. To render it more difficult, the rock which formed the opposite buttress was several feet lower than that on the side upon which we approached this flying-bridge. The sketch, which I made



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Switzerland and the Falls of the Rhine.

during the passage of the animals, will give some idea of the spot. The sangali was not more than three feet wide, and, though it was thickly strewed with boughs, I saw several dangerous interstices between the beams. Though we had all been Alpine travellers, we found it rather a nervous performance. The two ponies and one of the mules accomplished it in safety, though I trembled for them, as I saw the insecure bridge bending under their weight. The other mule had just reached the middle, when one of his legs went through between the pines, and, after a brief and fruitless struggle, over he went headlong into the boiling torrent, thirty feet beneath. He luckily fell into a deep gulf free from rocks; and, after being carried down about twenty yards, recovered his legs and scrambled to the bank, a good deal shaken, but with whole limbs.

From this 'Pont du Diable' we had a most heart-breaking ascent of about two miles. — D., who was in good health, and an active pedestrian, confessed himself nearly knocked

up when he reached the tents ; and the Baron and myself, whose indisposition caused by the ice-bath had daily increased, were more dead than alive when we arrived. The head of the former was swelled to nearly twice its natural size, accompanied with excruciating pain ; and I, in addition to cholera symptoms, was covered with a rash, which was much aggravated by the myriads of sand-flies abounding here.

We found our camp pitched at the respectable village of Roole, the situation of which is wild and romantic in the extreme. It is so shut in with lofty pine-covered mountains, that the snowy peaks of the Shattoul Pass are invisible. After the practical proof we had enjoyed of the difficulty, nay, cruelty of persevering in the attempt to take forward our horses, and the discouraging accounts of the roads we received from the villagers, we determined to send them back, with a few men to pioneer them through the most difficult passes. Our eyes have become by degrees opened to the fact, that we are travelling in rather too

much *style* for such a wild, unfrequented part of the world. We ought to have relinquished all idea of bringing horses farther than Chergong; and the inconveniences attendant upon so large a suite of tents more than counterbalance the comforts. We have four in all, and these, with our baggage, require eighty-two (!) men for their transport. It is almost impossible to levy such a regiment at a day's notice in a country so thinly peopled; and, to render our present case more desperate, the only two villages within reach of us are at issue, and, during their feuds, will not enlist together in the same service.

The next day we were obliged to halt at Roole, to collect coolies, which we at length managed by bribing a good many of our last stagers to proceed with us. These mountaineers are unwilling to enter into a longer service than two days, as they are now engaged at one of their numerous harvests. The thermometer at 2 P.M., stood at 76°, and at night sunk to 45°. It was bitter cold, and the

insomnious hours of the invalids were aggravated by the unceasing attacks of the sand-flies, whose bites were exceedingly venomous, and the more annoying, that the enemy who inflicted them was invisible—the satisfaction of returning evil for evil being thus denied to the attacked.

In the evening, our hurkarah returned according to order, and reported the safe arrival of the quadrupeds at Dogolee, on their way to Khôtghur. The whole of the clothing of both syces and horses was, however, lost in the passage of the torrent.

Oct. 4th. Early this morning, the Jemadar of the village paraded his eighty-two coolies, and we immediately forwarded a detachment with the tents. Baron Osten was so extremely unwell, that it was impossible for him to proceed: we therefore persuaded him to take the jampaun and return to Chergong, where we calculated he would find Lord Combermere's medical attendant. At twelve o'clock we separated, the Baron proceeding

southwards, and my friend and self towards the north. My enjoyment of this romantic day's march was a good deal diminished by my present unfitness for pedestrian exertions; but I managed to crawl through a most toilsome journey of three hours and a half. Passing through the village of Roole, we were civilly and smilingly accosted by a good-looking girl, who offered us a draught of fresh goats' milk; in this act of hospitality presenting a strong contrast to the women of Hindostan, who, on meeting a European, usually cover their faces, and turn their backs upon him. I made her understand that I had taken a fancy to a pair of massive anklets which she wore, and left my servant to bargain for them. The mountain belle parted with her only piece of finery for three rupees. The bangles were made of a metal resembling lead, but harder, and must, from their weight, have made the wearer '*souffrir pour être belle*'—albeit the ankles which supported them were, if the truth must be spoken, by no means so delicate as those of the nautch girls of Delhi.

On weighing these tasty baubles, I found them to exceed thirty ounces. Some of the females of these regions are profusely ornamented with beautifully-worked ear-rings and chains of gold, and both men and women wear usually a little silver medallion containing a charm. In some parts of the mountains the inhabitants are famous for their manufacture of chains and filagree work in gold; the former ornaments pretty closely resemble those of Trichinopoli, but the metal, by its weight, softness, and colour, appears to be purer than that used by the southern manufacturers.

After leaving the village of Roole, we ascended a steep, grassy hill, adorned here and there with fine groups of cedars, and soon entered a great forest. It differed essentially from the woods which we had passed through in the lower regions; and there was a chilly blackness in the trees peculiar to these elevations. In addition to the oak, cedar, and rhododendron, we here first fell in with the cypress and yew; the berries of the latter,

my guide told me, were good to eat, which I took his word for. The tree grows very differently from that of England: instead of the wrinkled stunted stem and gnarled branches common to the British yew, it grows as straight and taper and much taller than a poplar.

Our progress through this mountain-forest was very slow and fatiguing; but we soon overtook our tents, which had had three hours' start of us. Whenever I halted for breath, the guides seized the opportunity to enjoy a refreshing smoke; they could not muster a pipe between them, but managed very well without it. Two holes, connected with each other, were made in the earth; one to contain the tobacco, the other to admit a short hollow reed, which material abounds in the woods; a flint, steel and dried fungus completed the simple hookah apparatus.

Our route continued about three miles through this forest, and then ascended a bare hill, at the top of which we entered the Birch region.. This highly-beneficial plant—Thwackum's universal panacea, which beats

Latin and Greek into, and spirit and emulation out of the rising generation of England—does not in this country deign to flourish in a less exalted situation than about thirteen thousand feet above the sea: a fact that would at once account to the illustrious pedagogue above mentioned for the slow march of education in the plains of Hindostan.

The first glimpse that I caught of its silver bark and graceful pensile branches transported me, in spite of the petty obstacles of time and space, to those ‘distant spires and antique towers,’ under whose classic shadow I ought (according to the self-deceiving theory of some of Mater Etona’s step-sons) to have passed the happiest days of my life. Seating myself upon a block of granite, I abandoned myself to a retrospective reverie, in which I traced a very natural parallel between my quondam laborious attempts upon Parnassus—the poetic Himalaya—and my present panting, faltering, yet resolute aspirations (et omne quod exit in *spirations*) after the too substantial Himalaya of Nature, a parallel

stined to be supported throughout ; for as mental insufficiency cropped my flight in one case, so did physical inability crush my efforts in the other, as will be seen in the sequel. My vision was, however, suddenly dissolved by the report of a gun fired by my companion at an eagle 'towering in its pride of place;' and, in the twinkling of an arlequin's wand, my excursive imagination flitted back from Windsor-hill and Salt-hill, to those which, a few years ago, I never expected would be trodden by foot of mine.

From the Birch mountain our march was, owing to the extreme narrowness and roughness of the path, slow and irksome. The planting of each footstep was a matter of serious speculation, and one false step would have given us a tragical illustration of the *pas, qui coute*.'

Our tents were pitched—when they arrived, which was some time after us—on an isolated green space, on the side of a brown hill dotted over with huge detached masses of granite. Near the camp we passed a spot where,

by some grand convulsion of nature, a vast rocky peak had been driven from its exalted station, and tumbled, in a cataract of enormous stones and uprooted trees, down the flank of the mountain; reminding me of the Rossberg, or écroulement of the mountain near Sweitz in Switzerland.

The prospect from the tents was sublime and awful, but, from the absence of timber, much less beautiful than the two preceding marches. The only vegetation around us, which even assumes the respectability of a shrub, is the juniper, with a few sorry bushes of the red and black currant. Large masses of snow, having survived the summer, lie in the ravines and valleys around and below us; and to the north, at the distance of ten miles, the two lofty pinnacles of ice, flanking the Shattoul Pass, rear their heads above an intervening mountain. Some two thousand feet beneath us we descry the great oak forest through which we passed this morning; and, luxuriant as it is in its internal recesses, the outer skirts are blasted and

blackened by the chill hurricanes from the north. The night was extremely cold, though Fahrenheit did not descend below freezing point. My companion and myself found considerable comfort in a good jorum of mulled port well spiced, and a brasero of hot embers placed in the tent: and our followers, Hindoo, Mussulman, and Mountaineer—to use the figurative language of the east—put the scruples of religion into the pocket of emergency, and were most thankful for a cold-expelling dram of pure brandy-sherâb.

Oct. 5th, 7 A.M. Started for the Pass—so unwell that my limbs almost refused their office—with a prospect of a climb of ten miles: I was, however, agreeably disappointed in my calculations of the difficulties of this day's march. For a person in good walking condition, the route was both easy and safe, in comparison to some former marches; but I accomplished it with great difficulty, my mountain hurkarah dragging me by the hand;

notwithstanding which assistance, I was obliged to sit down every fifty paces.

The extreme tenuity of the atmosphere common to these elevated regions, by rendering respiration difficult, increased my weakness, though, by its reviving freshness, it no doubt enabled me to resist a very strong inclination to faint, which seized me more than once.

After walking about six miles, we arrived at the top of a hill which had hitherto interposed itself between us and the Pass, and a wide amphitheatre of snow-capped peaks suddenly burst upon our view. The scene was certainly grand and magnificent in the extreme, and we viewed it under the most flattering auspices. The weather was perfect, not a breath of air or a rack of cloud was felt or seen; the sky was almost indigo in intensity of blue; and the same bright sun, whose piercing ray we had so often shrunk from in the plains, now tempered, by its genial influence, the exceeding keenness of the air. I must, however, confess disappointment

at the first opening of the Pass to my sight ; a feeling which I also saw reflected in the countenance of my friend. Though the spot where we stood was scarcely one thousand feet lower than the summit of Mont Blanc, and many thousand feet higher than the usually-arrogated elevation of eternal snow in colder latitudes, a thick carpet of long grass and rushes intermingled with strawberry-plants and other flowering shrubs lay under our feet ; and there was tolerably level space enough around us for the encampment of an army.

There was no object in the prospect so astounding as the ' *mer de glace*' of Chamouni, or so gloriously horrific as the glacier of Grindelwald. The rocky peaks of Shattoul, covered with snow from summit to base, rise about one thousand feet above the heath upon which our tents were pitched ; the Pass itself bearing somewhat the shape of a demi-pique saddle.

A large share of the imposing effect of the scene is lost by the very easy and gradual

manner in which it is approached ; so much of the grandeur consequent upon mere altitude being absorbed in the several ranges of mountains which the traveller ascends like steps, *seriatim et gradatim*, before he gets within eyeshot of the main object of his tour. From the immediate vicinity of Mont Blanc, on the contrary, the subordinate mountains seem to shrink away in abashed insignificance, and this monarch of the Alps bursts suddenly upon the eye of the tourist, with seven or eight thousand feet of almost unbroken snow—more than one half of its elevation above the ocean.

Our original intention had been to cross the Pass into the valley of the Sutledge, to travel through that vale as far as Khôtghur, and thence to return to Simla. As my indisposition, however, and my consequent inability to proceed on foot, did not abate, my companion refused to advance. Had we persisted in advancing we should very probably have lost half our baggage, as our mountain coolies seemed strongly inclined to

desert us, and there was no possibility of recruiting their ranks—Roole, which we left two days ago, being the last village we should see for five marches. A highland messenger, too, who crossed the Pass to-day, bearing a letter from Mr. Gerard (who is making a scientific tour in the Thibet mountains) to one of Lord Combermere's party, gave us the important information that the cholera was raging in the above-named valley, which intelligence greatly assisted us in making up our minds to retreat.

We witnessed the native's descent, which he accomplished with most alarming velocity; sometimes making three or four successive jumps with the assistance of his pole, and at others placing himself in a sitting posture on the snow, and sliding down twenty or forty feet. He was warmly clad in the usual costume of black blanket, with a small snug turban of the same material, crowned with scarlet cloth. This latter article of clothing, my companion and myself have adopted on account of its warmth, lightness, and elasticity.

In the afternoon Colonel Dawkins mounted to the ridge of the Pass, and looked into the valley beyond. He described the prospect as dreary and wild in the extreme; the Sutledge river was, from the height of its rocky banks, and its great distance below his station, scarcely visible; in the distance towered yet another grand range of snow-clad mountains, some of whose peaks claim the supremacy in altitude over all the mountains of the globe; the highest of the Dewalgiri range being above twenty-six thousand feet. The Shattoul Pass is above fifteen thousand five hundred and sixty feet, and the inaccessible peak which elevates itself above its right flank has been computed at seventeen thousand and thirty-five feet. Thus the Pass of Shattoul is, as near as may be, co-lofty with Mont Blanc, which boasts an elevation of fifteen thousand six hundred and thirty feet. I found myself totally incapable of attempting the short but, as my companion described it, very arduous ascent to the summit—thinking it best to husband my remain-

ing strength for my pedestrian retreat to Chergong, where I hope to find Dr. Murray, who accompanies Lord Combermere on his tour to the Borenda Pass. I was most fortunately furnished with a little stock of a very rare and delicious root called sallup-misseree, a great allayer of all internal revolutions in the animal system: it is something like arrow-root in consistence and appearance when prepared, but has a naturally sweet and aromatic flavour. From this pleasant medicine I found great relief.

As it is well known that the point in the thermometer at which water boils is affected by different altitudes, and that by this simple test elevations of mountains may be computed, we were curious to try the experiment whilst we were at a height above the sea which it is more than probable we shall never reach again. With all the gravity, therefore, of a Humboldt or a De Saussure—and to the great edification of the gaping natives, who no doubt took us for a couple of scientific emissaries from the Royal Society,

instead of two of Sterne's 'idle travellers'—we prepared an assortment of portable materials for making a fire; which, with a Fahrenheit's thermometer, my friend carried with him to the top of the Pass. About a dozen mountaineers accompanied him, and to my surprise two of the Hindoo servants asked leave to be of the party. I sat on the outside of the tent, with my telescope, to watch their progress, and was well pleased to see my brother Englishman assert his superiority in activity and 'wind,' by being the first to reach the summit—the party of natives trailing off by degrees, and some of them sneaking back to camp. In about two hours and a half the Colonel-Sahib returned, his person profusely decorated with garlands of a large blue flower common in these regions, with which the natives had insisted upon investing him, in honour of his exploit. At 2 P.M., he found the thermometer at 32° , and on immersing it in boiling water the mercury only rose to $185\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ — $26\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below the point at which it boils at London. My Ben-

galee bearer, who ascended about half-way, returned full of importance, and vain-gloriously described to his less enterprising companion the wonders of the *burruf**, and the dangers he had braved.

We passed the night under the Pass; and a bitter cold one it was—the thermometer descending to 21°. The poor natives of the plains must have suffered much, though they had plenty of clothing and blankets, and a good tent to shelter them.

Oct. 6th. Two hours after sun-rise, (therm. 32°,) broke up our encampment, and taking leave of the Shattoul Pass, the ultima Thule of my Indian peregrinations, commenced our retreat. Our plan was to retrace our steps as far as Rooroo, and thence branch off over the mountains to Khôtghur.

We slept this night on the same hill-side occupied by our camp on the 4th instant, (therm. 8 P.M., 49°, in the tent,) and the next day reached Roole. I found the descent com-

paratively easy in my present broken-down state, though I had two or three trifling falls from the excessive weakness of my knees. We took this day's march very easily, breakfasting in the oak forest, and continuing our descent to Roole in the afternoon, where we occupied our former encamping ground. Many of the inhabitants came to meet us, and brought us baskets full of apricots and peaches. The roofs of the houses are completely covered with these fruits, spread out to dry in the sun; they serve for food both for man and beast in the winter months, so common are they in these regions.

Oct. 8th. This morning an hurkarah reached us at Roole, bringing the intelligence of Lord Combermere's arrival at Chergong, and a jampaun and eight bearers for me. We therefore made a forced march to give them a meeting, passing Dogolee and the spots rendered famous by the disasters of the mule and pony, and arriving at Chergong at 1, P.M. Here we found ourselves again in a

temperature of 82°. His Excellency's party, consisting of five gentlemen, was encamped near the village; and our *ci-devant* companion, Baron Osten, was nearly reinstated in health by the able prescriptions of Dr. Murray. The two parties, arrivors and returners, dined together very hilariously, and the latter did their best to alarm the former by their description of the cold, dangers, difficulties, &c., of the journey to the snowy peaks.

The next morning, his Lordship's party resumed their progress towards the Borenda Pass, and our trio—the Baron having rejoined us—marched in the opposite direction, and encamped at Rooroo. Captain Kennedy, on hearing that we were retracing our steps from the Pass, sent a messenger after our ponies, who brought them back to Chergong to meet us. I passed with the greatest unconcern the narrow points in the road which had rather affected my nerves on a former occasion—the two last marches to and from the

Shattoul having rendered me callous to hair-breadth paths.

The harvest was going on merrily on the road-side as we passed, and the sharpening of the sickles almost made me fancy myself in England—an illusion scarcely destroyed by a custom, not unlike that which occurs before harvest-home in England, that I witnessed soon after. As I was walking through a field of barley, a group of young female reapers approached, and forming up in line across my path, threw their sickles at my feet in smiling silence. It was not difficult to interpret this mute language, and had I been inclined to avoid my smirking petitioners, I should have found it impossible to turn the well appuyé flank of their line; so I threw them a few small coins, and stepping over their stockade of reaping hooks, marched on.

The women of these mountainous and unsophisticated regions have not, or do not affect, the same timidity towards Europeans, as those of the plains display. On the con-

trary, these Highland belles—though by the bye few of them deserve that epithet—stare and laugh at, and talk to a white face willingly enough; and more than once, in passing through their villages, I have had civil proffers of milk, fruit, &c.

The poor wretches are treated as disposable property by their natural protectors. A good instance of this was afforded to Lord Combermere's party; a very pretty girl being brought to the camp at Deora, and offered for sale at the moderate price of one hundred and fifty rupees—more than which sum I have seen given for a Scotch terrier at Calcutta!

Oct. 10th. Left Rooroo, and continued our course about three miles along the road towards Saree, when we suddenly diverged to the right, and, leaving our old track, ascended a steep hill by a rough and ill-defined path. After a march of two hours, we reached the village of Krassoo, and encamped a little beyond it in a stubble-field neatly walled in

with stone. The hamlet is of considerable extent, and some of the better houses present beautiful specimens of the mountain masonry. The beauty of the inhabitants was also remarkable :—a man of some consequence in the village, who offered himself as our guide, was particularly handsome and fair. By the species of vegetation around Krassoo, I should judge it to be about the same elevation as Simla. The thermometer in the tent, 2 P.M., 83°.

The following day we made a march of two hours, and formed our camp near Kushaine. There is a road the whole way, which, though narrow, is sufficiently good. The latter half of the journey was very beautiful, and reminded me much of the scenery about Matlock and Buxton. We encamped in a fine grove of cedars on the summit of a lofty mound. Some three hundred feet below us lies the large village of Kushaine, its slate roofs glittering with an almost intolerable glare ; and just above our heads, on a bare

bleak eminence, stands the little fort of Tikkur, belonging, as indeed does all the neighbouring territory, to the Rajah of Rampore, a town which gives its name to the valley beyond the Pass. The little stronghold is garrisoned by thirty of the Rajah's sepoys.

The hills about here are of a more gentle acclivity than those nearer the Pass, and, where wood does not grow, they are thickly cultivated. The handsome chief of Krassoo accompanied us to-day, and proved an intelligent cicerone. His countenance reminded me much of some of the great painters' representations of our Saviour—the same open forehead, gracefully waving hair and beard, gently arched brows, and straight, well-formed nose. His expression too was one of mingled meekness and intelligence. He was adorned with handsome gold ear-rings, and silver bangles, and wore a chased kookerce in his girdle. When he took leave the next morning, I was rather surprised to find, by his begging for a buckshees, or present of money,

that he had not accompanied us for the mere pleasure of our society.

Oct. 12th. Commenced this day's journey by passing close under the fort of Tikkur, whence we ascended a bleak, treeless mountain, which took us an hour and a half to surmount. On reaching the summit, we continued for about two miles along the ridge, enjoying most extensive and magnificent prospects on either side; more particularly to the north, where an immense sea of hills lay below us, backed up by the snowy range, amongst whose peaks rose pre-eminent the crags of Shattoul. The mountain upon which we were travelling must by the cold—for the hoar frost lay upon the ground,—and by the trees and shrubs, the holly, sycamore, and strawberry, be about the same elevation as Roole. The descent was extremely rapid and abrupt, but the road was formed of such adhesive materials, that it was impossible to slip in walking down. We soon reached the fir-region; and after pursuing a zigzag

descent through a fine wood, crossed a small stream and recommenced ascending; passed through the village of Rara, and finally found our camp pitched on the side of a verdant hill, thinly wooded with clumps of young pines. The day's march was a very long one, employing us nearly four hours in its performance, and the very severe and sudden changes of temperature which we experienced, greatly retarded my convalescence. Some parts of it, however, were extremely interesting, and most refreshing to the eye after our late marches through close narrow valleys. The thermometer stood to day, at 2 P.M., at 69°—seven degrees cooler than yesterday.

The following day we had an equally long, but still more beautiful journey. We passed a ruined fort on the summit of a mountain of the Whartoo range, which is nine thousand feet high; leaving on our left the main mountain of the same name, which has also a fortress on its summit, ten thousand six hundred and seventy-three feet above the sea; as near

as possible the height of Mount-Etna. The greater part of our route lay through a luxuriant forest of the most enormous trees, and we enjoyed, throughout, a most splendid view of the Snowy Belt. From Whartoo we made a rapid descent to Khôtghur, the whole march occupying three hours and a half; and we took up our abode in the house of Captain Newton, who holds a political appointment at this little outwork of the Company's territories, and is second in command of the First Nusseerce battalion of Hill Rangers. This gentleman and his sister live very comfortably and contentedly in this lonely spot, far from the haunts of their compatriots, enjoying at least the blessing of a most delightful climate. We were received most kindly by this secluded couple, and entertained during two days. Khôtghur is six thousand nine hundred feet above the sea, and is beautifully situated on the side of a gently sloping mountain, well wooded, and yet having space enough for cultivation; the river Sutledge, even here a fine stream, runs at the foot of

the hill, and the rugged and barren mountains on the opposite bank are in the district of cooloo, subject to Maha Rajah Runjeet Singh of Lahore. Every considerable eminence is fortified. I counted, with the naked eye, nine of these little mountain strongholds. In the afternoon we had a grand storm of hail and rain, which fell in the shape of snow on the more elevated mountains around us. Thermometer, 2 P.M., 76°.

Oct. 15th. Early in the morning, quitted Khôtghur, and travelling on the Subbâtoo high road, reached the stage bungalow at Nackandeh, to breakfast. Our route lay through perhaps the finest forest scenery that we had yet met with; the ascent was steep and continual, for we mounted three thousand feet in a very few miles. We found a great change in the climate as we approached the summit: the shady places were thickly covered with snow from the storm of yesterday, and during the whole day, the thermometer in the verandah of the stage-house did not

rise above 50°. The ridge of Nackandeh is one of the rays, if I may so express it, of the great star of mountains which all concentrate at the Whartoo Peak; whose fort-crowned summit commands every eminence for many miles round. From hence is perhaps the most glorious prospect in all the Hills. The forest, extending from the base to the utmost peak, is famed for the stupendous size of its pines, which have been accounted from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and sixty feet in height. In this thick covert, every species of game, from the bear to the pheasant, is to be found; though the great labour and fatigue entailed upon the sportsman among the forest acclivities would discourage any one but a Swiss chamois hunter.

We had not been long in the bungalow, ere we received the visit of the Kumarsen Ranáh, chief of all the beautiful surrounding country; which, doubtless, he would be very glad to exchange for one quarter of the number of good broad ugly acres of arable land. He sat with us for some time, and smoked a

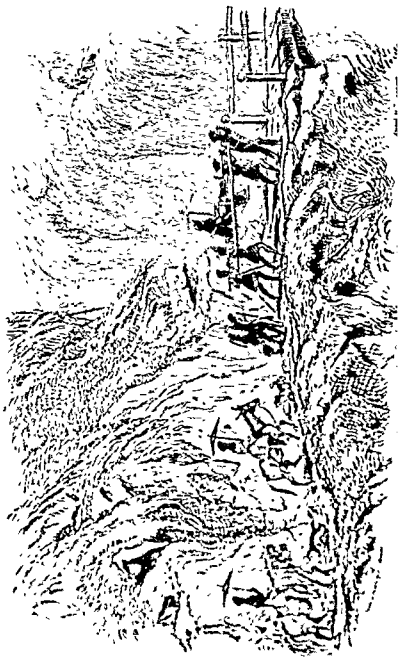
cigar, which we offered him, very willingly. He is a little Jewish-looking youth, and speaks, as he says, 'a leetel English'—his main pursuit being sporting. Of his acquirements in our vernacular, he only gave us these specimens, 'Good morning, Sir,'—
'Very fine *bull-dog*,' pointing to a spaniel,—and 'Good evening.'

The next day we had a long and fatiguing march of four hours, to Mutteanah, and took up our residence in the bungalow, which is situated on the summit of a bleak hill of great elevation. In the vicinity there are fewer villages, and consequently less cultivation, than we had found in the more northern provinces. The day was bitter cold—thermometer, 52°.

I saw here the most extraordinary effect of mirage that I ever met with. That optical delusion, styled by the Arabs, *suhráb*, or 'water of the desert,' is common in the plains of India; but I did not suppose that mountain scenery was susceptible of it. A deep

precipitous valley below us, at the bottom of which I had seen one or two miserable villages in the morning, bore in the evening a complete resemblance to a beautiful lake; the vapour, which played the part of water, ascending nearly half way up the sides of the vale, and on its bright surface, trees and rocks being distinctly reflected. I had not been long contemplating the phenomenon, before a sudden storm came on, and dropped a curtain of clouds over the scene.

Oct. 17th. On our march to-day towards Fargoo (the bungalow where we made our first halt on setting out from Simla), we travelled close by the elevated fort of Theog, of which I made mention on our second day's march, as appearing, from its situation among the clouds, perfectly impregnable. Having now turned its position, we find that we might almost take it with our own little party; and this may be received as the general character of these, at first sight, inaccessible strongholds among the hills. Between the stage-house



at Mutteanah and Fargoo is about fourteen miles.

On our arrival at the latter place, I found a relay of bearers kindly sent me by a friend at Simla: I therefore pushed on, and arrived there at four P.M. The jampaun bearers, who were quite fresh, ran away with me at a capital pace, sometimes turning the precipitous corners so sharp, that I more than once expected a tumble. The fellows are so sure-footed, however, that no accident through their neglect is on record.

Our tour among the mountains had just occupied twenty-four days, and during that time Simla had been deserted by the majority of the Head-quarters' party, who had started for the plains. This delightful spot, therefore, looked as forlorn as tenantless houses could make it. I remained there two days to recruit my strength, and then, with a heavy heart, began my descent towards the plains.

I cannot doubt but that Simla will rise in importance every year, as it becomes better

known. Its delightful climate is sure to recommend it for invalids; and its beautiful scenery, healthful temperature, and, above all, the ‘*procul negotiis*’ relaxation which they will there enjoy, will induce the Governors-general and Commanders-in-chief to resort there, during the hot months, in their official tours through the upper provinces.

Oct. 20th. I reached Subbátoó, and Lord Combermere arrived there on the 24th.

25th. The two parties of tourists dined with Captain Kennedy, the hospitable Political Agent—a merrier man I never spent an hour’s talk withal—and not a little fun was elicited from the several narratives of the adventures of the journey.

At 5 P.M. we mustered our forces, and, taking leave of our worthy host, continued our descent towards the plains. The Commander-in-chief bivouacked for the night on a hill three miles above the village of Bahr, and I continued my march, by a bright moon-

light, to that village, where my tent was pitched.

My night journey was beautiful, and I enjoyed it extremely, although I felt a manifest increase in the temperature every hundred feet that I descended. The road led sometimes through deep wooded glens and ravines, into whose dark recesses the silver beams of the moon could not penetrate ; and at others, down the face of declivities, which this planet, so glorious in India, lighted up with almost the clearness of day.

CHAPTER VI.

DESCENT UPON THE PLAINS.

THE next morning we made a march of seventeen miles, and fairly turned our backs on the Himalaya mountains. In the valley of Pinjore, and near the town of that name, we passed some delightful gardens belonging to the *Rajah of Patialah*, who often visits them in the hot season, as being, from their situation to the northward of the first range of hills, much cooler than his residence in his capital. During the rainy season, this beautiful vale—a very Tempe in outward show—is so unhealthy, that it is considered almost certain death to travel through it. At this place we found our Arab horses, which had been brought to meet us; nor were we sorry to discard our little, rough ambling ghounds in their favour. At 8 P.M. we found ourselves once more on the wide-spreading plains of Hindostan, and soon after discovered the canvass city of Head-quarters *ambu-*

lant, erected in its accustomed symmetry of streets and bazaars, in the rear of a fine grove of trees, near the town of Munny-Májra. My ideas of space had been so narrowed by a seven months' residence among the mountains, that my double-poled tent seemed a palace after the tiny tabernacles of Simla; and the contrast was further sustained by the surprising difference of stature between the Patagonian Seikhs, in whose country we now are, and the pigmy natives of Surmour. My Arabs, too, appeared like dray-horses, compared with the ponies and mules which had formed my stud for so many months; and the delight of being able to take a good swinging gallop, without the constant companionship of a precipice (which, in my Simla rides, haunted my '*impia cervix*' almost as incessantly as the '*destrictus ensis*' of Damocles), was so great, as nearly to counterbalance what we had lost in climate and scenery.

The heat, although we have got so far through October, is certainly distressing in the extreme—thermometer 89°—and is more

oppressive from the sudden change. At Simla, six days ago, the glass stood at 56°, and a very few days before that, we were under the influence of zero.

We had not been many hours in camp, before we were equipped in full panoply, to receive the visit of two Rajahs; he of Munny-Májra, and another of an adjoining district. The former brought a very ragamuffin escort with him, at the head of which was General Love, his Majesty's Commander-in-chief. This hero's birth and parentage are, unhappily for his biographer, shrouded in obscurity; but the first public character in which he appeared was that of a half-caste drummer-boy in the Honourable Company's service. This appointment the 'ambitious Love' disdained; he deserted the Company's standard, and was next heard of in his present exalted situation. If report speaks true, he has made greater acquisitions in honour than in emolument, his salary amounting to ten rupees per mensem, ill paid.

The two next marches were uninteresting

enough; and the third morning found us en route between Nulroo and Patialah, the present capital of the Sirhind territories. The prospectus of our serpentine and digressive journey towards Allahabad—which we are not expected to reach before the middle of February—holds out to me great hopes of amusement and interest; more particularly in our intended visit to the court of Scindia, the Mahratta, and the numerous petty principalities of Bundelcund.

Near the town of Syphabad, where there are some fine gardens belonging to the Rajah, we quitted our horses, and the whole Staff (as was the custom whenever the Commander-in-chief approached a native capital) mounted elephants, and proceeded to meet the chief of Patialah, who came forth from his city with a grand retinue to welcome his Excellency. I have already had occasion to describe the gigantic stature and martial appearance of this counterpart of Prince Porus; but I believe I have not yet done justice to his kingly and private character, in

which he is distinguished as one of the very few Indian potentates who have any real regard for the interests of their subjects, and as a kind and affectionate father and master in his zenana. The British chief having undergone the ursine embrace of the Seikh monarch, the whole cavalcade proceeded towards the town. Since we last saw Kurrum Singh, he had freshly accoutred his guards and attendants, his suwarree making a very splendid figure. Several troops of well-mounted matchlock cavalry lined the road as we approached the walls. There were four especial squadrons whose uniforms were exceedingly handsome and showy. The men of the first were attired in purple silk tunics, with orange turbans, scarfs, and sashes of the same material. The second, in white, with turbans and sashes of dark-blue cloth, twisted with silver cord. The third squadron flaunted in an entire suit of silk couleur de rose; and the fourth and most military-looking party, were dressed in green, with yellow silk trousers and turbans of green cloth and

gold twist. The infantry escort, in evident imitation of the Honourable Company's Sepoys, wore red coats and white pantaloons, with a purple turban—by no means a happy combination. Immediately in front of our cavalcade marched the Rajah's band, which, with the jingling of the elephants' bells, and the bellowing of the hurkaras and chobdars of the two dignitaries, vociferating in rival halloos the titles of their respective chiefs, struck with stunning discord upon the ears of those who, for the last seven months, had been accustomed to the tuneful but seldom awakened echoes of Simla. On reaching the camp, which was situated a few hundred yards from the walls, Lord Combermere received a salute from the guns of the town, and the Rajah took leave with the promise of another visit in the evening. His Majesty sounded Captain Murray, the British resident, on his meditated scheme of giving a dinner to his Lordship; but his peculiar method of administering a feed, though novel, was not adopted. As Seikh prejudices would not

admit of his killing beef for our entertain-
ment; and as, even in more civilized nations
than Sirhind, the idea that an Englishman
cannot dine without that article of food is
pretty generally run away with, the Rājā
proposed to give Lord Combermere's khānsa-
mah two thousand rupees to furnish forth
the feast in our own camp. He, however, did less than justice to his
Lordship's well-known respect for the reli-
gious prejudices of the natives, if he believed
that in private we devoured the object of
their worship; and he would doubtless be
much edified if he knew, that during our long
residence in the Hills, no cow had ever been
reduced to a state of beef-hood for the satis-
faction of our appetites. In the afternoon
the Rājā paid his visit of ceremony, and
was received at the entrance of the durbār
tent with presented arms. He brought with
him several sets of dancing girls, among
whom I easily recognized the pretty Kabou-
tree (the dove) who, on a former occasion
at Sirhind, exerted her talents for our amuse-

ment. The conference lasted about an hour, when, after having been circulated, his Highness retired. Early the next morning, the Commander-in-chief, accompanied by the whole *Etat Major*, proceeded to return the royal visit. The portion of the town of Patialah through which we passed on our road to the palace was more remarkable for the clean white-washed state of the houses, than for any splendour of architecture; nor can the royal abode itself boast much external magnificence. The *durbār* was held in an open vestibule; supported on carved stone pillars; and occupying one side of a spacious quadrangle. Our chairs were placed, ten and ten, on a platform carpetted with crimson velvet, and the staff and courtiers of the two chiefs sat promiscuously together. On a floor about a foot lower than the dais, and shaded by a striped silk canopy, the *hautclôg* exhibited their powers; and in their rear, in the centre of the court, a handsome marble

fountain threw rose-coloured water into the air. The minister, as is usual with viziers, sat immediately behind the Rajah, with his grey beard brimful of experience close to his royal minister's ear; and leaning against the pillars in front of his Majesty stood the court-jester, a shrewd, impudent-looking fellow—whose office is as full of labour as the wise man's art,—and two favourite dwarfs. Here we have at a Hindoo court two species of hangers-on, who with our Saxon kings were almost as indispensable as any other important government official. The jester has here no bad place of it; in addition to the office of time-killer to his Majesty, enjoying those of master of the revels, and superintendent of the women;—a plurality of appointments which must give great umbrage to the less fortunate placemen of the Patialah court. The dwarfs, unlike most of their genus, are neat little abridgments of the animal man, having straight, slight, and symmetrical figures, and well-proportioned heads

add features; with long hair curling down their necks. They are brothers, aged thirty and twenty-four; but their proportions are those of boys of five and eight years old. Their dresses were uniform; scarlet tunics; yellow silk sashes and trowsers, and skull-caps of embroidered crimson velvet; and each bore a painted rod of office in his hand. They appeared sharp, active, meddling little fellows—like ‘Puck,’ or ‘Flibbertigibbet.’

The amiable giant, of a Rajah, seems very proud of his Lilliputian favourites; indeed he appears to be a good-natured, kind-hearted man; and took much notice of some children of a staff-officer, who were present, loading them with toys.

The *darbar* concluded with the presentation of some trays of armour to Lord Combermere, and we adjourned to see the royal stud paraded. The horses were generally large powerful animals from the jungles of Lucka, (famous for its breed), and all the light-coloured ones were frightfully stained on their sides; tails, and limbs, with a brick-dust pig-

ment. As they were brought round, an attendant, bearing an enormous chabouk, or whip of rope twenty feet long, which he managed with uncommon dexterity, flanked them up to make them show off. Many of them walked upon their hind legs, and lay down by word of command; like the well-tutored horses of Astley's theatre. They were for the most part very fat, but much battered about the legs; which is not surprising; as the Rajah, though six feet four or five, and more than proportionably stout, is (as Mrs. Ramsbottom would say) a perfect *Ramrod* in the chase, and rides unmercifully hard.

On our taking leave, the Rājah having requested Dr. Murray to vaccinate his children—a process of which the natives are generally very distrustful—he conducted him to the private apartments, and with the greatest appearance of anxiety and interest, witnessed the operation, which was performed on his three boys—the native *Hakims* also looking on. We afterwards heard that the

virus being old, the vaccine did not take:—an unfortunate event, for the honor of British medical skill. The Hukims informed Dr. Murray that that *lusus-naturæ*, the hermaphrodite, is very common in this province. They are outcasts from society, and herd together in an out-of-the-way village. One or two of them are, however, employed about the court in the usual capacity of eunuchs.

After dining in camp, we again mounted elephants, and attended a grand fête given by the Rajah. Passing through the brilliantly illuminated town, we proceeded to the quadrangle of the palace, which for the evening's entertainment was covered in with a canopy of white cloth, and splendidly lighted up. Nautching en vogue as usual. The sets were numerous, amounting perhaps to one hundred women; and the beauty of their dresses was more remarkable than that of their persons. After viewing the waterworks in the inner square, we proceeded to see some fireworks in the outer court; these were very

fine, and put all our elephants and escort to the rout. After thus amusing ourselves for an hour, we took an affectionate farewell of old Porus, and our departure. The heat of yesterday and to-day has been excessive—thermometer 92°. What would we give for a half-hour's visit of a Simla zephyr? but we may cry "Aura, Veni!" in vain.

Oct. 31st. Camp broke up from Patialah, and marched fourteen miles to the village of Koralee—the face of the country still uninteresting, and devoid of large trees, but well cultivated.

Nov. 1st. A heavy shower of rain brought the thermometer down to 79°, relieving us of thirteen degrees of heat,—an amelioration hailed by us as the precursor of the cool season. This day's march brought us into the territories of the Khytūl Rajah, which are divided by a small stream from the Patialah dominions. The effects of the efficient govern-

ment of the latter province are plainly visible in the great superiority in cultivation possessed by it over the Khytul country, whose Rajah, a mere boy, is ruled entirely by his mother, who is, in her turn, swayed by a host of paramours and parasites.

Two marches brought us to Pewur, through a country which, with the exception of sufficient cultivation round the villages for the bare existence of the inhabitants, presents one vast sheet of wild jungle, abounding in game. Two mounted Shikkarees of the Rajah brought a couple of wild hogs into camp which they had killed, and three others arrived from Colonel Skinner, to assist us to find a lion between this place and Hansi. Of these animals there were formerly great numbers in the surrounding wilderness: but from the zeal of English sportsmen, and the price put upon their heads by Government, the royal race of the forest—like other Indian dynasties—is either totally extinct, or has been driven farther back into the desert. By crack sportsmen the lion is reputed to

afford better sport than the tiger : his attack is more open and certain ; a peculiarity arising either from the noble nature of the jungle king, or from the country which he haunts being less favourable for a retreat than the thick swampy morasses frequented by the tiger. Colonel Skinner relates many interesting anecdotes of lion-hunts, with the exploits and narrow escapes of the horsemen of his corps, who always accompanied the line of elephants into the jungle on these occasions. Major Fraser of the same regiment is, however, the lion-queller par excellence.

A gentleman of our party had, perhaps, as perilous an adventure with one of these animals, as any one of the former ; he having enjoyed the singular distinction of lying for some moments in the very clutches of the royal quadruped. Though I have heard himself recount the incident more than once, and have myself sketched the scene, yet I am not sure that I relate it correctly. The main feature, however, of the anecdote, affording so striking an illustration of the sagacity of



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the elephant, may be 'strictly depended upon.

A lion had charged my hero's elephant, and he, having wounded him, was in the act of leaning forward in order to fire another shot, when the front of the howdah suddenly gave way, and he was precipitated over the head of the elephant into the very jaws of the furious beast. The lion, though severely hurt, immediately seized him, and would doubtless shortly have put a fatal termination to the conflict, had not the elephant, urged by the mahout, stepped forward though greatly alarmed, and grasping in her trunk the top of a young tree, bent it down across the loins of the lion, and thus forced the tortured animal to quit his hold ! My friend's life was thus preserved, but his arm was broken in two places, and he was severely clawed on the breast and shoulders. The lion was afterwards slain by the other sportsmen who came up.

The village of Pewur towers boldly up from the midst of the jungle ; and is situated on a

small river, the banks of which are ornamented by several neat ghauts. Like the generality of towns in this part of the country, the houses are built of good brick; but, like the rest, the abodes of the present generation are stuck cheek by jowl with the ruins of their ancestors' habitations, no one troubling himself to clear away the rubbish of the fallen buildings; and few caring to finish an edifice commenced by their deceased predecessors. By this accumulation of material, however, an ancient village in course of time gains one advantage; namely, a site elevated above the surrounding flat country. I shot my way over to Pewur this morning, and got a good bag of partridges, hares, and wild fowl. *Nov. 5th.* A short march of eight miles to the town of Khytul, which gives its name to the Rajah of the province. This prince came a mile or two out of the town to meet the Commander-in-Chief, and escorted him into camp. He is a fat, uninteresting, heavy-looking boy of twelve years, but is said to

possess more brain than his appearance indicates. The town is irregularly built, but of very good brick; and from the hills are produced large quantities of sal-ammoniac. The palace is a striking lofty building; and, as we approached, we had a very flattering view of it through a break in a fine grove of trees overhanging a spacious sheet of water. The Rajah is a relation of him of Patialah; and his revenue only amounts to five lacs of rupees, whilst that of his more powerful cousin is at least five times as great. The boy, however, being of the elder branch; and by inheritance a Guru or holy teacher, his gigantic relative cannot sit in his presence without special permission.

In the evening the young King, having signified his intention of visiting Lord Combermere, I was despatched, with the Persian interpreter, on an elephant, to marshal him into camp. We met him at the city gates; and he raised himself a hundred per cent, in my estimation, by presenting us

with a handsome matchlock and a couple of bows. *Nov. 6th.* The shikkarees having brought intelligence of two tigers in the jungle about fourteen miles off, four of us started very early in search of them. The swamp where they had been seen proved the Slough of Despond to us, for we found nothing of them but their foot-marks, those of a young female and a full-grown male—for the experienced natives can distinguish the prints. After a hot day's work we returned to Khytul, where Headquarters had halted.

The day following, we reached the hamlet of Kussaun, where the bush-jungle was so thick and extensive, that we could scarcely find a spot to pitch the camp: and the morning after, we made a march of fourteen miles to Shamdoré. The morning was extremely cold, and the mid-day equally hot—thermometer 82°, 2 P.M. In this province the culti-

no means of judging; but amongst his swar-
ree, which was otherwise shabby and paltry.
I observed more fine horses than I had yet
seen in the Seikh country. The young Prince
is, like the Rajah of Patialah, a great lover
of the chase, and a desperate rider. He re-
ceived the best portion of his stud from the
Maharajah Runjeet Singh of Lahore, who
honours him with his countenance and friend-
ship. This latter was some time since put
to a severe trial by the ungrateful youth, who,
on his return from a visit to Lahore, violated
the most sacred laws of hospitality by carry-
ing off a beautiful female favourite of his
patron; an outrage which has, however, been
forgiven, if not forgotten, by the magnanimous
chieftain.

Lord Combermere received the visit of the
Jheend Rajah in the morning, and in the
afternoon returned it at the palace, where the
usual entertainments were prepared for us.
Captain Murray informs me, that the royal
youth has nearly deserted the town of Jheend,
and is never seen at his palace; and that he

has two young and beauteous wives immured within its towers, whom he has never once visited since the morning of their weddings. It is ridiculous enough, that the neglected young virgin-brides have, both, at different times, sent their vakeels to the English Political Agent to complain of their husband's want of common attention; and he has promised to remind the oblivious young prince that he is possessed of a couple of pretty young brides, to whom he has omitted to dedicate even the brief honeymoon of Hymen in high life—nay, whose very existence he seems to have forgotten.

Captain Murray told me a good anecdote illustrative of his hairbrained wildness, which occurred on the day of his first marriage. The bride elect was the daughter of the Chief of Shahabad, at which place the ceremony took place—the Rajah of Patialah, as guardian to the youth, and many chieftains of note, attending. The Political Agent, was likewise bidden, and went. When the cavalcade of elephants was ready to proceed

to the house of the bride; the impatient bridegroom, who had previously been duly attired in his wedding raiment of white and gold muslin, was nowhere to be found. The Patialah potentate was in dismay, and sent his attendants in different directions in search of him. Murray and some others at length discovered the defaulter in a wood, a little way from the road, striving to leap a fiery charger over a tremendous yawning bowlee, or well; the horse was refusing, and the mad wag 'cramming him at it'—as the knowing ones call it—in vain. Having politely reminded him of the primary object of the meeting, they conducted him to his elephant, covering his head and face with the customary wedding veil of gold tissue. This he wore, with the most exemplary patience for some minutes, until, at length, tired of being muffled up, he made a sudden exclamation, equivalent to 'Hang me, if I will be smothered any longer!' and, having both said and sworn it, he struck his fingers through the gauze, rent

it open, and thrust out his face through the aperture. At such utter and open disrespect for the solemn ordinances of this august ceremony the Pátialah chief was greatly shocked; and at the conclusion of the rites, the 'merry monarch' was summoned before a grand divan of the high contracting powers, where he was severely reprimanded by each member in succession.

Nov. 10th. Therm. 82°. This day we marched fifteen miles to the village of Narnound, and the day following to the great fortress and station of Hansi. The Jheend Rájah, glad of an excuse to quit his capital and to gratify his truant disposition, joined the camp, which was also augmented by the arrival of the Nawaub Ameen-ood Deene, second son of the late Nawaub Achmet Bux, and brother of Ibrahim Beg, who travelled with us on a former occasion.

These young Mussulmans are fine, spirited, intelligent youths of fourteen and fifteen. I formed a great sporting alliance with them,

and they joined us very frequently in our expeditions, with the chetahs and falcons. Our route from Jheend to Hänsi skirted the grand canal of Feroze Shah, excavated by that munificent monarch to conduct water from the Delhi canal through the sterile district of Hurreanah. During the subsequent anarchy and desolation of the Mogul states this source of fertility went to ruin, and with it the cultivation and prosperity of the province. It was afterwards restored through the beneficence of the Honourable Company, by the hands of Captain Rodney Blane, son of the distinguished physician of that name. On each of its banks there is now a wide tract of well-tilled ground. The fortress of Hänsi, from the abrupt and uncommanded elevation on which it stands, presents an appearance of great strength, and is very early in the history of India, made honorable mention of for its impregnability: it is now the Headquarters of Skinner's Irregular Horse, about five hundred of whom are present; and the station of a regiment of

native infantry. The town lies at the foot of the hill on which the citadel stands, and is defended by a good wall: the cantonments are also spread out upon the plain. Our camp was erected about half a mile from the fort, near the residence of Colonel Skinner. This brave officer, whom I have before had occasion to mention, when we paid him a visit at his jaghîr, Belaspore, served with much distinction in the wars of Lord Lake and Lord Hastings; and for his conduct at the siege of Bhurtpore received the order of Companion of the Bath. In his youth he was the partizan of more than one native power; and in his recollections of forty years of chequered service, he possesses a fund of interesting incident and anecdote, upon which the old soldier is not unfrequently induced to draw for the amusement of his friends. In this cossack-like life he was joined by a near relation—since dead—who was as valiant a warrior as himself; but he was a man of wild and ungoverned passions, and the last

scene of his life, was Othello, exaggerated! Having suspected his wife, a native lady, of infidelity to his bed, he surrendered himself to the bloody suggestions of the green-eyed monster; murdered her and her two female attendants, and concluded the tragedy by blowing out his own brains. His passion for the sex, and extravagance in expence, knew no bounds; of which addictions the following anecdote, related to me this day, affords no bad instance.

Being present at a grand entertainment given by some native prince at Delhi, he became desperately enamoured of a young and beautiful nautch-girl, a slave of the prince's wife; and at the close of the fête he seized her by force, and carried her off to Hansi. Being pursued by some troops from Delhi, he shut himself up in his house, which was soon surrounded by a force that rendered resistance hopeless; when, rather than yield up his charmer, he offered to purchase her for her weight in silver. The bargain was

struck, the scales produced, and the maiden being weighed against rupees, the ravisher retained his prize.

In the afternoon a review of Skinner's Horse took place, and it was a most interesting spectacle. Their costume is very picturesque; consisting of a long tunic of red cloth ornamented with black fur, quilted cotton pantaloons, long boots, and a neat snug soldier-like casque of polished steel, with a spike on the crown, and scales under the chin. The horse-furniture is red and yellow: the weapons, the matchlock, spear, and sword. They have adopted many of the manœuvres of our regular cavalry; but their peculiar evolution; and which is the most striking to an European eye, is the Mahratta charge. In this movement the whole corps advances in line, two deep, at a canter or trot, which, like John Gilpin's, becomes a gallop soon; and as they approach their object, the files open out, and every man, uttering a wild shrill scream, comes thundering on with his sword waving

above his head. In spite of the apparent disjointed irregularity of the charge, and the amazing speed of their approach, at the word 'halt,' every horse is brought upon his haunches within ten paces of the reviewing General. The Maliratta charge is, certainly well calculated to strike terror into a foe already wavering, but its real physical effect upon staunch troops, must be far inferior to the close combined charge of *our* cavalry. After the review, we proceeded to a spot set apart for the practice of the matchlock. On our way thither, we were preceded by a band of chosen spearmen, who played their elegant exercise before us with long lances tipped like foils, with a button. The combatants kept in constant motion, caracoling and circling about, and dealing pretty heavy blows upon any one who happened to wheel within reach. Sometimes one fellow retreated at full speed, trailing his long spear after him with the point on the ground, and skilfully warding off the thrusts aimed at himself or his horse by his pursuer; then when he

thought his assailant was off his guard, he would make a sudden wheel, and assume the offensive; and, in the midst of a cloud of dust, the too confident pursuer was thrust from his saddle and rolled on the ground. There were two champions, remarkably fine-looking fellows, who, from their great skill at the weapon, and their complete suit of beautiful chain-armour, moved with impunity through the tilting throng. Now and then, some of the officers of the corps, quitting their station round their chiefs, spurred their fiery steeds into the mêlée, to show off their skill in arms and horsemanship; and young Skinner, son of the Colonel, and Adjutant of the regiment, a fine stout young man, was constantly aux mains with the best spear-men, displaying great command of his horse and weapon. On one or two occasions, when the combatants waxed warm—for the temper of your Mussulman is somewhat fiery—and their blows began to smack strongly of their feelings, the sturdy old commander himself, forgetting for a while his increasing

belly and decreasing arm, would take a spear from an attendant, and putting his favourite dekkanee into a rocking-horse canter, mix in the game of mimic slaughter. I think I see him now, with his good-natured twinkling eyes and white teeth shining through his dark countenance, smilingly approaching the irritated combatants, and challenging one of them to measure spears with himself. In his youth he was a first-rate lancer, and even now there are few in his regiment who can touch him. Of this fact, however, we had no sterling opportunity of judging; for no subaltern in India or elsewhere would commit so gross an error in policy as to display his own skill at the expense of his Colonel's! The uniform of Colonel Skinner and his officers is very handsome and showy. The tunic is similar, except in the fineness of the materials, to those of the soldiers. They wear over the shoulders a broad embroidered belt confined round the waist with a rich shawl, and their helmets are adorned with a short plume of black and white feathers.

tipped with drops of gold fringe, in addition to the steel aigrette which the privates wear in front of the headpiece. A somewhat similar plume dances between the ears of the horse, who is further ornamented with rich embossed trappings, and a series of necklaces, some formed of blue beads, others of tiger's claws set in gold or silver, and others again, of silken cords supporting little amulets, or charms against the evil eye. Over the saddle is thrown a richly-embroidered velvet jeen-pose, or shabraque; and before and behind the stirrup-leather, hang clusters of fine chowries, formed of the tail of the yak, or Thibet cow. Before we reached the ground prepared for the matchlock practice, it grew so dusk that the marksmen could not display their science to advantage.

In the evening Lord Combermere and all the staff, general and personal, together with the officers of the station, dined with Colonel Skinner. A good many English ladies were present, and after the repast there was dancing to suit all tastes, namely, a grand nautch

in the tent, where we dined, and quadrilles in the drawing-room of the house. The latter appeared to be the most inviting spectacle to the men of the corps, who assembled in crowds in the verandahs to witness the performance. I asked one of the nautch girls, who was peering through the window, what she thought of the English ladies dancing; and the nutbrown disciple of Terpsichore replied, that 'they nautched very well, only they jumped too high.'

During dinner a party of Khalâmuts, gladiators, sang several songs, accompanying themselves on a species of guitar and violini—one of which instruments was formed of a hollow gourd*. These musicians, who were the private servants of the Colonel, and the best of their *jât*, accompanied the Commander-in-chief for several weeks on this journey. At first I hated the very sight, much more the sound of them; next tolerated, and finally liked their simple music. The airs are usually

* India boasts a variety of stringed instruments, the least jarring of which is, I think, the vina or beena.

melancholy, and monotonous, particularly those to which the love-sick ditties of Persian poets are set. But others, setting to the exploits and virtues of *Jimmes* (the) or the glories of the Company's *han*†, are couched in gayer and more comic strains. Before the musicians left us, and become quite a fanatic for Indian melody, and gave my *wah!* with a flourish to a favourite *gazzul*‡ of Hafiz, of a light *kuhirwa* air, with at least as much ingenuity and discernment as is displayed by a half of the pit-frequenting cognoscenti their distribution of 'bravos!' to the productions of Rossini and Paesello. The following day, whilst the Commander-in-Chief drove over to Hissar to inspect the Honourable Company's Stud Establishment, I repaired to the Hansi parade-ground to attend the *darwazeh*; and to introduce Colonel James Skinner, whose surname the natives have assimilated into *Secunder*.

† The standard of the Honourable Company.

‡ Love-song.

equitation was displayed for the edification of the Mussulmans.

Though the matchlock is, to an unaccustomed hand, unwieldy and ill-balanced, yet the barrel is remarkably true, and the very weight of the weapon makes the aim more steady. The bore being small and very long, the ball is thrown to a distance greatly exceeding that of a musket: as an instance of which, I remember at Bhurtpore an officer being wounded by a matchlock shot at a distance of eight hundred yards from the walls.

As soon as the games were concluded, and the 'Irregulars' were well out of sight, I took a couple of clandestine shots myself; but as I had never before handled a matchlock, and my horse would not stand fire, I had cause to congratulate myself that my modesty had induced me to make my *début* in private. I afterwards galloped to the colonel's house, where, amongst other curiosities, he shewed me a bullock of astonishing size. He measured just sixteen hands high behind the

hump, which rose above the back about three hands more. The beast was stout in proportion to his stature, and in beautifully sleek condition. I was informed that he could carry ten maunds of water, or eight hundred weight.

Nov. 13th. Head-quarters advanced to the village of Moondahil, fourteen miles, — an accident happening on the line of march, such as is fortunately of rare occurrence. An elephant carrying a tent, being irritated by the wanton blows of his mahout, turned his rage upon an unhappy inoffensive peasant, who was drinking at a tank, and seizing him in his trunk; dashed him on the ground, and trampled him to pieces. In the afternoon, depositions of several witnesses were taken on the subject, which did not tend to criminate the mahout, although one fellow swore stoutly that he heard wrathful words pass between the parties, and saw the mahout urge his elephant to play the assassin. The body of the deceased, a very fine athletic

old man, was crushed even to mummyism—his chest, ribs, and collar bones pounded into one confused mass. He was a man of some consequence in the village; and after his corpse had been laid out, the women assembled in a circle round it, pouring forth lamentations for his death. One of them, a tall, thin, Pythian-like figure; with her grey locks dishevelled, and floating on the wind, stepped within the ring, and delivered a wailing declamation in short, extempore sentences, at the conclusion of each of which the others joined in a chorus of, *Haiea! haiea!*—Alas! alas! The ceremony was wild and affecting; and as I retired from the scene, their mournful ululations, coming on the breeze from a distance, reminded me of the ‘wakes’ which I had heard, in times past, floating tristfully over the waters of Loch Rea, in Ireland.

The next day brought us to the town of Mohim. It is one of the most ancient places in India; and though now a mere heap of

ruins, with one or two hundred inhabitants, was formerly an extensive and wealthy city. It was one of the first large towns which the Mussulmans took possession of in their invasion of the country; and the conquerors settled there in great numbers. It is said that many of the principal inhabitants of Delhi are descended from the ancient bunnials, or merchants, of Mohim.

The most remarkable relique of Mohammedan magnificence is a stupendous bowlee, or well, situated near the town walls, or probably formerly within their enceinte. The shaft is extremely wide, and about one hundred and thirty feet deep: but this is the least remarkable part of it. For the use of the bhistees there is a fine open flight of stone steps, twenty feet wide, which by an easy descent enters the shaft just above the water. A square subterranean tower, three stories deep, and open at the top, is sunk along-side the well, and at each of the stories there is a capacious arched window broken through into the shaft, so that hundreds of

persons may draw water at the same moment. The grand flight of steps leads through the lower story, which forms a kind of waiting-room for the bhistees. It is probably known to my readers that the wells in India are not accommodated with so picturesque an utensil as a public bucket; and that those who come to draw water bring their own little brass vessel and cord—a custom which, to the eye of a draftsman, is richly productive in grace and variety of attitude and effect. I know no more elegant object in nature than the Hindoo girl returning from the well; her light graceful raiments veiling, yet not concealing or impeding the movements of her upright and supple figure, and slender, though well-rounded limbs; with the classic-shaped vase artfully poised on her head, and seldom requiring the support of the naked bangled arm, which is, perhaps, as often raised from coquetry as from necessity.

Then you may see the tall, graceful sepoy—divested of his disfiguring uniform soiled by a dusty march, and with no other cover-

ing than the long flowing dhooty,—displaying his broad chest and well compressed waist, as he swaggers towards the bowlce to take his morning bath. Plucking the little wooden comb from his top knot, he strikes his long black hair down upon his shoulders—and dropping his well polished lota* into the well, pours the refreshing element over his head. If he happens to be a Brahmin, ere he leaves the well he carefully washes the mystic zennar or sacred thread of his caste—

The next figure brawny and bow legged and clad in a dhooty of red curra with a white skull cap is the plodding hard working bhiksee. He drops his leathern jack into the water, fills and shoulders his weighty musuck and with difficulty and labour hard moves on towards the camp where he is eagerly expected by both man and beast.

The above described bowlce, with its ghaut
* Is of brass, of which a ry nah is of And a ry Hindoo of Mussulman male or female possess.

and tower, must occupy nearly as much space as the chapel at Eton College. It is a monument of public utility, worthy the munificence of a Roman emperor.

When the bright orb of day,—the Guebre's god—the Anglo-Indian's scourge,—had sunk in the west, I wandered with my gun through the stunted bush-jungle around Mohim; and, although I took a wide sweep, I was constantly surrounded with remnants of serais, mosques, and temples; and, tombs where the Hindoo and his conqueror repose side by side—their different monuments, confounded by the lapse of ages in one common ruin.

The next day the camp moved to the hamlet of Mundeeena. A low thick jungle of stunted bushes covers the surface of the country, as far as the eye can range. I shot my way from camp to camp, mounted on my elephant, and brought in a good bag of hares, quails, and pea-fowl. Great herds of that gigantic species of deer, the niel-ghie, were roused by my firing, but after they had once seen the elephant, I

could never get within three hundred yards of them. Therm. in camp, 2 P.M., 82°. The following morning we marched to the ancient, and, consequently, ruinous town of Rhotuk. The wide circuit of its dilapidated fortifications, and the still elegant domes of many time-worn tombs, tell melancholy tales of gone-by grandeur. On reaching our camp we found a deputation from the Nawaub Fysé, Khan of Delhi, to the Commander-in-chief, with a letter of compliments, and (what was of greater consequence, to us sportsmen) a train of four hunting leopards, and several falcons. In the evening, whilst strolling with my gun and spaniel, through some old jungle-covered ruins in search of game, I stumbled suddenly into the presence of an enormous raw-boned hyæna, who was greedily gnawing a carcass as raw-boned as himself. He gave me one ghastly grin, and, as he cantered clumsily off, I gave him in return, at the distance of fifteen paces, the contents of two barrels of shot, which only served to hasten his retreat. On looking

round for my dog, undeservedly named after the hero Rustum, I found he had decamped, and left his master to fight his own battles. On my return to my tent, he was waiting for me at the door, his tail expressing deeper contrition than all the countenances in the world could have done. *Three long marches brought us, on the 19th of Nov., to the ancient Serai of Scēfa Rām* *six miles from the present walls of Delhi.* In the days of its prosperity, the ground upon which our camp is pitched was probably the Hampstead or Putney of the great capital; as the country round about is covered with the ruins of gardens and buildings, which were doubtless the rus-in-urbē residences of the ci-devant dōts of ancient Delhi. Theēls of water and swamps have formed themselves in the hollowed foundations of the crumbled edifices, from under the friendly shelter of which I shot several wild fowl and snipes, their present tenants. A hundred years hence some of my descendants may, perhaps,

* The Hercules of the Persian poets.

be, enjoying, the same sport, in Berkeley square.

Nov 20th, therm 81°. A march of six miles, through one continued avenue of ruined tombs, gardens, serais, and palaces, brought us to the walls of Delhi: they were built by the English government, and, though they are strengthened by handsome solid bastions and an embattled coping, are more formidable in appearance than in reality. We passed through the city to the residency, where we were once more welcomed by the hospitable, talented, and eccentric Resident. In the afternoon I rode with Lord Combermere round the walls, and returned to dinner at the residency, where about ninety sat down to table. The repast was followed by a ball, and the verandas and gardens, redolent with orange-blossoms, were illuminated with a profusion of coloured lamps.

Head-quarters, halted the following day at Delhi. In the morning, his Excellency reviewed a regiment of native infantry on the cantonment parade-ground, distant from Delhi

about two miles and a half, and separated from the town by a lofty ridge of arid barren rocks. The review was attended by several natives of distinction, one of whom came to the ground in a regular English coach, with four horses and postillions.

In the cool of the evening I strolled into the great street, called Chandee Chowk, which may be well styled the Boulevard of Delhi: it is the most spacious and least dirty street I have ever seen in an Asiatic town. A fine canal of clear water—the munificent bequest of some Afghan worthy with a long name—shaded by an avenue of trees, runs down the centre; and yet the indolent and apathetic inhabitants, equally blind to their own and the passengers' comfort, will not take the trouble to allay by its waters the clouds of dust which float from morning till night in the atmosphere of this constantly well-thronged street. This canal, upon which the Delhians alone depended for a supply of wholesome water, was, during the decline of the Mogul empire, neglected and choked up, re-

maintaining so for more than a century; when the Company, wishing to bestow some monument of beneficence on the country which Fate had placed in their hands, determined upon the restoration of this important aqueduct, with its lateral branches. It was accomplished at an enormous expense, and by the unremitting labour of nearly three years, and was completed in 1820. The joyous gratitude of the natives must alone have been sufficient reward to the English government—not to mention the benefits accruing to their treasury from the fertilizing effects of the canal upon the provinces through which it passed. A most touching account is given of the tumultuous rejoicings with which the long-coveted waters were greeted as they approached the city. The grateful inhabitants thronged out to meet them, and threw garlands and sweetmeats into the stream in token of welcome, loudly lauding the government that had put them in possession of such a blessing. The canal is, I believe, one hundred and eighty miles in length.

The Chandee Chowk presented a lively and bustling appearance, people of all nations passing to and fro in busy pursuit of their several avocations; and the hardware, cloth, and pawn-shops, driving a noisy, chaffering, yet thriving trade. In the midst of these industrious traffickers you might occasionally distinguish a group of lazy, lounging, debauched-looking Mussulmans, dressed in the most extravagant colours, with yellow slippers, their muslin skull-caps stuck jauntily over one ear, and their long hair frizzed out over the other, like a black mop. If you watched their motions, you might detect knowing looks passing between them and the hundreds of ladies of no very equivocal profession, who sit in the verandas or behind the trellised chinks of the windows smoking their little houkahs, and displaying to the passengers their thinly-clad persons, well-antimonied eyes, and henna-tipped fingers. Now and then the suwarree of some bloated nobleman would rush past—kicking up a dust equivalent to his pretensions.

—or the closely curtained car of some fair
 'light of the harem,' drawn by a pair of hand-
 some white oxen with gilded horns, trotted
 by, the bullock-bells ringing merrily. If you
 looked sharp, you might detect a little pink
 finger, or a brilliant dark eye peering through
 the small aperture upon the unwonted scene,
 and making one long—from the innate con-
 trariety of man's disposition—to see more of
 the, doubtless, beautiful owner.

The Commander in chief and the Staff
 dined with the British Resident, and after
 dinner the party adjourned to another apart-
 ment to hear the songs, and see the glissades,
 for it can scarcely be called dancing, of nearly
 one hundred nautch girls. There were pre-
 sent many of the first rate dancers of Delhi,
 and some of their dresses, shawls, and jewels
 were really splendid.

The pretty, though rather dusky Alfina,
 whom I have previously had occasion to eulo-
 gize, shone pre-eminent in stature, grace, and
 voice in this latter, however, I discovered
 nothing peculiar, except its exceeding shrill-

ness. These attributes the siren has turned to some account; for it is said that she has stripped some of the dashing young hawaubs of Delhi of half their fortunes; and that, during a campaign of three months at Jheend, she levied thirty thousand rupees on the mad young Rajah.

Nov. 22nd. The Commander-in-chief, having learned that the attention would be pleasing to the old monarch, determined on paying the 'Great Mogul' a private visit. He received us in the Dewanee Khâs, and was pleased to take more notice of us than he conceived it consistent with his dignity to do, on the occasion of our public audience, nine months ago. As I described that ceremony at some length, I shall content myself with saying that this latter visit was merely a P.P.C. call; no nuzzars were offered on our parts, nor were we, as before, bedizened and bedeviled with spangled muslin khilauts, fillets, and tiaras. The audience was short; indifferent subjects, such as health and weather, were discussed, as they

might be at a morning visit at my Lady Any-one's in Grosvenor-square, and when we saluted a farewell to the venerable descendant of Timur, who cast upon our retiring forms the listless, melancholy gaze of dotage, I felt my heart swell with involuntary respect and pity for the fallen state of the poor old imperial pensioner, who, to counterbalance the loss of the wealth and power of his ancestors, possesses one sole advantage, namely, a tolerable chance of dying a natural death.

Almost the earliest recollections of my infant days were associated with the riches, splendour, heroism, and *barbarity* of the Great Mogul—'Timur the Tartar' was the first play I ever saw, and my remembrance of every scene and incident is as vivid, as though the years had been abridged to minutes. How little did I then foresee, as I sat in the box at Sadler's Wells, so entirely absorbed in the interest of the piece as to call down the anger of the audience by my screams of delight—how little did I then foresee, that I should one day stand in the presence of my

hero's descendant and on the very spot where the dreaded Timur held his warrior court!

In the dusk of the evening, after dining at the residency, we got into our palankeens, and rolling myself up in my quilted silk *labâder*, I was soon jogged into a doze, from which, ere I reached camp, I was only twice awakened, at the passages of the rivers Jumna and Hinden.

The next morning, the reveillé and the usual tapping of the tent-pegs by the impatient *classies**, unkennelled me by day-break, and I had a pleasant gallop over a well-cultivated country to the village of Bekunpore, taking, on the road, a last look at the lofty mosques of the once haughty, now humbled Delhi. The plain over which I passed swarmed with deer, antelope, hares, and foxes. In the afternoon we had some excellent coursing with English greyhounds. The hares of India are small, but very staunch, and have one more chance of escape than their brethren

* Tent pitchers.

in Europe, namely, by running to ground. The foxes are also diminutive and very beautiful. Before a pack of hounds they do not live long, as they are not strong enough to run straight—but they afford excellent sport with the greyhounds, turning much sharper than the hare.

The following day, on the road to Boor-Barore, we passed the picturesque ruins of an ancient and extensive serai, objects which are much more frequently met with in the Mussulman States, than in those provinces which have remained subject to Hindoo rule. Few monuments of the munificence or taste of the latter people are now to be seen, though it is difficult to say whether they ever existed, or whether they have not been defaced and destroyed by the Mohammedan conquerors of the soil.

Nov 25th Head quarters arrived at Meerut, which I have already named as the most considerable British station in the northern

provinces; and the Commander-in-chief had scarcely reached the camp, ere he received invitations to dine with her Highness the Begum Sumroo, and to a ball given by the General of division, Sir J. Nicolls. I have already made mention of the Begum, on the occasion of our visit to her at her jaghiré of Sirdhana; but I believe I have not yet described her; and as her Highness is, beyond dispute, one of the most extraordinary characters in India, I cannot let her pass without a sketch.

* Her Meerut residence is at a short distance from the cantonments. As we entered her gates, his Excellency was received with presented arms by a heterogeneous body-guard drawn up along the approach, and on the steps of the portico by the old lady herself. In person she is very short, and rather embon-point; her complexion is unusually fair, her features large and prominent, and their expression roguish and astute. Her costume consisted of a short full petticoat, displaying a good deal of her keemcab trowser, from

under which peeped a very tiny pair of embroidered slippers. Of her hands, arms, and feet, the octogenarian beauty is still justly proud. She wore on her head a plain snug turban of Cashmere, over which a shawl was thrown, enveloping her cheeks, throat, and shoulders; and from the midst of its folds her little grey eyes peered forth with a lynx-like acuteness. During the repast, which was served in the European style, the old lady smoked a very splendid houkah, a similar one being offered to his Excellency. The party consisted of about sixty persons, and the Begum, who considers herself now on an equality with the lords of the creation, was the only lady at table. Indeed, if the absence of all the softer qualities, and the possession of the most fiery courage, stubbornness of purpose, and almost unexampled cruelty, can give her a claim to be numbered among the harder sex, her right to virility will scarcely be disputed. The history of her life, if properly known, would (according to Colonel Skinner, and others who have had opportunities of hearing

of, and witnessing her exploits) form a series of scenes, such as, perhaps, no other female could have gone through.

The above-mentioned officer has often, during his service with the Mahrattas, seen her, then a beautiful young woman, leading on her troops to the attack in person, and displaying, in the midst of carnage, the greatest intrepidity and presence of mind. The Begum has been twice married, and both her husbands were Europeans. Her appellation of Sumroo is a corruption of the French word, *Sombre*, the *nom de guerre* of her first lord, Remaud, who bought her when a young and handsome dancing-girl; married, and converted her to the Roman Catholic religion. Her second husband—named Le Vassu—was an independent, roving adventurer, a sort of land pirate; became powerful in his own right, if right it can be called, and possessed a considerable army. It is of this man that the following anecdote is related, which is wondrous strange—if it be true: it was the closing scene

of his life, and the first in which our heroine played any very distinguished part. I have said that her husband had become possessed of wealth, power, and a numerous army; of these his ambitious wife coveted the undivided possession; and she thus accomplished her purpose.

A mutinous disposition, on the subject of pay, having manifested itself among *Lé Vassu's* body-guard, the *Begum*, then, about twenty-five, exaggerated the danger to her husband, and got intelligence conveyed to him, that the rebels had formed a plan to seize and confine him, and to dishonour his wife. They, consequently, arranged to escape together from the fury of the soldiery; and at night, started secretly from their palace in palankeens, with only a few devoted guards and attendants.

The whole of the following scene, was projected by the ambitious and bloody-minded lady. Towards morning the attendants, in great alarm, announced that they were pursued; and our heroine, in well-feigned despair, vowed that, if their escort

was overcome and the palankeens stopped, she would stab herself to the heart. The devoted husband, as she expected, swore he would not survive her. Soon after, the pretended rebels came up, and, after a short skirmish, drove back the attendants, and forced the bearers to put down the palankeens. At this instant, Le Vassa heard a scream, and his wife's female slave rushed up to him, bearing a shawl drenched in blood, and exclaiming that her mistress had stabbed herself to death. The husband, true to his vow, instantly seized a pistol, and blew out his own brains. No sooner did the wily lady hear the welcome report, than she started from her palanquin, and, for the first time exposing herself to the gaze of men, claimed homage from the soldiery. This her beauty, and promises of speedy payment of arrears, soon obtained for her; and she assumed, in due form, the reins of government. Well knowing, however, that so inconsiderable a state as hers could not exist long in those troublesome times without some for-

midable ally, she prudently threw herself
 under the protection of the Company, who
 confirmed her in the possession, with the
 condition that it should revert to the English
 government after her death. The old lady
 seems disposed to make the most of her life-
 lease. Her revenue is, I believe, one hun-
 dred thousand pounds sterling, and she has
 amassed considerable treasures. I never heard
 how her other husband was disposed of, but
 we will, in charity, suppose that he died a
 natural death. His tomb is at Agra.
 During her long life, many acts of inhuman
 cruelty towards her dependants have trans-
 pired; one of which is thus narrated:—The
 Begum, having discovered a slave-girl in an
 intrigue, condemned her to be buried alive.
 This cruel sentence was carried into execu-
 tion; and the fate of the beautiful victim
 having excited strong feelings of compassion,
 the old tigress, to preclude all chance of a
 rescue ordered her carpet to be spread over the
 vault, and smoked her hookah, and slept
 on the spot; thus making assurance doubly
 double.

asure. It may be from this anecdote that the something similar act of barbarity of Madame Montreville, in the 'Surgeon's Daughter,' in the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, is taken from. The Begum Sumroo, at the epoch of the last siege of Bhurtpore, followed our army, and pitched her tents in the neighbourhood of the Head-quarters camp. The martial old Amazon was most eager to share our glory (and prize-money); and harassed the Commander-in-chief with daily importunity that she might be permitted to support the British army with her handful of yagabond retainers—a reinforcement which was politely declined. Her Highness afterwards protested a great friendship for his Lordship; sent him her portrait, and insisted upon a return of the compliment. The picture, a work of a native artist who resides at Meerut, and has made respectable progress in the art, was an exceeding good likeness; and my fingers always itched to transform her, houkahi-snake into a broom, with which, adjunct, the old flame would have made no bad representative of Mother Shipton.

At the dinner the Begum seemed in excellent humour, and bandied jokes and compliments with his Excellency through the medium of an interpreter; but towards the conclusion of the repast she seemed quite worn out; a faint, sickly smile alone indicating that she understood what was said to her.

The feast being ended, an European officer in her service walked round the table, and invested each of the guests with a long massive necklace of tinsel. The two following days Head-quarters halted at Meerut; our mornings being employed in reviews, and our evenings in dinners and balls, provided for the entertainment of the Commander-in-chief by the inhabitants of this gay colony.

Nov. 28th. Head-quarters again en route, and its course directed toward the Rohilkund stations of Moradabad and Bareilly. Three easy marches brought us to the ghaut of

Ghurmuktesur, an euphóuous title given to the ferry which at this point crosses the Ganges. Though the spot which we occupied is, at this season, nearly half a mile from the water's edge, during the rains the great river rolls its swollen flood over the ground where there is at this moment an encampment of nearly five thousand souls. Both banks of the stream are bordered for some miles in width with a thick jungle of grass and bush, abounding in tigers, and the favourite resort of the sportsmen of Meerut during the months of April and May; but at this time of the year, the high grass, luxuriant from the late rains, not yet having undergone its annual burning, the attempt to find the game is almost hopeless; as, on the approach of the elephants, the tiger steals away under the thick impervious covert, in which he has paths invisible from above.

शुभमं नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय

This morning the thermometer stood at 42° in my tent, at 6 A.M., and, at 80° at 2 P.M.; a striking difference of temperature to occur in

the space of eight hours, and in weather uniformly fair and unclouded. It might be supposed that such sudden variations of the atmosphere would be extremely prejudicial to the health of those exposed to them; I am, however, convinced that there are few climates more congenial to the European constitution than that enjoyed in the upper provinces of India during the months of November, December, and January. Were it not for the regular annual recurrence of this bracing and invigorating season, the parching sirocco of the hot winds, and the miasmatic exhalations of the rains, would, no doubt, quickly rid India of its European possessors.

At Ghurmuktesur, Mr. or rather Major —, who had marched with the camp from Delhi, took leave of us, and in him we have lost a most entertaining and instructive companion. His history and appearance equally declare him to be a *character*. He is a man of considerable talents and acquirements, and holds a high post under Government in the

civil service of the Honourable Company. In this capacity his pen is said to have proved as trenchant; as his sword is known to be in his second character of Major in a regiment of irregular cavalry. His countenance is remarkably handsome and intelligent; and much set off by his black beard and mustachios. At the siege of Bhurtpore—where the Major distinguished himself and was wounded—this ornament was of much more luxuriant growth, flowing down upon his breast; but subsequent to that period, a depilatory mandate from the Supreme Government was fulminated against himself, and other civilians who with less reason indulged in this military decoration; and he was constrained (in the spirit of these half-batta times) to reduce the exuberant proportions of his beard:—his fostering another crop looks very like *bearding the Government*.

Major — is a great sportsman, and of the noblest order. He spurns the idea of securely butchering the tyrants of the desert from the

turreted back of an elephant; and encounters the lion and tiger on horseback with spear and sword. He describes this species of sport, particularly with the king of brutes, as the only hunting worthy of a man. Indeed, there is a combination of courage, strength, and dexterity required, which few sportsmen are able to bring into the field.

The Major employs sometimes an hour or more in destroying his game; riding swiftly round in a circle, alternately approaching and retreating, and gradually narrowing the ring, until at length his furious antagonist becomes so confused and fatigued by his own exertions, as to enable him to gallop past and deliver his spear. In these encounters he prefers the large country horse to the Arab, as being generally better on his haunches and more powerful.

He is known to have, on one occasion, encountered on foot, and slain a lion: but as he is not one of those who perform doughty deeds merely for the pleasure of recounting

them, I could never cheat him out of an description of his combat with the king of the desert. Although he is so fond of, and excellent in these manly exercises, Mr. —'s diet is ultra-Hindoo, as he seldom eats meat, and never touches wine.